MESSAGES OF TO-DAY TO THE MEN OF TO-MORROW

G. C. LORIMER

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MESSAGES OF TO-DAY

MESSAGES OF TO-DAY TO THE MEN OF TO-MORROW

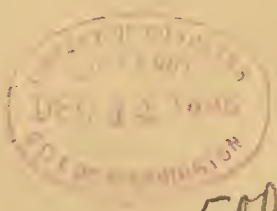
BY

GEO. C. LORIMER, D. D.

Minister at Tremont Temple

Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



50044-B2-1

PHILADELPHIA
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
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12-36300

From the Society's own Press

E.G.H. 0.15/12

PREFATORY

Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me.
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen,
For room to me stars kept in their own rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.
All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me.

In these words Walt Whitman sings of the vast preparations made in the universe for the reception of humanity. And he might also have pictured the past centuries as consecrating all of their achievements, whether in peace or in war, in literature or in discovery, in commerce or in art, to the making ready of this world for the appearance of the man of to-morrow. Certainly no generation has entered into so precious a heritage as the one which now awaits the new-comer. Dean Farrar, writing of the unequaled opportunities enjoyed by the present age, exclaims: "For us Plato and Shakespeare thought; for us Dante and Milton sang; for us Bacon and Newton toiled; for us Angelo and Raphael painted; for us Benedict and Francis lived saintly lives; for the heritage of our liberty have myriads of heroes perished on the battlefield, and for the purity of our religion hundreds of martyrs sighed away their souls amid the

flames." [1] But these treasures and possessions have been wonderfully augmented during the hundred years now closing by rich contributions from brilliant leaders in every department of activity; and it follows, if environment means to the individual what certain theorists, like Buckle maintain, then the men of to-morrow ought to surpass their predecessors in greatness and goodness.

Unhappily, however, there is no necessary and uniform connection between favoring circumstances and human perfection and happiness. The holiest surroundings do not of themselves make saints; and academic and commercial advantages of the highest order do not ensure to the community ripe scholars or successful merchants. The extent of the preparations made for the reception of a new generation only determines the measure of its opportunity and responsibility, and is in nowise a prophecy of their actual and ultimate power. God fitted up this earth as an Eden for man, and man converted it into a field of blood; and the talent, genius, and heroism of all the centuries have been shaping society for the well-being of the next; but whether the immediate future will fulfill its promise can only be decided by the people of the future themselves.

Goethe exhorts: "Make good thy standing-ground and move the world;" and Thomas Carlyle quaintly completes the admonition when he warns some of his readers not to be "a passive bucket to be pumped into." We surely owe it to God and

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[1] "Silence and Voices of God," p. 13.

to the past if vast preparations have been made for us, to adequately prepare on our own part that we may fittingly avail ourselves of all the advantages placed within our reach. This is at least one of the lessons taught in the story of the "two camels," which Browning groups with other of "Ferishtah's Fancies." The patient burden-bearers of the desert are described by the poet as getting ready each in different fashion for his journey from Nishapur to Sebzevah. The first is abstemious. He will not trouble to lay up store for future need. His master shall be saved from undue expense. A little mouldy bran is all that he will eat. Alas! for his miserable folly. He soon breaks down for lack of nourishment, and "his carcass feeds the vultures." The other camel pursues a wiser course, and "no sprig of toothsome chervil does he leave unchewed." He supplies himself with strength; and, therefore, he reaches the distant market-place with "no damage to a single pack." Happy the youth who is equally provident; happy he who understands that he too is a burden-bearer, freighted with grander treasure than was ever borne to gay bazaar, and that he should prepare for the desert journey by applying "his heart unto wisdom."

> Do thy day's work, dare
> Refuse no help thereto, since help refused
> Is hindrance sought and found.

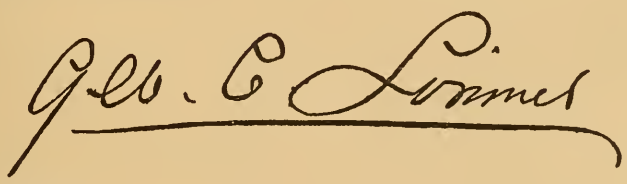
It is that he may extend some measure of help that the author of this book addresses the youth of to-day. He has been honored with the friendship

of multitudes of young men and women both in America and Great Britain ; and it is no more than they are entitled to that he should seek to repay their confidence and affection by placing at their disposal the results of his reading, reflection, observation, and experience. Believing as he does, that accountability increases in proportion to the degree of privilege enjoyed, and that in a sense, and within limits, every man makes himself and his destiny, and shares in the awful responsibility of shaping the world for the coming generation, he has tried earnestly and conscientiously to point out to the youth of to-day how he can become the upright, successful, and noble man of to-morrow.

The substance of these "Messages" has been given in familiar talks to hundreds of young people on both sides of the Atlantic ; and one of the chapters—the one on "Books"—has already been published separately by Mr. James H. Earle, of Boston, with whom the author has made business arrangements for its appearance in the present volume.

The readers of these pages will hardly fail to note much of a pathetic and disappointing character in some of the lives presented for their imitation ; and the question may arise, why attempt to copy what has not always brought fame and happiness? Last summer in searching the register of St. Saviour's Church, London, a gentleman came across this entry : "Buried, Philip Massinger—Stranger." And yet he was a renowned play writer, and has a name in literature to-day. But when he died, no one seems to have cared for him ; and no one, when his remains were committed to the dust,

appears to have known their identity. Such instances of neglect I admit are painful; and, unfortunately, I fear, they are as numerous as they are discouraging; but let us never forget that Philip Massinger, while for the time he might be forgotten, could not be deprived of the pleasure he had derived from a literary career, and could not by any species of anticipated contumely be robbed of the inner consciousness of greatness. As the honored and lamented Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, said in an address to students, "Our object is not a living, but a life"; not to learn how to provide for existence but how to glorify and ennoble existence. If the youth of to-day keeps this before him, then he will not struggle for rewards and recognition, but for personal and genuine worth. With his ambition thus refined and his vision thus clarified, he will gratefully accept the lessons that come to him from the histories of famous men, and will struggle to emulate their example notwithstanding their losses; realizing profoundly that no losses can be other than as the small dust in the balance compared with the dignified and serene joy which proceeds from a cultivated mind, a simple faith, and an unconquerable integrity.



Tremont Temple.

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MESSAGES OF TO-DAY

TO THE

MEN OF TO-MORROW

I

KNOWING THEIR OWN FATHERS

We who did our lineage high
Draw from beyond the starry sky,
Are yet upon the other side,
To earth and to its dust allied.

GEORGE ELIOT, in "Romola," graphically portrays the precocious piety of Florentine youth in the stirring days of Savonarola. "Under the training of Fra Dominico . . . lads and striplings . . . were to have none but pure words on their lips, were to have a zeal for unseen good that should put to shame the lukewarmness of their elders, and were to know no pleasures save of an angelic sort —singing divine praises and walking in white robes." And for a time the young people of the city bravely sought to conform to this celestial ideal. They went about with little red crosses and olive-wreaths, entered the Duomo at dawn to receive the Eucharist,

searched for worldly vanities that they might be destroyed, lectured their seniors, and behaved altogether like a supersaintly army of juvenile inquisitors. This all seemed well enough and inspiring enough for a season ; but after a while, Savonarola began to question the moral and spiritual advantage of these ostentatious proceedings. He was constrained, at last, from his pulpit to say : "There is a little too much shouting of 'Viva Gesù.' This constant utterance of sacred words brings them into contempt. Let me have no more of that shouting till the next Festa." The great reformer realized that while processionings and convocations had a place as affording expression to the religious emotions, they were not everything, and might, indeed, become a peril, being considered as more than an equivalent for the life of practical consecration to God and humanity. And who knows but the earnest admonitions of the preacher arrested the youth of Florence from foolish extremes and went far toward developing them into the generation of men who fought bravely and endured nobly throughout the final struggle of their republic ?

The young people of America—and to some extent of England—have of late been roused to an extraordinary degree of religious fervor. They have suddenly become a combined and organized force in the earth. While they do not appear on the streets in white robes, wearing wreaths and bearing crosses, their mammoth conventions quite put to shame the little gatherings of juvenile Florentines. These vast assemblies are doubtless exhilarating and stimulating to faith ; but there is just a

possibility that too much importance may come to be attached to them, that they may cultivate sensationalism in worship, may render ordinary church services, in comparison, tame and uninteresting, and may increase the difficulty of maintaining the Christian calling in unobtrusive and unpretentious retirement.

While it may not be wise to decry the convention idea, the time has certainly arrived to bring up to the high level of its enthusiasm the daily activities of its ardent supporters. The bigness and intensity of the convention call for a corresponding largeness and breadth of thought, and for a suitable intensity in the discharge of duty on the part of all who have enjoyed its privileges. Balance is, of all things, the need of the hour. The emotional must not be allowed to run away with the intellectual and practical. Effusive sentimentality must not be permitted to deluge the sober endeavors of the young to attain the loftiest heights of enduring usefulness. The dress parade of a magnificent army is, of course, inspiriting, but its fighting qualities are of profounder concern. Nor does it acquire its discipline and its drill on these great show-days. It is trained, instructed, and exercised in sections, in regiments, in companies, in squads ; for only as the individual soldier is developed does the combination of soldiers become formidable. So, after all, the vast encampments of young Christians, become so common during the past few years, mean very little to society unless their noble-hearted and enthusiastic rank and file have been taught, armed, tried, in small groups, and, indeed, singly as well.

To aid them personally in so deserving an undertaking, teachers of every order should unite; and perhaps one of the first duties to enjoin on them is the duty of ascertaining their true descent.

When a fellow-being emerges from obscurity and wins a great battle, or writes a great book, or makes a stupendous fortune, one of the first things asked is, Whence came he? Biographical sketches usually begin with the ancestry of the hero and the impression is often made that the prophecy of his achievements had long before been written in the characteristics of his forefathers. Indeed, there is a hazy notion prevalent that there must be some genetic connection between a noble and notable career and its parental antecedents, or that, to use proverbial speech, "blood will tell"; and that, if no such connection can be made out, brilliancy in thought and conduct is inexplicable and is extraordinarily creditable. Hence it was that David's successful attack on the giant aroused the interest of his sovereign to inquire, "Whose son art thou?" And when the Maid of Orleans appeared, to whom De Quincey likens the hero of Bethlehem—for they both came "out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration rooted in deep pastoral solitudes to a station in the van of armies and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings"—bishops, barons, princes, and priests curiously demanded, "Whose daughter art thou?"

But there is another side to the picture. If the boy or the girl goes wrong, and if either unexpectedly commits a startling crime or yields to some hideous vice, at once the query is raised, To

what family does the culprit belong? The whole question of heredity comes to the front. Who is, in reality, the guilty party—the grandparent, the parent, or the child? And if the offspring gone into infamy has proceeded from the loins of saintly generations, then the censure on the transgressor is sharper and more pitiless. But does it not then follow, if we may be betrayed into evil by some inherited weakness, or if the possibility of renown has been transmitted in some gift from our sires, that we should know the moral and physical sources of our being?

Many, without reason, are ashamed of their forefathers. They were poor and not a few hesitate in the presence of social magnates to avow an obscure parentage; for they try to forget the poverty from which they sprang. In many other cases, however, where there is not the semblance of an occasion for this silly shame, there is the most inexcusable ignorance on the subject of personal descent. There is a disposition in America to mock at those persons who are interested in their genealogical tree, and to insist that it is all-sufficient if we have reason to say, "Our deeds are our ancestors." Our people, as a rule, sympathize with the English moralist who remarked that a man who chiefly prides himself on his ancestry is like a potato plant, whose best qualities are underground, and with the sentiment expressed by a Mohammedan poet:

My soul is my father, my title my worth;
A Persian or Arab, there's little between:
Give me him for a comrade, whatever his birth,
Who shows what *he is*—not what *others have been*.

I am aware that the ordinary investigations into lineage are mostly for trivial purposes, and offer an inviting field for ridicule; and further, I admit that familiarity with the mere names and even lordly titles of our race can prove of very little practical utility; but when the family tree is honestly searched, even to its roots and to the quality of its native soil, that the seeker may ascertain what forces, what spiritual, moral, and physical elements, and what habits, beliefs, and pursuits had to do with the origin and shaping of his mind and body, the task is one of the most solemn import and of the most unqualified serviceableness. And I am sure if the youth of to-day, who are to be the men of to-morrow, will in this profounder sense try to discover the character of the yesterday which called them into being, they will be better qualified to guard their lives from manifold evils and to render them a blessing to society. Wise forever the counsel of Abdallah: "Remember, on the day of thy birth thou alone wept, while all around thee rejoiced. Now live so that at thy last moment all around thee may be in tears, while thou alone hast no tears to shed; then thou wilt not fear death." And the first step toward this happy consummation will undoubtedly be taken if the significance of the birth itself shall be understood.

Whence came humanity? Is it a spiritual shoot from the divine and ingrafted on a pre-existing animal stock, or is it merely a natural outgrowth of animalism itself, so to speak, the flowering of its hidden and mysterious forces? Was Byron justified in terming man "the pendulum 'twixt

Deity and dust"? and is the poet Young to be acquitted of exaggeration in describing him as the "dim miniature of Greatness absolute"? Virchow, the eminent scientist, is not prepared to ascribe the origin of the race to the blind action of Nature's laws, proceeding through a struggle for existence from the simple to the complex. During one of the more recent congresses of Vienna, he pointed out the unreliability and conjectural character of the foundations of the evolution hypothesis. He there declared that "We have in vain sought for the intermediate stages which are supposed to connect man with the apes; the proto-man, the pro-anthropos, is not yet discovered. . . At this moment we are able to say that among the peoples of antiquity no single one was nearer to the apes than we are."

Says Sir J. W. Dawson:

> We can trace man only a little way back in geological history, not farther than the Pleistocene period, and the earliest men are still men in all essential points, and separated from other animals, recent and fossil, by a gap as wide as that which exists now. Further, if, from the Pleistocene to the modern period, man has continued essentially the same, this, on the principle of gradual development, would remove his first appearance not only far beyond the existence of any remains of man or his work, but beyond the time when any animals nearly approaching to him are known to have existed.

It is also well known that even some leading Darwinists falter when the genesis of genius, conscience, and intellect is brought into the debate, and leave the question of their derivation unexplained. But while it becomes an amateur to speak

hesitatingly on such a theme, may I not venture to suggest that science and the Bible give accounts of the two sides of the one subject, of the two principles necessary to the one birth; and that the race, connected physically with the brute creation, is spiritually an emanation from the Deity? The vegetable world in all of its various forms and types springs directly from the earth; but that peculiar something which is added to the flowers, and which we call "beauty," proceeds from above, is the gift and endowment of light. And there is nothing inconceivable in the idea that humanity has both father and mother; motherhood in the animal kingdom, and fatherhood in the kingdom of heaven. Zoölogy, as well as theology, is indispensable at this stage of knowledge to an adequate anthropology. This we ought to recognize and at the same time acknowledge that the problem of existence is much larger than our widest answers. Not unlike is it to the great trees near Carlsbad, which cannot be encircled in any one pair of arms, but which can only be compassed by several men touching their outstretched hands together. So, likewise, in my view, the mystery of our origin is so vast that all the thinking from creation to the present has done no more than skirt and bound its immensity.

It is of the highest moment that the reality of our divine descent, however difficult of comprehension it may be, should never be obscured. The birth-mark of Paradise ought never to be hidden; for where it is concealed from the mind and conscience the entire theory of life is in danger of being meagre and debasing. Fatalism in phi-

losophy, utilitarianism in ethics, and agnosticism, if not atheism, are the natural outcome of Darwinism pure and simple ; and these things bode no good to society and often paralyze the energies of individuals and blight the soul with a plague worse than leprosy.

But, men of to-morrow, while you should never forget your relation to the Highest, you should never cease to be conscious of your kinship with the lowest. If you are of the heavens, heavenly, you are also of the earth, earthy. You are not all angel, not all godlike ; but embedded in your flesh are manifold coarse instincts, appetites, and passions inherited from the brute world. Remember that back of your genius, back of your intellect, and back of all your refined feelings and tender affections, is the animal—the animal perhaps curbed, leashed, and caged, but not dead. It has been said repeatedly of Landseer, the famous artist, that he must himself have been a dog once ; for he not only painted his canine friends perfectly, but in some expressions of his face and points of his character resembled them most strikingly. A likeness has also been detected by astute physiognomists on the part of Charles Darwin to a certain species of apes ; and it requires but superficial searching to discover in the features of our fellow-beings traces of the lion, or the tiger, or the wolf, or the fox, jackal, or hound, the eagle, the owl, or the buzzard. An English writer argues that some persons show by their love of moral carrion that the nature of the vulture has not passed away from their constitutions ; and surely the disposition of others to snarl, bite,

rend, claw, and fight may be regarded as inherited characteristics transmitted from an ancient animal ancestry.

Ribot, who regards education as the sum of habits, notes with considerable effect the change apparently wrought in humanity by the horrors of battle and bloodshed :

> We are sometimes amazed at seeing nations highly civilized, gentle, humane, charitable in time of peace, giving themselves up to every excess as soon as war has broken out. The reason of this is that war, being a return to the savage state, awakens the primitive nature of man as it subsisted prior to culture, and brings it back with all its heroic daring, its worship of force, and its boundless lusts.

But it is not only when "death doth line his dead chops with steel," and "mailed Mars doth on his altar sit up to his ears in blood," that coarse barbarian and brute instincts revive and assert themselves ; there are other conditions that quicken their development. Starvation, friendlessness, homelessness, and exposure are often fatal to gentleness and honesty and tend to awaken ferocity and thievish cunning ; the allurements of a great city, such especially as appeal to the senses, are perilous to self-respect, serenity, and purity, and make for the reanimation of swinelike sensuality.

And more than this, there are inherent and inexplicable forces working in many distinguished personages which lead to sudden and outrageous outbreaks of beastliness, against which he who would preserve himself blameless must ever be on his guard. In the life of Chateaubriand, a writer both poetic and chaste, these forces would assert

themselves in unrecordable indecencies. And the sentimental Lamartine and the enchanting Turner were not strangers to their fury, and at times displayed tastes of the most unrefined and unnamable character. Paul Verlaine, who has recently ended his strange career and who figures in Nordau's work as an illustration of "degeneration," and who has been described as the reincarnation, after four hundred years, of the spirit of François Villon, is another example, and a woeful one, of the ruthless victory of inbred and latent viciousness over a refined and cultured soul. He was chief of the Decadents and had two styles of living and two styles of composition. He is thus portrayed by a magazine writer, and the sad picture is full of solemn warning :

> During his terrible days of miserable dissipation he wrote verses, few of which have ever been found fit for print. Poetry of the rarest, their subjects were unspeakably gross. These periods of almost maniacal depravity would end up in some hospital, where the weak, repentant Verlaine wrote the lofty, beautiful religious poems upon which his fame depends. He looked like a Tartar, with high cheek bones and slanting eyes. His large head was sunken between his shoulders. He was a pitiful, broken, soiled wreck of a man, who lived in the gutter, the prison, and the hospital. He left thirteen volumes of poetry, which add to the fame of France ; and he died an unspeakable outcast.

It would seem, from such instances, that the soul is very much like Van Amburg encaged with wild beasts, whose business it is to tame them with iron rod and imperious will ; but who, by relaxing his dominant attitude, may be mastered by the creatures he should have subdued. James Freeman

Clarke gives the following as the confession of those who "are most pure in heart, and most blameless in character" :

> Outwardly we may seem innocent, but we feel an inward want that weighs on our heart like ice. Some of the noblest of men tell us that they are sometimes startled by the horrid suggestions which spring up in them. Moralists have acknowledged that, without the slightest reason or temptation, they have felt of a sudden an impulse to commit the most horrid crimes.

So Sir Thomas Brown testifies : "The heart of man is the place the devils dwell in. I feel sometimes a hell within myself." When Marsden, a devout missionary, was slandered, he said to a friend : "Sir, these men do not know the worst ; if I were to walk through the streets with my heart laid bare, the boys would pelt me." "I have never heard of any crime which I might not have committed," said Goethe. And Plutarch, in the olden time, exclaimed : "A man cannot write a bill of divorce to his vice. . . It still cohabits with him and dwells in his very bowels, and cleaves to him both by night and day."

There is another feature of heredity that the men of to-morrow ought not to overlook or regard with indifference. Evil seems to be transmitted with greater facility than good. The late C. H. Spurgeon is reported to have said to his son, "Tom, I can transfer my gout to my descendants, but not the gift of grace." Reprobacy is apparently more prolific than regeneracy. Vice is more tenacious of life than virtue. Criminals are more likely to reproduce criminals than saints are to reproduce

saints. In fact, this is one of the terrors of existence. We do not receive from the past equal proportions of its morality and immorality, its right and its wrong, its sanity and insanity. There is ever a manifest tendency toward predominance on the side of what is most to be dreaded. The poison that has entered the blood of the race operates with more persistence on succeeding generations than the medicine ; and the peril is, unless we are constantly watching, that our remedies may be neutralized by the sudden activity of the toxæmian curse.

It is usual to attribute this danger to what our theologians call "total depravity." Perhaps Coleridge accounts for it more scientifically when he says, "As there is much beast and some devil in man, so there is some angel and some God in him" ; only it appears as though the devil has very frequently the upper hand. This is made painfully clear in many of the old Testament biographies. The Fall is followed by a succession of falls : Cain makes with bewildering rapidity the descent to the level of a murderer ; Noah comes down from his high fellowship with God to drunkenness ; Abraham backslides in the direction of falsehood ; and Miriam, Moses, Samson, Jephtha, David, and the rest, fail in their steadfastness. The record is a mortifying one ; but it is more than matched in the annals of secular affairs. The debaucheries of Alexanders, the cruelties of Tamerlanes, the ruthless bloodthirstiness of Louis XIV., and the St. Bartholomews of popes, are all frightful to contemplate. Prescott says : "Strange that in every country the most fiendish passions have been those kindled in

the name of religion." And yet the wonder ceases when it is remembered that "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." This innate wickedness also explains why, even in a Christian community, there is a mighty tendency to revert to the type of unregeneracy and why holy instincts are not so likely to perpetuate themselves as those that are unholy. The father of Nero declared that his son, born of himself and Agrippina, would prove a curse to the State. The vicious elements made themselves more prominent and were more enduring in the line of the Stuarts than the good. Mary's weaknesses, follies, and crimes show themselves in her descendants more conspicuously than her graces and heroic qualities. We constantly hear of children of presidents, statesmen, magistrates, preachers, who evince none of the sterling qualities which made their fathers eminent. But on the contrary, a larger proportion of the dangerous classes continue their careers in their boys and girls. Jean Chrétien brings into the world three sons, who were lawless ; and the course of ten grandsons and granddaughters and great-grandsons and great-granddaughters is marked by robberies, violence, murders, and the gallows. In the "Thirtieth Annual Report of the Prison Association of New York," we have an account of the Juke family located in that Commonwealth. It is descended from five sisters, born 1720–1740, and numbers among its members one hundred and forty criminals, sixty habitual thieves, and fifty fallen women. Seven murders have been committed by this family, and an appalling number of years has

been spent by it inside the prison.[1] These are deplorable cases, and they should affect us very seriously. They should solemnize us. Here is a force we are compelled to fight against in all our efforts to improve society—a force that can hardly be measured, and one that we have not as yet taken due account of in our reformatory schemes. Its very mysteriousness increases its awfulness. At a moment we least expect any intrusion on our plans of righteous conduct we may be smitten down by an ambushed foe whose secret place is the unexplored, and possibly the unexplorable, fastnesses of our own natures.

The logic of this subordination to transmitted evil would seem to be personal irresponsibility; and yet, while in theory this deduction is frequently set forth with marked pomposity of words, in fact the consciousness of moral freedom and of the preeminent obligation to live uprightly is rarely, if ever, superseded. The Scriptures uniformly proceed on the supposition that, however strong our inbred lusts and our inherited inclinations, every man is accountable for what he does. No allowance is made for the hunger of Esau or for the drunkenness of Noah. Nothing is written in extenuation of liars and adulterers. It is assumed that they have sufficient capacity for the discharge of duty. Then, as a matter of experience, men only bring themselves to blame their forbears as a relief to remorse. They feel guilty if they sin, even though their fathers may have committed the same sin,

[1] "Deterioration," p. 75.

and their moral sense does not revolt against their exclusion from the kingdom of heaven, which is announced in the Bible, on account of their own conduct. This testimony is worth much to us ; it opens a door of hope while it closes that of excuse. If we are responsible, then there is no necessity of our continuing in bondage.

To this it may be said that there are cases where men cannot overcome this force. This may be so, though I am not convinced. But as soon as they know they cannot check the evil in them, they admit that there is evil, and so are bound to be on guard against it ; and if any way of escape is open they are fearfully to blame if they do not avail themselves of its succor. This statement covers the entire ground of moral obligation. Remember, as soon as you recognize a defect, whether inherited or not, your guilt begins if you do not seek its cure. Nor is the cure hard to find. It is in God. He saves ; but you are to hear the word, to attend, to listen, to seek, and pray. Whenever this temper is found, the blessing will never be denied. I cannot move a ship, but I can set the sails to the wind ; I cannot carry water to irrigate a plain, but I can dig a canal along which the water will flow to the field ; I cannot separate the gold from the quartz, but I can put it in the crusher and the furnace ; I cannot light a world, but I can prevail on the gas and electricity of the globe to do so. So I cannot change my heart, but I can ask God to change it, and can place it under the prescribed conditions of the blessing. Nor should it be overlooked, in considering responsibility, that we inherit graces

and good qualities and are qualified for usefulness by much that has descended to us and to others. These I have admitted are not always so active and potent as their opposites; but nevertheless, they are, and ought not to be undervalued. If some transmitted things are disadvantageous, others are advantageous. We likewise share in some degree the benefits that proceed from the genius and talents imparted to those about us. These compensations are to be considered, and when it is realized that this arrangement creates interdependence and that the total result of the same is beneficial to the race, we have really no ground for complaint. Injustice is done to none and no one has reason to say that obligation ends where heredity begins.

This retrospect I fear has gone too far toward the dim dawning of human history and has concerned itself too exclusively with abstractions and generalizations for it to prove of immediate profit; and yet it is immensely important that our young people should realize that they are "the heirs of all the ages," and that in the battle of life they are compelled to measure strength not only with the generation that now is, but with all the generations that have been.

Now, however, we may venture nearer home. Young men, you have seen your remote ancestors; their shadows have passed before you on these pages and you have had an opportunity of meditating on the significance of your relationship to them. In the same spirit you should determine to know as much as possible of your immediate family.

Who was your mother? Would it not have been well if Lord Byron had known his mother, Lady Byron? Did he ever understand her weak, headstrong, impetuous, and variable temper? Probably he never took pains to obtain an adequate introduction to her. But are you, my reader, really acquainted with your own parents? or are they strangers to you except in name? I am afraid many children, while walking and talking with their fathers, have no knowledge of them whatever. The pedagogue affirms that parents should familiarize themselves with the bias, aptitudes, and disposition of their offspring. How otherwise can they successfully educate them? But pedagogy ought to assist the child to find out his own father and mother; for only in this way can he educate himself out of vicious tendencies or moral eccentricities which left to themselves may undo him. There is room for a fresh reading of the saying, "It is a wise son that knows his own father"; and he who truly knows is in a fair way of being wiser. I am sure it would be well were the head of the household to give his boys trustworthy information regarding his own deficiencies. These are as important to be known as his virtues. As I have attempted to make very plain, the laws of transmission are but inadequately understood, and neither sires nor sons can afford to treat them with indifference. "Behold," writes Ezekiel, "every one that useth proverbs shall use this proverb against thee, saying, As is the mother so is her daughter. . . . Your mother was a Hittite, and your father an Amorite." And since the days of the prophet

science has confirmed what he discerned and declared—that the seed of evil-doers does not cease with one generation, but perpetuates itself indefinitely through successive generations. The ambitions and aptitudes, talents and taints, virtues and vices, and even the form and feature, and often the very carriage, manners, and voice are continued in the line of descent. George Eliot thus writes :

> I read a record deeper than the skin.
> What ! Shall the trick of nostril and of lips
> Descend through generations, and the soul
> That moves within our frame like God in worlds—
> Convulsing, urging, melting, withering—
> Imprint no record, leave no documents
> Of her great history ? Shall men bequeath
> The fancies of their palates to their sons,
> And shall the shudder of restraining awe,
> The slow-wept tears of contrite memory,
> Faith's prayerful labor, and the food divine
> Of fasts ecstatic—shall these pass away,
> Like wind upon the waters, tracklessly ?
> Shall the mere curl of eyelashes remain,
> And God-enshrining symbols leave no trace
> Of tremors reverent ? That maiden's blood
> Is as unchristian as the leopard's.

An illustration of the principle is presented in the Darwin family. Erasmus was a pronounced scientist, who seems to have anticipated some of the conclusions advocated by his more celebrated son Charles, the author of the famous "Origin of Species" ; for he wore a seal with the singular legend engraved thereon, *Omnia ex conchis*—that is, "all from oysters" ; and now his grandson,

Francis, is following in the footsteps of his illustrious progenitors. It is remarkable, likewise, how many children of clergymen are predisposed from their birth to their father's vocation, evidence of which we have in such theological luminaries as Jonathan Edwards, Archbishop Whately, Robert Hall, Lightfoot, Lowth, the Wesleys, the Beechers, and the Spurgeons. Perhaps, likewise, it should be noted that, even when their descendants do not embrace the minister's calling, the father's usually thoughtful habits, exactness of life and conduct, combined with a natural and cultivated love of books and of language, are very frequently transmitted and reappear with some modifications in their posterity. Thus the scientists, Berzelius, Linnæus, Encke, and Agassiz were the sons of pastors ; and philosophers and historians include among them the names of Hobbes, Hallam, Macaulay, Sismondi, Dugald Stewart, Cudworth, Bentham, Abercrombie, Emerson, and others, who were of clerical stock. The poets Young, Cowper, Thompson, Coleridge, Montgomery, Heber, Tennyson, Lowell ; and the men of letters Swift, Lockhart, Sterne, Hazlitt, Bancroft, Thackeray, Kingsley, Matthew Arnold ; and eminent politicians, such as Clay and the Everetts, were all, so to speak, the children of the prophets. There is a confused notion abroad that the offspring of clergymen rarely turn out well, and that, therefore, the law of heredity does not show itself in these cases ; or that the parents must have been very unfit for the discharge of their duty. The names I have cited may serve to dispel this illusion and convince us that De Candolle is not far from

the truth when he affirms that the sons of ministers "have actually surpassed during two hundred years, in their contributions to the roll of eminent scientists, the similar contributions of any other class of families."

Of course, and unhappily, there have been many deplorable exceptions to this honorable record. The fact is, the rule of heredity does not always work; or, at least, does not always work intelligibly and without perverse and tantalizing eccentricity. Strong men have sprung from feeble progenitors, sober men from drunkards, saints from sinners, angels from devils. Charles Dickens, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," gives a very fair idea of the way in which earthly lives repeat themselves:

> If you have seen the picture gallery of any one old family, you will remember how the same face and figure—often the fairest and slightest of them all—come upon you in different generations; and how you trace the same sweet girl through a long line of portraits, never growing old or changing, the good angel of the race, abiding by them in all reverses, redeeming all their sins.

That is, not in unbroken continuity, but intermittently, ancestral traits reappear, like rivers which have been lost in the ground and then break out in distant localities quite unexpectedly. But this very uncertainty should especially appeal to the instinct of self-preservation in the young, lest they should be overcome by the resuscitation of some deadly appetite long since supposed to have perished in the grave of a dishonored rest. Eternal vigilance is the condition of safety.

"Whose son art thou, young man?" Happy the youth who can answer in the poet's terms of conscious dignity:

> My boast is not that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthroned, the rulers of the earth;
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
> The son of parents passed into the skies.

And yet, the youth thus born must be careful not to presume. Many have proven themselves to be utterly unworthy of the heritage of Christian memories and a Christian home. They have failed to appreciate an upright father and a virtuous mother and have plunged desperately into folly. Surely, when ancestors have belonged to the honorable of the earth something is due their reputation; and when a lad is oblivious to its value and drags the family name in the mire, he must be heartless, base, and despicable. There is no plea to mitigate the shoreless meanness of the boy who goes forth from the hearthstone where saintly souls have prayed for him, to idleness, carousing, and licentiousness; yet this has been done repeatedly, possibly because the youth thought, if he thought at all, that his parents' piety would preserve him from extremes in sin, or because he failed to realize that some inherited taint might break out in his blood, fouling his conscience and poisoning his judgment.

But, by way of compensation to this terrible contingency, we have the encouraging indication that heredity is not necessarily the same as fatality. Many persons have been born of a most unpromising stock, of a tree that has always yielded bitter

fruit, and have been so sound and pure and sweet, or have so restrained and conquered the inbred tendency to evil in them, that they have won the esteem and veneration of mankind. Children have been so disgusted at the vicious ways of their parents that they have turned from such courses with horror and loathing. This kind of moral revulsion leading to virtue is not common ; but it is less rare than many suppose. One notable instance will at least illustrate its possibility, and may stimulate some soul that has despaired of freedom from an ancient ancestral lust or appetite to make a bold fight against its supremacy. If there ever was a man who was warranted in giving up his life as a failure before he had fairly commenced it that man was Henry Wilson of Massachusetts. His father was dissipated and so dissolute that the son took another name that he might in some degree escape the disgrace of his relationship. He had no advantages from position or from schooling, but rather otherwise. The earlier years of his remarkable career were spent in a shoemaker's shop, and his education did not begin until he had reached an age when others finish theirs. He never had any money of his own until he was twenty-one years old ; and when he had by hard work accumulated a little sum, he was defrauded of it and had to begin anew. And yet, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, he steadily grew in character and in influence, was chosen to represent a constituency in the State Legislature, rose to the Senate of the United States, and closed his political life as the vice-president of our great republic. What Henry

Wilson achieved others can successfully accomplish if the heart is brave and the will determined.

Alfred Wallace, the famous scientist, testifies in the same direction when writing on the subject of "Heredity" in the "Forum": "The men whose originality and mental power have created landmarks in the history of human progress, have been self-taught and have certainly derived nothing from the training of their ancestors in their several departments of knowledge. Brindley, one of the earliest of our modern engineers, was the son of a dissipated small freeholder; Telford, our greatest road and bridge builder, was the son of a shepherd and apprenticed to a rough country mason; George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive engine, was a self-taught collier; Bramah, the inventor of the hydraulic press, of improved locks, and almost the originator of machine tools, was the son of a farmer, and at seventeen years of age was apprenticed to the village carpenter; Smeaton, who designed and built the Eddystone lighthouse, was the son of a lawyer and a wholly self-taught engineer; Harrison, the inventor of the modern chronometer, was a joiner and the son of a joiner; the elder Brunnel was the son of a French peasant farmer and was educated for a priest, yet he became a great self-taught engineer, designed and executed the first Thames tunnel, and at the beginning of this century designed the block-making machinery in Portsmouth dockyard, which was so complete both in plan and execution that it is still in use.

"Coming now to higher departments of industry,

science, and art, we find that Dollond, the inventor of the achromatic telescope, was a working silk-weaver and a wholly self-taught optician ; Faraday was the son of a blacksmith and apprenticed to a bookbinder at the age of thirteen ; Sir Christopher Wren, the son of a clergyman and educated at Oxford, was a self-taught architect, yet he designed and executed St. Paul's Cathedral, which will certainly rank among the finest modern buildings in the world ; Ray, the son of a blacksmith, became a good mathematician and one of the greatest of our early naturalists ; John Hunter, the great anatomist, was the son of a small Scotch landowner ; Sir William Herschel was the son of a German musician ; Rembrant was the son of a miller ; the great linguists and oriental scholars, Alexander Murray and Dr. Leyden, were both sons of poor Scotch shepherds ; while Shelley, whose poetic genius has rarely been surpassed, was the son of an altogether unpoetic and unsympathetic country squire.

"These few examples, which might be easily increased so as to fill a volume, serve to show, what is indeed seldom denied, that genius or superexcellence in any department of human faculty tends to be sporadic ; that is, it appears suddenly without any proportionate development in the parents or immediate ancestors of the gifted individual."

Matthew Arnold, the eminent man of letters, when in Boston was surprised to find a barefooted newsboy busily engaged on a "Life of Washington" in the reading room of the public library. After talking with the ragged lad and finding him of pronounced anti-British sentiments, the distinguished

essayist said to an officer of the library that such a sight as that could not be seen in Europe :

> There is not a reading room there that I know of where a boy dressed as he is would enter. What a tribute to democratic institutions it is to say that, instead of sending that boy out to wander alone in the streets, they permit him to come in and excite his youthful imagination by reading such a book as the "Life of Washington." The reading of that one book may change the whole course of that boy's life, and may be the means of making him a useful, honorable, worthy citizen of this great country. It is a sight, I tell you, that impresses a European not accustomed to your democratic ways.

But to me, the figure of the neglected child bending over the page of biography has a significance far beyond what occurred to the great Englishman. Whose son was he? What of intemperance, animalism, cruelty, wastefulness, and general good-for-nothingness may have polluted the fount of his being! And how the beginning of his life may have been rendered unpropitious by the physical and moral quagmire, sludge, recrement, and ordure by which it was surrounded. That boy with the "Life of Washington" before him looks like a soul working its way upward out of the slime and mud of its origin. Courage, then, ye who blush for your parents; courage, ye who are tempted to curse their memory for endowing you with a feeble body and for dooming you, before your birth, to social ostracism : courage, ye who can see no sign of hope or promise on the dark horizon; courage, attempt a noble thing, a thing that has been achieved and that is not impossible, conquer your evil environ-

ment, subdue the devil in your blood, repel your malignant genius, and make yourself the master of your destiny, and refuse with set teeth and stubborn heart to be its slave. Think of the lonely boy in the public library painfully spelling out the history of greatness, and let his example inspire to lofty endeavor, remembering:

> No man e'er gained a happy life by chance,
> Or yawned it into being with a wish.

Of what stock are you the shoot, young man? The question is here and now asked by a friend, by one who has no idle curiosity to satisfy, and who is more anxious that you should answer it to yourself than to him. But be assured, however you may now deign no reply, others, with less sympathy for your welfare, will in future years repeat the inquiry, perhaps harshly, censoriously, and contemptuously repeat it. If you succeed in life, undoubtedly many tongues will chatter about your origin and prying souls will seek to know your parentage, that you may be voted a nobody and a snob or whatever else prejudice or partiality may determine. Should you at such a time dwell unduly on the obscurity of your birth, it will be intimated that you desire to retain all the merit of your rise in fortune to yourself; and if you boast of your aristocratic forefathers, it will be charitably suggested that you have no real worth of your own to exhibit, and that you suppose that the height and purity of a stream at its source will excuse its being shallow and foul at the base of the mountain. Society is so good-natured, you see. It is impossible to escape its

criticism; but it is possible to deserve exemption from its cynical detraction. And this you will do if, in the hour of prosperity, you carry yourself with quiet independence and manly modesty.

In this way Pareja was exceedingly fortunate in silencing envious tongues. His history is full of interest and instruction. When a boy he was purchased by the famous painter, Velasquez, to serve as his color-grinder. By birth he was a mulatto, and the blood of a slave ancestry coursed in his veins, and to the evil estate of slavery was he doomed. But within the dusky skin there dwelt a soul that art could touch and move ; and he determined to imitate his great master and possibly to rival him. Thirty years were spent in this high and laudable ambition. When others slept he studied and worked, and worked in secret ; for, had he made known his purpose he probably would have been laughed at or have been compelled by measures of severity to desist. But after unwearied and conscientious application, he determined to risk everything to display his proficiency and obtain, if possible, the right to pursue his art labors openly. He had observed that when the Spanish monarch, Philip IV., visited Velasquez, his eye always wandered around the studio in search of something new. Pareja, therefore, hung one of his own pictures with its face to the wall, and in a position sufficiently conspicuous to attract the royal attention. As he had expected, the king saw it at once, and commanded that it should be brought for him to inspect. The examination resulted favorably. His majesty was more than pleased and Velasquez

was charmed; but neither of them knew the painter. At last Pareja fell on his knees and confessed the authorship of the picture and begged forgiveness for practising his master's art without his knowledge or permission. His prayer was heard. Not only was he pardoned, but his emancipation was decreed, as Philip would not consent that one so gifted should remain in bonds. Soon everywhere through Madrid society the question was asked, "Whose son is he?" It was readily answered that he was practically the son of nobody; but the idle tongue of gossip could not deny that he had made himself as the son of Velasquez; for in the season of his popularity, when the master's strength was abating, Pareja served him, tended him, and honored him as one born to his name, and when death removed the object of his veneration he transferred his loyal devotion to the daughter and watched over her as a father and a brother. My young friends, do not forget the mulatto boy, Pareja, when you shall have conquered difficulties and have overcome the disadvantages of birth and fortune; for if you shall then be at all like him in the nobility of his character and conduct, the world, however censoriously disposed, will not be able to obscure your genuine worth and dignity.

If in success the curious public pry into our parentage, how much more will it do so in misfortune, especially if the misfortune assumes vast proportions or is darkened by the blackness of crime! Should you ever, my youthful reader, be connected with some perversion of trust funds, or with the wrecking of a bank, and should you ever be

arraigned for trial in a court of justice, reporters of newspapers, correspondents, lawyers, and magistrates will ask, "Whose son is he?" and in your case the sin of the child will be visited on the parent. Leigh Hunt describes an infant he saw on one of his journeys to the country, that was incased in steel and was covered with sores; and he straightway attributed this deplorable condition to parental irregularities and denounced the sire as a fool or a scoundrel. Almost instinctively we judge as Hunt did and try to carry the blame back to ancestry, and are inclined to pass sentence on the generation gone for the guilty thing that has been wrought by the generation that now is. In China, when a man has seriously transgressed the law, a minute inquiry is made into his physical and mental condition and into his previous conduct, and it is even pushed to the antecedents of the members of his family, whether they are alive or dead; and, in the case of high treason, it is decreed that not only shall the culprit be cut into a thousand pieces, but his children and grandchildren shall suffer with him. Fortunately we do not carry judgment as far as our Celestial neighbors; but we do, like them, bring the ghosts of the departed back to the habitations of the living and hold them to strict account, and oftentimes, without evidence, assume that they are responsible, and condemn them unheard; for in the nature of things *they cannot speak for themselves.* Could they but do so, could they but articulate their own version of a son's misdeeds, the sentence against them might be reversed. Children do not always stop to

consider the injustice they may commit against the memory of their parents by their infamies ; and in not a few cases they who have most to be proud of are least thoughtful of the good name they are sacrificing by their criminal folly. Descendants of some noble and notable English families have not been deterred by ancient rank and honors from squandering their patrimony on the race-course and on other forms of extravagant vice. Earls and barons whose ancestors won their spurs on the field of chivalrous combat, have handed over their broad acres and the art treasures of their castles to the auctioneer that debts contracted in the pursuit of polluting pleasure might in some degree be liquidated. Lordly aristocracies in Europe, and even plutocratic aristocracies in America, have of late evinced so little decency and so little respect for themselves that they are beginning to be held in contempt by the rest of mankind.

In sharp contrast with this disregard of reputation, mark the pathetic solicitude on the part of many low and vile characters to guard their family from the taint of their personal immoralities. "Whose daughter art thou?" asks the justice, or in words to the same purport, of the wrecked woman who stands trembling at his judgment seat. A slight flush overspreads her countenance, and then she answers with a fictitious name, one as remote as possible from the real, and in her heart rejoices that she has been able to protect the only thing she venerates from exposure and shame. And yet this poor creature sprang not from the loins of Norman conquerors, but had her origin

among the poorest of society, and all too early bedraggled her garments in the infamy of city slums. Sent for to such a one in the dying hour, the clergyman inquired of her whence she came and her father's name. "Hush," she said, "call me Magdalen, for who I am none must know. I am not so base as to degrade others in my fall." Thus sensitive was the pitiable outcast to her dishonor smirching the humble and obscure home where first she saw the light; while the descendant of a hundred earls stains the escutcheon of his house with abominable vices! A notable example of this contemptible shamelessness survives in the tragic biography of Aaron Burr. According to the scientific doctrine of heredity, he ought to have been in every essential respect a blameless individual, but he was not. His father was a minister and the president of Princeton College, and his mother was Esther Edwards, daughter of the elder Jonathan Edwards of blessed memory. All of his immediate progenitors were men and women of high character, exalted piety, and of stainless reputation. Of his maternal grandmother her husband wrote:

> There are certain seasons in which God, in some way or other, invisibly comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on him. If you present all the world before her with the richest of its treasures, she cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, a singular purity in her affections, is most just and conscientious in all her conduct.

Such was the source; but now mark the quality of the stream. Alas! here nature's law seems to

have been reversed; "sweet water yielded salt"; the "fountain" sent forth from the same opening bitter water with the sweet. Aaron Burr revived in himself none of the graces by which his parents and grandparents were distinguished. He was cold, selfish, calculating, remorseless in sensuality and inordinate in ambition, destroying without pity the life of man and the honor of woman. Tried for treason, guilty of dueling, a fighter, a brawler, a mercenary politician, he has left behind him a reputation for badness unrelieved by any recorded act of generosity or moral heroism. I pass by the glaring exception which this miserable life presents to the general rule that "like produces like," and note only the super-eminent infamy of the man in scandalizing and tarnishing the Christian name he bore. In comparison with the forlorn Magdalen, whose sensitive concern for her family—though, alas! all too late—I have recorded, Aaron Burr was at once base and contemptible.

But while it is of the gravest moment that our young people should know as much as possible of their origins, they should never forget that they themselves are as closely allied to the future as the past is allied to them. If to-day is the child of yesterday, to-morrow will be born of to-day. We are often ready to blame our ancestors for our moral and physical disabilities, and rarely realize that we may be living so recklessly as to more than transmit them to posterity. "Retrospect" is an imperative duty; but it is inseparable from "prospect." Looking back is only complete as an ethical act when we look forward. All persons are

living for the time to come, whether they desire to do so or not. They must send some contribution down to the approaching generations for good or evil, for weal or woe. There are individuals who are consciously seeking to store the world with imperishable achievements which shall to "the crack of doom" proclaim their greatness. Estates are accumulated, money stored in vaults, and stocks and bonds are hoarded for the sake of enriching those who are not yet born. These increasing treasures may prove a blessing; but not improbably they may turn out to be a curse, and may, after all the anxiety of their keepers, fail to reach the objects for which they were amassed. The uncertainty attending the disposition of such wealth should teach us the truer wisdom of seeking to confer on those who shall succeed us the inheritance of a sound body, a sane mind, and a pure soul. To acquire such a heritage ought to be the special business of the youth of to-day. Once surely theirs, no defects in their last will and testament, no tricky lawyers, and no dissatisfied relatives, can alienate the same from their children. Darwin has taught us that in the struggle for existence the weak and the ill-formed have gone to destruction. Assuming this to be the case, must not a tremendous responsibility rest on those whose excesses have unfitted them to be parents of offspring sufficiently vigorous to resist the forces that make for extinction? Formerly, among some pagan peoples, babes that gave no promise of health were exposed to death. This practice has been abolished as inhuman; but is not the practice equally

inhuman of men and women, knowing themselves to be cursed with incurable and transmittable diseases, or knowing themselves to be, through their own acts, moral or physical wrecks, assuming the sacred and solemn functions of parentage? Young men, as you may become the fount of being to others, keep the springs clear, and preserve others untainted from the poison of tobacco and strong drink. Avoid bad habits of every kind, cultivate your mind, purify your heart, and be careful not to marry into families, however affluent or socially prominent, where the taint and pollution of ancient obscenities reveal themselves. No amount of philanthropic sentiment expressed for the sufferers of this age can atone for the actual sufferings your thoughtless indulgence may entail on your innocent descendants. "Who is my neighbor?" was a question asked by a youth in the olden time. The answer given, as interpreted by scientific research and enlarged by the ever-broadening spirit of Christianity, embraces your children's children to the end of time, as well as the aliens in race and creed who are your contemporaries in the earth. While it may be a sign of faith that you "take no thought for the morrow," so far as you yourselves are concerned, it is an unfailing sign of love when you take thought to render that morrow a blessing and a source of blessings to all who shall come after you.

II

CHERISHING IGNOBLE AMBITIONS

Thou hungerest not, thou thirsteth not enough.
Thou art a temporizing thing, mean heart.
Down-drawn thou pick'st straws and wretched stuff,
Stooping as if the world's floor were the chart
Of the long way thy lazy feet must tread.
Thou dreamest of the crown hung o'er thy head;
But that is safe—thou gatherest hair and fluff.

A WOULD-BE mariner was entrusted by the officer in command with the responsible task of steering. He was instructed to keep the ship in line with a certain star. The green hand for a little while followed the directions he had received; but suddenly the peculiar motion of the vessel indicated that something was wrong. When the skipper hurriedly reached the deck he saw in a moment that the helmsman had departed from his course. He remonstrated: "Did I not tell you to steer by yonder star?" "Yes, your honor; and I am still steering by a star, and one larger and brighter than the star you chose." But it was not the right one. A wrong guide, like a wrong road, can never lead to the right port.

Everything depends on the aim; for aim is but the star that determines the direction of our journey. When Erasmus wrote: "First I buy Greek books, and then clothes," it was evident that he was certain to excel in scholarship and to cut only

a poor figure in fashion. What a comment on the entire career of Gustavus Adolphus the sentiment attributed to him in the opening sentence of his biography: "God grant me so to live that I may ever live with Christ, and on earth may never blush for my own deeds." And when Ulrich von Hutten, referring to the Reformation, exclaimed: "Men began to awake and to live," he simply acknowledged the power of the new ideals, aspirations, and ambitions on moribund mediævalism. As these ideals and aims aroused society, they likewise fixed the direction of its development. They constituted, as it were, a stream which, like the current flowing toward and past the inhospitable North Pole region, had only to be trusted for the adventurous bark to be borne outward, slowly but surely, toward the open sea of modern life.

What to strive for in such a world as this is an inquiry of no mean import, and as it has engaged the attention of the most thoughtful, it cannot be safely ignored by any one who would not blight his own existence. Only the unhappily shallow-minded, the egotistic nullities, the artificialities and stupidities among our young people will presume to set out on the untried ocean without charts, compass, and clearly defined destination. Many who would have counted it suicidal to hurl themselves from a tower or into the sea, have unhesitatingly and sportively cast themselves into the deeper waters of life, whose hungry waves were ready to swallow them, without acquiring the first lesson in the art of swimming and without having ascertained where the landing-place was to be found,

or indeed, whether any landing-place were accessible after such a desperate plunge. The same blind folly is still committed. Multitudes go without knowing whither they go and apparently little caring. They rashly steer by any star, even by any flashing meteor, and wonder when at the last they find themselves helpless among the rocks ; and in many instances —alas, all too many !—when a light is sought, it is of the *ignis fatuus*, phosphorescent kind, born of marshy dreams and of the decomposition of moral principle.

Bad as it may be to have no definite purpose in life, it is even worse to be governed by ignoble ambitions. It may be possible, though not likely, if a man is simply indifferent to his course he may by accident arrive at some desirable bourne ; but if he is deliberately headed toward what is base, trivial, and inconsequential, the result is unavoidable. He is in these circumstances not merely drifting toward probable destruction ; he is really driving thitherward. I do not say that by divine interposition he cannot be rescued from his otherwise inevitable fate, for that were to deny the gospel ; but I do claim that he is in danger of becoming so strong in the strength of his poor conceptions of what is desirable, and so weak in the weakness of his judgment, as to be eternally fixed in his unworthy and undignified ambitions. There comes to him that fixity of character which determines destiny. Happy indeed the man or woman, who at the last and after much deviation from the nobler ideals, has been brought to the exalted conclusion so impressively expressed by Dryden :

My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires ;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights ; and when their glimpse was gone
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am ;
Be thine the glory and be mine the shame !
Good life be now my task ; my doubts are done.

But why not make this sublime task—a good life—the end and aim of endeavor from the beginning, instead of waiting until the misspent years render it more than difficult, burdening it when undertaken with bitter and remorseful memories? If this is to be done, ignoble ambitions must be abandoned ; and concerning these, concerning their character and pernicious influence, I address the men of to-morrow in my present message.

Among certain slang words now in circulation, there is one which I may be excused for quoting, as it very pertinently, if not classically, describes an infatuation not uncommon in our day. The term is "stuck," and of some youths it is said, "They are stuck on themselves" ; that is, they cannot get beyond themselves ; they are arrested and held fast by their own personality ; they admire it and to a torturing degree seek the admiration of others ; and their supreme ambition is to be idolized by their contemporaries. For this they live, for this they dress, and for this they scheme, lie, and attitudinize. Beyond this paltry craving, which in its essence is pure egoism and selfishness, they have no aspirations. They are everything to themselves and feel that they ought to be everything to every one else. Indeed, they seem to imagine that

the infinite resources of the Creator have been exhausted in their production and that they are therefore entitled to as much tender regard as any other preciosity or *chef-d'œuvre.*

An example of this mountainous self-conceit we have in Absalom, David's vain-glorious son, at whose tomb the boys of Palestine are still taught to cast stones. He was evidently a victim to this passionate infatuation. It is written "that, in all Israel, there was none to be so much praised as he for his beauty; from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head, there was no blemish in him." He was, or thought he was, the handsomest man of his time, and—what appears to be equally clear—if he was, he knew it; for it is added in his biographical sketch, that when he "polled his head," he took pains "to weigh the hair," showing how enamored he was of his personal charms, just as youths in our day may exhibit similar weakness by the twirl they give their moustaches, by their swell attire, and by affectations of speech and gait. It is related of an English graduate, that as he was leaving the university, he was thus addressed by the head master: "Mr. Blank, the tutors think highly of you; your fellow-students think highly of you; but nobody thinks so highly of you as you think of yourself." This estimate, I have no doubt, fully accords with Absalom's valuation of himself. Where such swollen egoism prevails, the peril is that in a crisis the rights of home, country, and humanity will be accounted of small worth in comparison with the pleasure and ease of the individual.

But even if vanity does not end in calamity, it is

itself a kind of calamity, a kind of reflection on the sterling qualities of the family where it has been developed, and a lasting reproach to the parents who failed to suppress its progress. Such a character is itself a disgrace to any household. The lad who is an "admirable Crichton" and an Adonis in his own opinion generally feels that the world owes him a living and that he need not be industrious; that he may with dignity live on the earnings of mother and sisters; may borrow likewise from dull business plodders; and ultimately marry a rich girl who will be delighted to give her gold in exchange for his inflated and feather-headed personality. Moreover, he is a stranger to deep convictions, is at best a silly trifler, a being in whom we find magnified nearly all the littlenesses which have defaced mankind. How can he fail to bring a blush to every honest brow and a sense of shame to every manly heart, and especially, how can he be otherwise than a source of constant humiliation and mortification to virtuous parents? However the deluded mother may stand entranced as her poor frog of a boy is puffing himself up to the dimensions of an ox, she must certainly hang her head when the public punctures his pretensions and the inevitable collapse follows. It may be hinted, by way of extenuation, that some very remarkable men have been conspicuously vain. Admitted; but it is likewise true that just in proportion as they yielded to this miserable folly, they decreased in dignity and lost favor with the world. In their cases too, it should be remembered they had natural gifts or had achieved successes which

palliated their pride; but in the Absalom type of self-admiration they are destitute of genius and talents. But even when individuals are genuinely brilliant and deservedly famous, exhibitions of vanity detract very seriously from the glory of their greatness. What do you think of the madness of Cardinal Richelieu, who regarded himself as equal to any task, and who, envying Corneille, prepared a dull and stupid tragedy called "Europe," and sent it anonymously to the Academy? The Academy promptly returned it, and the enraged cardinal tore up his unfortunate manuscript; but, on second thought, he gathered the fragments, had the whole copied again, and sent it over his own signature. It was of course immediately accepted. Do we not concur in what Isaac Disraeli wrote regarding this famous statesman? "Vanity in this cardinal leveled a great genius. He who would attempt to display universal excellence will be impelled to practise meannesses and to act follies which, if he has the least sensibility, must occasion him many a pang and many a blush." It would seem then that this small vice is sufficiently lowering even to degrade a prince of the church, and its indulgence on the part of those who have little in the way of vigor or of virtue to set over against it must always be regarded as in itself a dishonor.

I have often wondered how far this self-idolatry accounts for the persistent survival of the caste spirit in this nineteenth century of equality and fraternity. In the heat and enthusiasm of political, patriotic, and philanthropic meetings, we usually insist with lavish eloquence that all men are our

brothers and that race and creed are alike indifferent. The sentiment is duly applauded, and speaker and audience work themselves up to a pitch of virtuous satisfaction. All this is delightful, elevating, encouraging; but next day a black bishop arrives in such a city as Boston, and finds it difficult to obtain shelter in any of the foremost hotels. That he is a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian, a high official, makes no difference; his skin is not of the aristocratic hue. A mild outbreak of indignation follows, in which it appears that every one blames his neighbor for the outrage, and all are agreed that somebody has acted in a very censurable manner. But who is the culprit? The hotels are condemned by the newspapers; the hotels, in turn, condemn the public; and the public, being a kind of composite personality, like a composite photographic portrait where individualities blend and are lost, growls out anathemas against an indefinite offender whose precise name and address cannot be discovered. And it may never be possible to clothe the guilty wretch in flesh and blood; for probably he is only a spook, phantom, or ghost of ancient prejudices which in the past have discriminated in favor of rank, wealth, and lineage. Nevertheless, the curious fact appears; no one is willing to acknowledge the ghost as haunting his own life, and yet nearly every one bows down and renders him homage.

In an intelligent and affluent community of Massachusetts, a colored gentleman purchased an elegant estate; but he and his family have been ignored by society, and to all intents and purposes

are isolated and quarantined. Here, again, it is merely a question of skin. Constitutional amendments and local laws have in vain antagonized these absurd, unchristian, and undemocratic distinctions. Society blandly insists on upholding the brotherhood of man in theory and on the right to disregard it in practice. Nor does it only act thus hypocritically in dealing with the blacks ; it is often as severe and soulless in its treatment of the whites ; and what is worse, the army of the nation—an institution, by the way, upheld by the people and presumably in touch with those "inalienable rights" which it is designed to defend—has become the very hotbed of this miserable caste system which disfigures our modern life. Recently a lieutenant resigns ; is practically compelled to resign by the attitude of his brother officers and their wives toward him on account of his marriage. In this free country, in an army supposed to represent freedom, he dares marry the daughter of a sergeant. The woman he weds is educated, bright,—in a word, a lady ; her parents are worthy, upright people, and the young man himself an exemplary and promising officer. They are all apparently as fully entitled to respectful esteem as any of their associates, most of whom, like themselves, have come of very commonplace though thoroughly respectable stock, and have been educated at public expense, part of which has been contributed in the form of taxes by the families of privates and corporals. Notwithstanding, the lieutenant and his wife are snubbed and ostracized. The health of the husband, never strong, gives way, and this is

made the ostensible reason for court inquiry, and he is compelled to abandon the service. The country loses a valuable officer; and, worse than all, the father of the bride, well advanced in years, is moved to a remote frontier post as though he had been guilty of an offense. And all the daily newspapers had to say on the subject was to tell the story and term it a "Romance of Army Life." Remember, however, the scene is laid in America, not in Russia. And we are being urged to increase this military establishment and render it, in some measure, the rival of European war forces.

There is, in my opinion, no need for any material addition to our soldiery. Our militia has proved itself equal to any emergency and doubtless will in the future. Our volunteers are the hope of freedom in every perilous hour. But a regular army, where social tyrannies are tolerated and where arbitrary authority interferes to uphold senseless and snobbish distinctions, especially in an age when, in other lands, endeavors are being made to end such monstrous absurdities, cannot be enlarged without peril to the commonwealth. It is out of sympathy with the liberalizing and equalizing principles of our government, and the less we have of it—unless its autocratic traditions are changed—the better. I know that order, discipline, and obedience are indispensable; but what these have to do with the wife a soldier may choose, provided she is reputable and fitted for her station, I fail to perceive; and if the littlenesses chronicled in "The Romance of the Army" are part of the system that militarism grows, then the doughty warrior

will in course of time probably come to treat the civilian with contempt, and become the pernicious means of intensifying and perpetuating race and rank prejudices which are fatal to the growth and glory of our country.

Thus, according to Herbert Spencer,[1] "Roman life, entirely militant, led to a contempt for all non-militant occupations (as happens everywhere)." Reforms are manifestly necessary. The regular army is entitled to honor for its brave achievements, and it ought to be courageous enough to efface the blemish complained of; however, a silken, shoddy aristocracy may prefer to retain it as a kind of alleged beauty spot. Soldiers should be too sincere, thorough, and manly for such trifling, especially as it is only the expression of a desire to acquire personal distinction at the expense of some one else. The source of the evil is unquestionably a subtle form of self-adulation. Enamoured of himself, the man does all he can to resent social classification with others; and the less able and worthy he is, the more he is likely to insist on enforcing artificial distinctions by which he may be surrounded with a halo to which common clay must not aspire. When the only perceptible difference between individuals is the hue of the skin or the caste of the features, he who is worshiping his own image will, in all probability, consider his white integument as exceedingly meritorious. He who has only an epaulette to separate him from others, and who has never been remarkable for de-

[1] "Contemporary Review," August, 1895.

votion and heroism, not unexpectedly may try to add to his own importance by discourtesies and insolences against his official subordinates. To admit many persons to recognition or intimacy is viewed by some social leaders as jeopardizing their own position, and therefore, lest they should decline in public esteem, they take offensive pains to prove that they rank high in a very exclusive set. This gathering of their draperies around them and standing apart they think will excite wondering admiration, and they are gratified. They are to be pitied. As a rule, such persons have so little of genuine worth to be proud of that they are forced to these miserable shifts. They cannot win renown or homage by their genius, gifts, and graces; and as they must be extolled and flattered if they are not to die from self-mortification, they adopt the cheap method of arrogating to themselves superiority on account of adventitious circumstances. Even in some extreme cases, it would seem that this diseased egoism prefers unenviable notoriety to privacy in reputable obscurity.

Closely allied with this despicable ambition is one equally shallow and meagre. I refer to the consuming fondness for display, a weakness that has brought wretchedness on unnumbered households during the long history of human inanities, and which is scarcely separable from the corroding thirst for adulation. In some instances, however, ostentatious display may be sought that others—wife or children—may be socially advantaged, and so may come to have in it a grain or two of disinterestedness. But even this concession does not

relieve the ambition from its essential pettiness and debasing frivolousness. Multitudes in every age have believed that they were sent to earth that they might shine and that they might excite wonder and astonishment by their extraordinary pretensions, and they have consequently thought of little else and have bent every energy toward the accomplishment of their meretricious mission. Neither have they always been select in the means employed so long as the silly object was attained. The past and the present are strewn with the wrecks of this illusion. One among the most frightful examples of the disastrous force of this morbid appetite is furnished by Nero. His thirst for applause was simply insatiable. He posed as the first of charioteers, of musicians, and of actors, and demanded homage as such; but praise only made him greedy and voracious for more praise. None of his councillors could prevent his amusing the Roman populace by a wild performance on the stage, and he arranged for the organization of some five thousand young men that he might be suitably cheered and flattered. Moreover, he made extensive tours, visiting Naples and then Greece, that he might win renown as a public singer. From these itineraries he brought home some two thousand wreaths and the memory of many victories; for audiences, however much they may have scorned the buffoon, could hardly fail to have fooled an emperor whom they feared to the top of his bent. This royal strolling player, who had had the privilege of being taught by Seneca, on various pretexts, all more or less connected with his vanity

and his insane idea to shine and shine by himself, murdered Brittanicus, son of Claudius, and even sacrificed his own wife and mother to his apprehensions or his fears. Well did he deserve the severe and scathing description which the eloquent Castelar has drawn of his character:

> Here in these gardens he walked, clothed in purple, shod with azure buskins, his temples crowned with laurel, his eyes fixed on the heavens, in his hand a cithern, on his tongue ancient Greek verses, and in his heart evil passions, like a demon who tries to be a god, and possessing for the moment the divinity of art, turns and falls into the abyss. He was consul, tribune, dictator, Cæsar, sovereign pontiff—all blessed him, all adored him ; but, alas ! he was despised by his own conscience.

James the First of England was in many respects a very different man from Nero ; but he was singularly like him in his love for display. It was his aim to excel in what he called kingcraft, and in parading his eminent superiority as a ruler he was guilty of dissimulation and baseness, and by his pedantry and childish folly became the laughing-stock of Europe. Contemporaries spoke of him as *Queen* James and of his predecessor as *King* Elizabeth. He was, indeed, an absurd figure, and as I read history, by his insufferable vanity prepared the way for those troubles in England concerning the royal prerogative that culminated in civil war.

But it is not only on the throne that these vainglorious creatures try to shine ; they even desecrate the church. Watson, in his "Life of Warburton," refers to the subject of his biography as one who "sought to strike with temporary astonishment

rather than to profit by permanent instruction, and who was content to glare like a transient meteor rather than to shine with the perpetual radiance of the sun." He would brook no rival, and could only labor for effect, even his great work, "The Legation of Moses," demonstrating his own learning and not his hero's divine appointment. Think of such a portraiture as the one written by Churchill descriptive of this prelate being even tolerably accurate:

> He was so proud that should he meet
> The twelve apostles in the street,
> He'd turn his nose up at them all
> And shove his Saviour from the wall.
> He was so mean (meanness and pride
> Still go together side by side)
> That he would cringe and creep, be civil
> And hold a stirrup for the devil.

No wonder that such a man was despised, that he lived practically without friends, and died without even the poor compliment of an obituary in the newspapers.

And who can tell how much of the diseased sentimentality that marked Lord Byron and how much of his restlessness and misery was due to his excessive desire to be observed? Rogers, the poet, noticing the singular abstemiousness of the author of "Childe Harold," at last inquired of Hobhouse how long he thought Byron would continue to decline soup, meat, and wine, and was answered, "Just so long as you pay any attention to his habits." A little incident will often reveal a great many things, and a passage such as

this in the life of Byron confirms the impression that he too, in some things, planned and acted for the pit. Naturally, when the show was nearly ended and the curtain was about to fall on the tinsel and colored lights and the "dead-sea fruit" of his scenic career was in his hands, he mournfully wrote:

> Through many a clime 'tis mine to go
> With many a retrospection curs't;
> And all my solace is to know,
> Whate'er betides I've known the worst.

Other eminent names in literature have erred in the direction in which Byron erred, and have been very much like Chateaubriand, who, according to Talleyrand, always became deaf when people ceased talking about him. They have made the flashing and the corruscating the leading objects of their ambition, and have prostituted genius to theatrical trumpery and temporary popularity. They could not, consequently, escape the sense of personal degradation, and they certainly have been instrumental in rendering others wretched as well as themselves.

Moreover, it is difficult to see how such miseries are to be avoided in any station of life where people are anxious, above all things else, to shine. You seem to be mortified, my young friend, that you do not cut so striking a figure in society as others of your own age. The impression grows, in what you are partial enough to call your mind, that you must do something to attract proper attention to yourself, and straightway you begin to plan with that end in view. Well, you have entered on a

very dangerous and slippery road. Other youthful people with your ambition have made crooked paths to their feet. They have borrowed money when they had no expectation of means to repay, or have pilfered from their employers, or they have kept back their earnings from their parents and have condescended to no end of contemptible tricks, that they might dress showily and that they might be intoxicated with the envious congratulations of worthless companions. These unfortunates advertise by the great stress they lay on their clothes that there is nothing else about them worthy of consideration; but, in spite of momentary gratification, the day of reverses will darkly dawn. Father and mother will come at last to know the shallowness and sinfulness of their son and will bow their heads with shame, and not unlikely the community will discover and expose the sham and fraud, and dishonor will sully a name that has heretofore been unblemished.

Perhaps the offender may be a daughter, and the consequences of what was at first a folly may prove even more disastrous and disgraceful. The child was fair, and she desired only to decorate her beauty. Do we not seek elegant settings for precious stones? Do we not also study effect when we arrange our flowers? And shall she be blamed for enhancing her charms by ornamentation and for so crowning her loveliness as to render it more brilliant and potent? Thus at least she reasons, and then, if poor, the struggle to procure the means for the display will be terrible. If determined above all things to be honest, she will deny herself

proper food and shelter, and even comfortable and necessary underclothing, that her limited resources may be lavished on external dress and finery. Yea, and girls have been known, when the sense of honor has grown dull within them, to sacrifice more than the body—to hazard the soul for the gratification of their vanity. They were betrayed, but not by love; they were debased, but not by broken vows. Their womanly birthright they sold for a mess of pottage, for a fading silk, a carriage, jewels, and what not—trumpery all, not worth the having in comparison with a maiden's honor; the priceless and inestimable gem surrendered that the victim of the fiendish barter may startle some equally vain acquaintances by the gorgeousness of her equipage or astound her simple family by the magnificence of her attire and the pretentiousness of her manners. Could she but realize it, the suspicion felt, though for very shame's sake not avowed, by father and mother brings with it a sense of pain so keen that they could wish her wrapped in a beggar's shroud and coffined in the humblest grave before they had seen the sin-soiled gewgaws by which her whole soul is fascinated; and if suspicion is forced to give way to conviction of the truth, how shall these parents hold up their heads and how shall they ever look their neighbors in the face? Their home has been defamed; life has been rendered desolate; their child has fallen, fallen, fallen! And the whirlwind of her sin may yet sweep her into the river and leave them nothing but her bloated, sodden form and the melancholy dirge in their hearts:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been.

Ignoble, surely, the ambition that centers in parade, splash, splurge, and show. But even the love of frippery and pageantry, bad as it is, cannot compare in disastrous results with the spirit of lawlessness which sometimes rules despotically over the minds of the young. To not a few of those who shall be the men of to-morrow, the chief good, the good for which they thirst, is simply independence and irresponsibility. They would have no sceptre over them, no governing principle in them —nothing, indeed, that can be recognized as endued with sovereign authority. They desire to live for their own gratification, unanswerable to any one, and from the first are imperious, self-willed, and reckless. All restraint they denounce, all wholesome regulations they despise, and they constantly fret and chafe against every moral or social hindrance to their self-indulgence. They desire to be free. This is their ambition. All bonds they would break. They would assert themselves—would be uncontrolled and unhampered by conventionalities or by courts. Their ignoble ambition is to be outlaws in broadcloth, cared for and ministered unto by civilization.

It should not be overlooked that the disposition to break through the settled order by which the individual is ruled in his own interest, and to set at naught that divine something in him called "conscience," can only lead to an anarchical career and to blighted hopes. This was realized at an oppor-

tune moment by a friend of Paley, when the latter was a careless, tippling student at Christchurch College, Cambridge. About three o'clock in the morning, when the future author of the "*Horæ Paulinæ*" was preparing to retire after an evening wasted, a knock disturbed him, and a youth entered and began to talk in an excited manner: "Paley, I have come to talk with you; I cannot sleep because I am forced to think about you. You know who I am. I have plenty of money and it does not matter what I do at college. I can afford a life of indolence, but you cannot, and you have got a good head, and I have not. Now, I have come to tell you that if you waste your time with us worthless fellows, I'll cut you and will call you friend no more." The reproof came like a thunderbolt. All poor Paley could do was, in a dazed kind of way, to answer, "Thank you"; but that moment terminated his recklessness and waywardness. He bent his neck to the yoke, submitted to discipline, and became a luminary of the church, glorifying God with his mighty intellect. Our own beloved Admiral David Farragut was likewise on the eve of blighting his career through irregularities and through self-reliance, plunging into self-indulgence, when he was happily delivered. He has told the story of his folly and of his coming to his senses in this characteristic way:

"Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country? It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had to look after the treason of Burr. I

accompanied him as cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of the dinner one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me: 'David, what do you mean to be?'

"'I mean to follow the sea.'

"'Follow the sea. Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime.'

"'No,' I said, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck and command, as you do.'

"'No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.'

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital.' That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors; I will never gamble. And, as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour."

As we rejoice over these instances of rescue from the *sans-culottism* of man's insubordinate desires and aims, and think of others who have been

whirled by their own unbridled appetites and passions to destruction, we can hardly fail to perceive that anarchy in the life of the individual must reach beyond itself and tend to disorganize the life of the community. Chaotic in himself, how should it be expected of him that he reverence cosmos anywhere? Mob rule within naturally creates an affinity for mob rule without, and the uncrowned soul clamors for an uncrowned commonwealth. We here touch one of the gravest evils connected with "triumphant democracy" everywhere, particularly in America. Children in the United States are early taught the value of civil and religious freedom; but they do not appear to be as thoroughly instructed in the truth that personal liberty has its bounds and that its orbit is determined by the rights of other personalities. Hence, while law is set forth as "master," unhappily license is "mistress." Throughout the land there is a widespread tendency to evade legal enactments, as though statutes were made for the public at large, but not for the individual. Business itself, the success of which depends on system and accuracy, has also fallen into moral confusion and derangement. Very many contracts are not observed unless they are enforced by the dread of penalties; obligations are not often honored if they can safely be broken; pledges given to a confiding people are rarely redeemed; and vows assumed, of the most sacred import, are treated as a matter of course, as a form, not strictly binding on any one. Adulterations, frauds, cheating, "foxy" haggling and chaffering, are the commonplaces of commerce; and so shame-

less have even prominent capitalists become, that, having sold valuable properties to foreigners at absurdly exorbitant rates, they have openly schemed and combined to strip what they have sold of its worth by organizing an opposition business of the same nature. This is plundering the Egyptians with a vengeance; this is getting even with the Britishers in a manner not very creditable to our integrity, compelling them to buy us off that their original investment may not be entirely sacrificed. I am not saying that the English are immaculate, for I know they are not; but if they are as heartless in their trade transactions as we are, what a comment this conscienceless dealing is on our Christian civilization, especially as church-members are as prominent in these questionable affairs as others.

A religious profession is no security against dishonesty, trickery, and faithlessness to engagements; neither is it an assurance that debts will be paid or that fair measure will be given. Lack of principle is the crying curse of the times in the church and out of it; and everywhere the individual appears to feel as an imperator or dictator, endued with irresponsible power, who is justified in having his own way at any cost to others, and in carrying things with a high hand, if he can, without regard to the interests of his fellows. A facile, pliant, sleek, lax, and shuffling generation is this, that cares little for strict standards of duty, rigidly interpreted, except as they serve to check some rascals from acting up to the full measure of possible rascality. It is not then surprising, where such looseness prevails, that

young people in America should fail to realize the necessity of imposing rational bounds on their impulses, desires, and appetites, and that they should become weak and self-indulgent.

Their headiness and insubordination have passed into a proverb, and their disregard of parental authority is the common talk of the world. A book with a "bad boy" in it is one of the most popular and profitable forms of modern literature. Heads of families read it and joke about it, and not unnaturally their precious offspring consider the hero a model to be copied. We have, in almost every community, precocious smokers, precocious drinkers, and precocious candidates for the penitentiary and the gallows. A pungent writer has recently inquired: "Do you want to know where a boy usually begins to be fast? With a cigarette. It is his first step in bravado, resistance of sober morality, and a bold step in disobedience." The first step is rapidly followed by a second. A highly cultivated and well-informed lady, who spends much of her time in the country, assured me that, to her certain knowledge, mere lads, in quiet moral retreats among the Vermont hills, often combine their earnings or their pilferings and import a keg of beer and drink until they are stupefied. Nor is this the sum of their reputed misdoings. They are sometimes discovered in bands, plotting to plunder houses; and where this is not the case, they are frequently found to offend against public morality in ways too heinous for description in these pages.

Thousands on thousands in city and country are allowed to do just as they please. The young,

innocent creatures must not be coerced; they must be spared the indignity of punishment; and as a consequence they are insolent, independent, and violent. Who shall presume to teach them, who shall dare discipline them, and who shall essay the conquest of their rebellious will? Not the average mother, who is often weak and hysterical, and who in the majority of instances is blindly devoted to her child and enamored even of his faults; not surely the average teacher, who is paid a mere pittance, is dependent for her support on the goodwill of the community and is frequently herself too immature to understand the significance of disobedience in the scholar, and too timid, and perhaps not strong enough, to exercise her rightful authority, and possibly not even allowed to do so by a flabby, œdematous school board; and certainly not the average father, who is not only too busy to bother about home affairs but is restrained from too direct interference by the consciousness of lawlessness on his own part as reprehensible as any act of which his hapful son may have been guilty. Thus self-indulgence is catered to, is fostered, and at last becomes the only recognizable determining force in conduct.

That this ungovernableness, grounded in selfish vanity, should culminate in gracelessness, viciousness, dissoluteness, knavery, and every kind of flagrant profligacy, is only to be expected; and that it should be altogether reckless of the sorrow and infamy it brings on others is only too natural for it to be astounding. There are many homes to-day shrouded in perpetual gloom, because auda-

cious, uncontrollable, and self-willed youth spurned parental wisdom and took up arms against the moral order and safety of society. Such traitors are culpable. They array themselves against authority, they madly strike against the supremacy of right, and they exalt their variable and treacherous wills as sovereign—unanswerable either to God or man.

It is part of my present message to remind the men of to-morrow that no conceivable pleasure derived or derivable from the gratification of these ignoble ambitions can ever compensate for the unutterable wretchedness they will inflict on themselves and others. They lead to grievous outrages against the peace and honor of dearest relatives. To foster them allies the youth with the grandson of Andronicus, who was basely false to his grandsire ; and with the ignominious son of Henry IV., ready on the blue Moselle to fight or to betray his father ; and with the duke of Rothesay, plotting for the overthrow of his parent and king, James III. ; and with the contemptible descendants of Francesco Sforza, who bartered all the dignities of their house for low and groveling gratification ; and in a word with all those who pull down what others have built up and who scorn what others have prized. Presumably, wayward young persons never seriously ponder the extent of the calamity they are ruthlessly causing ; and yet they are bringing to pass a disaster, the evil results of which cannot be computed. To scuttle a ship at sea, to betray a battle into an enemy's hands, to put the incendiary's torch to the inflammable property of a neighbor, to poison the wells

that supply communities with water, are confessedly despicable acts, appalling and terrible in their consequences; but they involve no greater degree of guilt, neither are they more pernicious in their effects than the course of conduct that ends in the breaking up and extirpation of a home. Remember that the family is the very corner-stone of the social fabric; that it is the altar of purity, the highest school of virtue, the nursery of intelligence, and the acknowledged source of all that is sweetest and fairest in human life. How we are charmed by pictures and descriptions of its peace and felicity! We sympathize with Heine when he writes, "The domestic man, who loves no music so well as his own kitchen clock and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of"; and we echo the strains of Keble's gentle muse:

> Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look,
> When hearts are of each other sure;
> Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
> The haunt of all affections pure.

What shall we then say of youths and maidens who have no reverence for the sacredness of this retreat, and profane it by their silly self-inflation and morbid cravings and shatter forever its happiness? Are they deserving of less reproach than Benedict Arnold? Are they entitled to more consideration than Judas Iscariot? Were a party to be formed for the express purpose of abrogating home as an American institution, and were that party to plot and scheme for the success of the

nefarious scheme, public indignation would express itself in unmistakable terms. Such designs would be greeted with howls of execration and with fierce anathemas, for it would be argued that they contemplated nothing short of the removal of the most effective barrier to the inroads of immorality and the retrogression of the race toward barbarism. Why should our idlers, our silly scamps, our self-indulgent and heartless sons and daughters, who are undermining the stability and influence of the family, be judged more leniently or be dealt with more tenderly than we would deal with those who might be guilty of the outrage we have imagined? These youthful foes to the well-being and integrity of the domestic institution ought assuredly to be informed of the blackness of their conduct and of the estimate in which it is held, and must be held, in the minds of all right-thinking people. They are warring against an ordinance of God, who "hath set the solitary in families," and they are devastating and destroying as pitilessly as Attila or Alaric. If they were to be assigned niches in the temple of infamy, they would rank with those monsters of iniquity whose names are a perpetual byword and a hissing.

That this unmeasured reprobation of their fatuous ambitions is no more than deserved will, I think, be freely allowed by all persons who cordially consider the misery and desolation they cause to affectionate and honorable souls. Alas for David, when Absalom is in arms against his royal throne and life! What can he do? He can only anxiously watch for the coming of messengers, and

when he learns the appalling news of victory, he cries out piteously and almost self-reproachfully: "Absalom, Absalom, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, my son, my son Absalom!" There are few passages in literature so full of deepest feeling and of poignant grief as this. As we read the words, we seem to see the heart all torn and wounded, shamed and sorrowful, anxious only to hide itself, regretting only that it had not perished long before that other heart had learned to beat so falsely. There is more of the whirlwind, more of cyclonic agony in the wrathful imprecation of Lear on undutiful Goneril:

> Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth!
> With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
> Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
> To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child.

But somehow we are more affected and subdued by the wail, full of blighted hopes and yet of pardoning love, that rises from the stricken soul of David. Unlike the Œdipus Colonus of Sophocles, he addresses no denunciation against his son; nor, like the Theseus of Racine, does he call down the vengeance of a Neptune on a Hippolytus. There is rather anguish than anger in the moan of the royal Hebrew parent, an anguish so profound as to arouse in us honest indignation against the unhappy culprit; and doubtless this type of sorrow has never ceased from the hour when the psalmist gave vent to his lamentation until now. As these lines are

penned, there are parents whose hopes and joys have been extinguished by ungrateful children, and they are weeping with their heads bowed, but not for themselves so much as for their loved and erring ones. "Would God I had died for thee," is the sad refrain of many a dirge to-day. As the boy, stupid and maudlin from strong drink, is brought home and laid upon the couch, some mother wrings her hands and murmurs: "Would God I had died for thee!" Or, as some youth is marched to jail for robbing his employer, driven to crime for the sake of gratifying his foolish vanity, or is expelled from association with honorable men, or is branded as a cheat and a gambler, or is slain in a drunken brawl, or wearied with himself and his futilities ends his wretched course with a rope or pistol, parents crushed and distracted are exclaiming, as they have in all the centuries, "My son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

And is it likely that he who inflicts such wrongs and miseries shall escape unharmed and lie down in peace? Not at all. He who lives for show and strives to gratify absurd ambitions will be compelled to pay the penalty, and his irrational and shallow-brained conduct of life will be laid bare to the scoffing scrutiny of a mocking universe. Madame de Staël once remarked that she "never committed an error that was not the cause of a disaster"; and if we may credit the words of an inspired philosopher, "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself," the disaster must in some degree be determined by the character of the error. Devotion to display leads naturally to

unenviable notoriety, morbid craving for applause to unmistakable hissing, and heartless self-indulgence to unmeasured and unpitying condemnation.

A vivid illustration of the confusion and disgrace that necessarily overtakes the garish wrong-doer was recently presented in one of London's courts of justice. A young man was brought before the magistrate for smashing glass and for other lawless conduct in a public-house, and the rebuke administered by Sir John Bridge ought to have convinced the culprit that splash and splurge can only end in shame and sorrow. "I know nothing," said Sir John, "which speaks so badly of the middle classes of this country as the enormous number of young men there are who, finding that their fathers have been successful in trade or profession, think they need not work. One sees that everywhere there are far too many of these idle rogues, as I had almost called them. Of course, as they do no work, they get into mischief." The difficulty in these cases, Sir John proceeded, is to know what punishment to impose. As a rule, the punishment falls on the parents. "If you fine them, it comes out of the father's pocket; if you send them to prison, it comes out of the mother's heart. Men like you," the magistrate concluded, addressing the culprit, "are too heartless to feel the degradation of imprisonment or the disgrace of causing your father to spend money which perhaps ought to go to your sister or other members of your family." How bedraggled the fine feathers of these fine birds appear after such a castigation as this! What a come-down this to their vanity and to the admi-

ration they covet and for which they sacrifice so much!

During the revolution of 1848 in Paris, a curious thing occurred—one of the most curious of all the motley changes that have taken place in that vast city. While the city was in confusion and the Provisional Government was seeking a head, a man dressed in the uniform of a general of the First Republic was suddenly introduced and the announcement was made, "*C'est le citoyen gouverneur de l'Hotel de Ville!*" The story of his elevation is as follows: His name was Chateaurenaud, and he was a singer of moderate talents at the *Opéra National.* While political excitement was running high in the streets he put his head out of one of the theatre windows. He was in the military costume of a part he was rehearsing, and the mob seeing him, after the manner of mobs cried out, "A general, a general!" and without delay or inquiry he was hurried along and was throned as governor. Lamartine even ratified the choice and for two short weeks the play-actor kinged it with the best of them. I wonder while the glamor lasted if he ever accepted the illusion as reality and tried to convince himself as did Shakespeare's hero:

> Am I a lord? . . .
> Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
> I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
> I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things—
> Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,
> And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.

But the waking hour came to Sly and Chateaurenaud alike, and both were compelled to realize

that all their state was mere paste and glitter. Neither one nor the other had been a real chief and leader, only a theatrical figure, the center of mocking mummery and sumptuous spectacularism ; and in the end the pompous pageantry which surrounded them could not compensate for the vexation and mortification which it entailed. Thus for a time, young men, you may be placed in a position by others to deceive yourselves and the world, and you may be courted and flattered, and your vanity may be intoxicated by the homage you receive ; but the hour will strike when this fantastic nonsense must end, when you and others will know the incense to be undeserved, and when the supreme destinies will demonstrate with crushing force and withering sarcasm that honor and happiness cannot be sacrificed to the swaggering inanities of egotistic heartlessness without winged vengeance overtaking the transgressor.

III

MIGRATING TO THE CITY

The monster London. . .
Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow
A solitude almost.

THE poet Cowley may be right. Who knows? London has been called the "modern Babylon." But how then shall we name Paris, New York, and Chicago? Are they not all very much alike? The home of the Plantagenets and the home of the Puritans differ rather in extent than in character, and there is scarcely a vice or a folly fostered in the capital of the Tudors that does not flourish wherever a large community exists. The reputation of most cities leaves very much to be desired, and it is an open question whether their excessive growth is not on the whole detrimental to humanity. A picture bearing on this issue by Jean Béraud was exhibited in the gallery of art during the World's Fair of 1893. The painting to which I refer represents Christ's descent from the cross. The naked body is there as in older compositions, and the cross is there, these two objects being historically faithful. But at this point the unity of the work ceases. Everything else is modern: the

scene, the costumes, the very faces of the figures. The metropolis covered with smoke is Paris, not Jerusalem; the hill is Montmarte, not Golgotha; the friends of the dead are French workmen, not Jewish peasants; and he who stands in the foreground with clenched fist and savage look is a chief of the *proletariat*, and not the centurion. Why this departure from the unities—a departure that would seem grotesque were it not for the deep seriousness of the artist? I am not sure that I can interpret Béraud; but there came to me, as I contemplated his creation, the vague impression that he designed to teach the world that humanity, forever identified with Christ through the incarnation, was being crucified by the civilization having its chief seat in our cities and that only the laboring poor appreciated the awful tragedy continually being enacted.

But notwithstanding the forbidding character of the populous marts of industry and commerce, and notwithstanding that many persons fail to better their condition by going there, every year thousands of young men and hundreds of young women migrate from the country to these great communities. It seems useless to tell these wanderers that there is no room for them; that the large centers of activity are overcrowded; that there are scores of applicants for every place made vacant; that there are perils on every hand to work their moral ruin; and that the odds against them in every respect are terrific. Still they come, and they will continue to come. The towns increase in population; the country decreases. Myriads of

untilled acres cry for the plow and the plowman, while the hard pavements groan to be rid of loafer and bummer who are only burdens to themselves and others. It is in vain that we remind the youth who is anxious to abandon hedgerows for narrow streets and the breezy mountain air for the smoky atmosphere of the metropolis, that there is no career more dignified than that of the farmer; no pursuit so full of sweet compensation as that of the agriculturist; and no joys so fair and gracious as those which come from the singing of birds and the aromatic perfume of flowers. Nothing deterred by our depressing representation, our boys and girls turn from the country with its delights, perfectly willing to attempt life in the city notwithstanding its dangers. They come singly and in groups. Every train shoots them into Boston, Liverpool, London. Sometimes they walk, getting here and there a lift by the way. They abandon the homestead, forsake the solitude of prairie and mountain, and rush onward, an ever-increasing multitude, plunging into the maelstrom from which many will emerge disfigured and disgraced and many others emerge not at all forever.

It were as wise as debating with a swollen river for rolling furiously to the sea, the sea being already full enough, to remonstrate with the young on the mischievousness of their impetuous migration to the city, already sufficiently crowded without them. But failing in efforts to restrain, we may be able to serve them in another way. If we can only give them some idea of their own value to the thronged habita-

tions of men which they are ambitious to share, and if we can only so warn them against awaiting perils, it may come to pass that their migration may end otherwise than in disaster. In an engraving now purchaseable for a few dollars there is a scene portrayed of tender interest to all who sympathize with human hopes and sorrows. The picture is named "Breaking Home Ties." A mother is parting from her son who is bound to try his fortunes in the great world. The look on her faded face is one of unutterable solicitude, while the boy's countenance betrays something of impatience and of forced resignation. He is anxious to be gone and is a trifle weary of his mother's earnest expostulations and wearisome homilies; while she, with a woman's prescience, sees the thorns and serpents in his path and can hardly utter the last farewell. There are other parents, who with tear-blinded eyes are bidding adieu to sons and daughters, and who wring their hands in conscious helplessness as their loved ones go out from their village home, never to return the same in thought and feeling as they go. They may come back better and nobler; but who can tell? No wonder then that mothers weep, that they are torn by solicitude, and that they conjure to their excited fancy the city as a terrible and frightful octopus. Only those who have lived in large communities many years know how well grounded are these forebodings; and all such, if they have any manhood left, will do what they can to avert their sad fulfillment. It is for this reason I presume to pen this Message.

Now, at the outset, the fond parents who remain in the country and the rustic candidates for a part and share in the bustling activities of some London or New York ought to take as impartial and as encouraging a view of the situation as possible. Mothers and fathers in rural homes ought to realize that metropolitan centers have need for just such young people as they can send to them; that they can't very well get along without them; and that they may be very much improved by their presence and influence. As a rule, our rural youth take with them when they migrate many desirable qualities. Their habits are usually excellent and have served to establish their health. The introduction of pure blood from the mountains and valleys, like that of pure water from mountain streams and lakes, is of the highest moment to overcrowded settlements where physical deterioration is not uncommon. If this blood shall remain uncontaminated by vice, it must tend to reinvigorate the population. Moreover, these country boys and girls are generally free from affectation and artificiality, and are characterized by ingenuousness and sincerity. Indeed, the ministrations of their native surroundings have gone far toward keeping them pure, incorrupt, and trustful. Does not Wordsworth write:

> Knowing that nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
> Thro' all the years of this our life to lead
> From joy to joy; for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed

> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men—
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings.

They who have been reared in intimate fellowship with the works of God ought to have imbibed something of her sunniness and something of her veracious loyalty. As civilization increases, conventionalities multiply, and may so multiply as to create the doubt as to whether anything or anybody is real. Breeding and refined manners, desirable in themselves, are often the cloak of social hypocrisies. Observe the difference between the town and country when important functions are being discharged. On the one side, what gloss and glitter, what smiles and simpers; and on the other, what sturdiness and seriousness, what diffidence and directness! It must, therefore, be a good thing for these gusts of mountain and prairie air to sweep through market-place and narrow street; and it cannot but be desirable for the fragrance of honest flowers to be wafted through our business marts. Sometimes shopkeepers are nonplussed by the "freshness" of the rural salesman as he fails at first to grasp the tortuosities of trade and is slow to see why truthfulness should be shelved in the interests of commerce. A certain class of merchants find it no easy thing to make country lads understand the dubious phraseology they employ.

When some eminent representative of commerce, fresh from the founding of a philanthropy, admonishes with much unction of style his youthful clerks to be "foxy," and when he suggests to those among them who have not been "foxy" to put an end to their useless existence, and when he sends them out with his latest customer, instructing that he be shown the town; that he be taken to the theatre or elsewhere at the expense of the firm, and adds with sundry winks, "Make him as jolly as possible, for when he is jolly he will surely buy," it must be startling to the novice and cause him to stare. But perhaps the stare may not be altogether lost on the money Moloch who is thus morally destroying the sons of better people than himself. What shall the green hand from the country do in such circumstances? If he ever so mildly protests, will he not be ridiculed as being altogether too squeamish for business? The hour is crucial. One such novice was horrified at the tricks he was expected to resort to in trade and determined to apply elsewhere for a position. His employer, however, refused to furnish him with a recommendation. What could he do and how succeed unless he disposed of his sensitive conscience which, in another case, Goethe regarded as a sign of an unhealthy character? A gentleman remarked to Talleyrand that there were men in the Upper Chamber possessed of a conscience; to which the incorrigible satirist replied: "Yes, I have known many a peer with two." And so there are some meagre merchants who demand that the moral sense of their clerks should be like their eyes, two

in number, and that they should know how to shut one tightly in time of need and not see what they have no business to see. But this voluntary blindness does not come easily to one who has just parted from parents whose words are still sounding in his memory, entreating him to live with man "as considering that God sees him, and so to speak to God as if men heard him." By and by he may, unhappily for himself, lose his scrupulous integrity and furnish another example of the pure mountain breeze being impregnated with the vile odors of the sweltering streets.

It is likewise a very decided gain to cities that generally these young people are rich in sacred recollections of fair and precious Christian homes. They appreciate the words of the poet and as time grows old repeat them with deeper pathos in their voices :

> How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
> When fond recollection presents them to view,—
> The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
> And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew.

And among these scenes none will retain its hold longer on the imagination and heart than the one so exquisitely portrayed by Burns in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." Not alone in Scotland, but here in dear New England, the sire with "patriarchal grace" often leads in family devotion and prays that thus all may meet in future days, "while circling time moves on in an eternal sphere." From "scenes like these" our nation's "grandeur springs that makes her loved at home, revered abroad,"

and that makes her sons reverent toward God and toward his works, especially reverent toward the chief work of his hands shaped in his own image.

They who enter the busy town, cherishing in memory the pious associations of childhood, even if they shall stray from their early ideals, will rarely, if ever, be found allied with fierce agitators, dynamite anarchists, and dreamy socialists. Deadly schemes against society are not often hatched in quiet villages or on lonely farms, unless indeed, the conspirators move there from more populous places to avoid suspicion while they plot. The green woods, the smiling glen, the fields rich in golden grain and edged with fringes of wild flowers, are not so conducive to treason against existing institutions as narrow, stifling streets, feculent gutters, malarious tenements, and crime-engendering slums. Social storm centers are not formed in rural regions, fragrant with the breath of new-mown hay and torn only by the wealth-producing plow; they gather where oppressive labor systems crush their victims, and where dirt, disease, and debauchery render existence unendurable. But from these dreary localities the lowering tempest threateningly travels on its way, and, if the clouds are not checked, will envelop in darkness the whole land. It is my opinion that the incoming of our country youth has tended more than once to avert the destructive outbreak of the pent-up elements. Unconsciously to themselves they have imparted to the atmosphere of large communities, surcharged with the forces of desolation and devastation, something of the

serenity that proceeds from loyalty to law, confidence in God, and in the power of the individual to right, in company with his fellows, his own wrongs. And if calamity shall be averted and if existing problems are peacefully solved, probably it will be measurably due to the migration of this American spirit from the farm to the workshop, from the wayside store to the counting room, and from the solitude of vale and hill, where thought is born, to the noisy thoroughfare where reckless passion is inflamed by greed.

Our cities suffer more from alien ideas than from alien individuals. That the latter form, in some instances, the overwhelming majority of the people would be a matter of indifference, were it not that their notions and concepts of government, of labor, and of social order, are so untranslatably foreign to our own. A great deal has been set forth of late relative to a protective tariff, and it has been argued that it is especially designed to shield the American workman from the competition of pauperized European toilers ; but if we go to the coal fields of Pennsylvania and of Illinois, to the woolen mills of Passaic, to the clothing sweat shops of Boston and New York, and even to the largest establishment where garments are manufactured in Philadelphia, we shall find that the miners and operatives are mainly European : Hungarians, Poles, Portuguese, Italians, and Slavs, with an admixture, in New England, of Canadians. Most of these immigrants have been aided by persons interested in their services, or they never could have reached these shores ; and we are going

through the farce of voting for a tax, avowedly to guard American industrial classes from the inadequate wages of the Old World; and employers who extol the eminent soundness of the tax give the preference to imported labor, as they can hire that proximately at Old World rates ; so that, after all, American labor must consent to come down to competition on a European basis of remuneration, or must quietly retire from the field.

But this unfair discrimination has its revenges. Foreigners bring with them their foreign ideas—ideas gathered from nihilists and State socialists and atheistic groups—and as they soon discover that their earnings here are not equal to the new wants created by contact with our civilization, they begin to murmur and to threaten, to wave red flags, and mutter incoherent things about blood and bread. They are not satisfied with their masters and do not hesitate to say fiercely that there must be a change. Had the native-born population waxed indignant at the present state of things, it would have occasioned no surprise ; but, as a rule, it is so befuddled with partisanism that it does not see that it has been thrust aside to make way for aliens whose competition has demoralized wages. Our own people philosophically make the best of their condition, but "the stranger within our gates" is not so peacefully inclined. He can't get away from the gory sociology of the continent of Europe, and it may come to pass that the unpatriotic employer, who is not altogether irresponsible for his importation, may have to pay dearly for his despicable and heartless greed. If

he is saved from the bitter fruit of his own evil scheming, it will, unless all signs fail, be owing, in no small degree, to the influence of young men from the country. These rugged children of our soil and of our institutions have not been educated out of belief in God, or out of belief in the rights of property, or out of confidence in what the "stars and stripes" symbolize; and in the hour of peril, if such should ever rise, they will give the force of their convictions and the weight of their ballots, and if needs be, the strength of their arms, to repel alien innovations, as the farmers of Concord and Lexington villages banded together heroically to resist the aggressions of the British.

It must be encouraging to the class of young people addressed in this Message to know that multitudes who have preceded them have not only contributed to the material prosperity of the communities where they settled, but have built up noble fortunes for themselves. Many, perhaps the large majority of eminently successful business men, lawyers, physicians, to say nothing of preachers, came originally from the country. Most of our leaders were "born in huts where poor men lie," and toiled over the yellow corn in sequestered vales, and dreamed their dream of fame or of wealth while slowly fishing up the summer stream or drowsily basking in the sun on the clover-scented grass. The story has often been told of a New York millionaire who grew up in some fair Arcadia, setting out with a mouse-trap of his own invention, to ensnare not only the confiding rodents, but the equally guileless and unsus-

pecting *habitués* of Wall Street. He died not long since, the envied possessor of a good many skins of various sorts and sizes, obtained generally by squeezing. In Chicago, some of the noble beef barons and pig peers and provision princes, as well as the manufacturing and money magnates of Philadelphia and New York, came of what, in Europe, would be termed right good "peasant" stock; and I bear them witness that not a few among them are liberal to a fault, have heart and hand open to the appeals of suffering, and are manifesting a public spirit in the development of the cities where they dwell, worthy of admiration and of imitation. The great Newbury Library, the Crerer Library, and many practical charities providing for hundreds of poor boys and girls, are monuments to the breadth of view and the generous spirit of the men who have been active in their founding.

And such benefactions as these are only a part of what private munificence has done for the metropolis of the West, and only a prophecy of what, in my judgment, it will do to render that metropolis worthy of its destined place in the commercial development of America. Dear, venerable Boston, also, owes much of its growth and affluence and of its moral and intellectual supremacy to brain, and brain nurtured by the pine woods and brown rocks of stern and vigorous New England. There dwell merchants whom I could name, who tramped in the olden times to the historic town with all their worldly goods tied up in a poor pocket-handkerchief, and whose

rights to the soil were measured by the amount of dust they had collected on their persons during their toilsome journey. They are now old men, honored for their devotion to the interests of the capital of Massachusetts and for their enterprise in stimulating the march of civilization westward. There are few settlements west of Ohio that are not indebted to the far-sightedness and the plucky energy of Boston business men for their material prosperity; and if we trace the origin of these men, in a very large number of instances we shall find it somewhere in the forests of Maine, or among the mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire.

But we must not suppose that the cities I have named have the monopoly of such characters. They have appeared in all commercial centers, not only of America but of Europe; and Liverpool, Edinburgh, London, Berlin, Paris, and Vienna, as well as New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, have their own legends of adventurous, boorish boys, of bumpkins fresh from the plow, who have dazzled and startled conservative citizens by the triumph of their financial schemes, by the magnitude of their trade, and the prodigal splendor of their households and their benefactions. Indeed, so striking have been their prosperous careers in all parts of the world that the question has arisen, relative to the chances of youths who are born in the city, Are they usually as successful as their brethren from the country? We have not figures on the subject and can only guess. Many of them, I have no doubt, compare favorably, both in efforts

and results, with their "backwoods" rivals; and yet I am more than half persuaded that the majority of them are outmarched and left behind in the struggle for existence. Perhaps it is that they conclude existence is not worth a struggle; perhaps it is caused by the enervation of luxurious surroundings; perhaps it is that their fathers so exhausted their strength in accumulating property that the children were born weary, or with only strength sufficient to spend it.

But, leaving invidious comparisons out of mind, it is evident that our city boys have no reason to sneer at the country boys as "green," as "hay-seeds," "tenderfeet," and what-not; for, in our day, intelligence is not confined to the metropolis, but is prevalent in hamlet, village, and lonely cottage, and they who come from these places to compete for the prizes of life are as bright and as well informed and are often as acute as those who have enjoyed the advantage of large communities. The patronizing air affected by our urban young gentlemen is altogether out of place. As I have observed it, I have frequently been reminded of the supercilious and sapient Touchstone, who, when William of the Forest approaches, gravely says: "It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for"; and who, in his conversation with Corin, a lovelorn shepherd, remarks, what many a modern dude has doubtless felt though for obvious reasons has left entirely unconfessed: "Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then

thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in parlous state, shepherd." Well reasoned, most noble fool, and as logically conclusive as some other subtle processes by which white is demonstrated to be black. But logic is not always a safe guide, and never is it more unreliable than when it is inferred that from certain social conditions inferiority and failure must inevitably proceed. There is no such inevitable relation. The uneducated poet from the plow may win more lasting renown than the minstrel carefully reared in the schools and patronized by the court; the village politician may rise to greater eminence than his metropolitan competitor; and so the yeoman born, though derided as a clodhopper and a lout, not unlikely will advance in fame and fortune while the snob and jack-a-dandy will with difficulty escape disaster and disgrace.

But while the prospect of the young man from the country is not altogether disheartening, and while his influence may prove beneficial to the city, he ought never to forget the dangers which will beset his path in his novel and fascinating surroundings. Some one has likened a vast metropolis to that mythical monster whose voracious and destructive appetite could only be appeased by the offering annually of a certain number of virgins. It has been stated on good authority that upward of twelve thousand youths and maidens fall from their steadfastness yearly in London, some of them to be rescued later, but many of them to be lost forever; and I presume these dark sta-

tistics are proportionately paralleled in other large communities, such as San Francisco and Chicago. Schiller writes with tragic vehemence :

> Humanity
> Fierce in the wrath of wretchedness and crime,
> Forth from the city's blazing ashes breaks,
> And the lost nature it has pined for seeks.
> Open ye walls and let the prisoner free!
> Safe to forsaken fields, back let the wild one flee!

But alas! a point in sin and shame is reached when humanity can not, will not, flee, but remains chafing in its den and watching for the unsuspecting and the innocent. Degraded men and women avenge themselves by degrading others. Nor are they merely entrenched in low and squalid quarters, nor are they only discoverable at night and on the corners of streets ; for they frequently are met in reputable neighborhoods, and may belong by birth and breeding to worthy families, and, in not a few cases, veil their excesses in the obscurity of their own dwellings. This is not often appreciated by the stranger. He has never imagined a state of society where harpies of his own race enjoy a certain degree of immunity from law on account of political affinities or because of bribes dexterously conveyed to the officials appointed to shield municipal honor and virtue ; and where some of the authorities are leagued with pimps, bawds, blacklegs, and the riff-raff of devildom, high and low, in dark alleys and broad avenues, for the moral and physical ruin of the unwary.

But that such a condition of things exists, in view

of recent exposures in New York and elsewhere, few, if any, thoughtful minds can doubt. An alderman representing a ward with some pretensions to aristocracy has declared that places of infamy exist side by side with respectable homes in his neighborhood, into which the over-confiding are drawn. Neither did he know how the evil could be remedied; and I am ashamed to record the fact that our civic rulers to-day do not, as generally as they should, and hardly ever as intelligently as they ought, take the side of young people coming from the country. They seem to be beset with a cringing desire to please the dangerous classes of society. They will license almost any kind of so-called amusement, though it may be as vicious as that given at certain places in London and Paris, unless they are restrained by innumerable protests. The average city father has a blind eye for such resorts as "dives," "policy shops," and "saloons." He is a great believer, or pretends to be, in "the manly art," and promotes "slugging" by granting licenses for boxing; and his noble bosom heaves beneath his well-laundered shirt-front with indignation when teachers, clergymen, and women remonstrate against lewd posters on the streets, or the unnecessary violation of ordinances governing Sabbath observance. He is for freedom—freedom for lust, drink, and savagery to work their worst; and those who dare raise their voices on behalf of youth exposed to temptation, he coarsely brands as canting fanatics.

It will be the amazement of to-morrow that we should have chosen such a type of man to compose the city governments of to-day. No wonder, in

view of his exaltation to power, and in view of the usual character of his legislation, that young men squander their evenings in degrading follies, recklessly jigging life away with giggling girls in the vitiated atmosphere of the dance-hall. How easy, in the circumstances, for them to yield to the fascinating allurements of brainless women whom they have never seen before and whom they may well hope never to meet again, and to imbibe deeply of the poison draught which distillers and brewers have assiduously prepared for their undoing. The State itself lives on the weaknesses and appetites of the people ; the city thrives and waxes splendid on the immunities granted to those whose principal business is to debauch the young and pauperize old and young alike. The community spreads the net, baits the trap, and the guileless are ensnared. And the shame of it increases when it is realized how few of the voters feel any sympathy for the slain, or even seem to suspect that a tragedy is being enacted. John Ruskin once inquired of his French maid what she thought of a certain play. She replied : "It was charming and I amused myself immensely." "Amused ! but is not the story very sad ?" "Oh, yes, it is *bien triste ;* but it is charming ; and then how pretty Frou-Frou looks in her silk dress." His comment on the speech we may well lay to heart: "This is a most true image of the way in which fashionable society regards the world-suffering, in the midst of which, so long as it can amuse itself, all seems to it well. If the ball-room is bright and the dresses pretty, what matter how much horror is beneath or around ?" And

to society not fashionable, and to society mainly official, what difference does it make if the young are waylaid and bruised in the streets, if money is abundant in their coffers and the moral outrages pay?

The possibilities of peril growing out of such indifference are immeasurably increased by the sense of friendlessness and loneliness which naturally oppresses the inexperienced stranger in a city. He stands by himself. Nothing is familiar to him. De Quincey pathetically sketches his personal emotions when, for the first time, he braved the vast wilderness called London; and I can readily recall my own feeling of desolation when I, as a lad, wended my way through its crowded solitudes. No face beamed a welcome to me, no voice revived pleasant memories, and the crowds rushed by, careless of my needs or fears. I suppose that only the dense, sunless forests of darkest Africa can impart an equal consciousness of solitariness and despair. Nor is this impression diminished by the average boarding house where the aspiring Whittingtons perforce must lodge. From experience, as well as observation, I know what it is like.

I have often crossed the threshold of these comfortless dwellings which, the more they profess to be most like home, are cheerless and uninviting. Knock there at the door. It is opened by an untidy, unkempt girl, who seems to have forsworn soap, while an odor of suds and cabbage floats upon the air. You enter. The hall is unswept and chilly, and leads to dust-begrimed stairs, raggedly

covered with faded carpet; and these end in a room where sunlight rarely comes, and where the furniture is in the last dreary stage of the rickets. All parts of the house are in keeping with this chamber—unattractive, unclean, unwholesome. If, after such a vision of seedy respectability, the landlady is sought, she will often present herself as a widow who has been accustomed to affluence, but whose husband inconsiderately died in bankruptcy, and who now condescends to have mercy on the suffering public by opening this hospitable abode; or she is an angular spinster, arrayed in corkscrew ringlets and multi-colored garments; or possibly she may be one of those buxom, good-natured bodies, slipshod and careless, who take life easy and who cannot understand how any person can be fastidious. In the hands of such mistresses the unfortunate boarder must not be over-nice; for, however sentimental they may be, and however exalted may have been their former stations, they are in business for the money's sake, and the food they serve will not always be above reproach.

There are even charitable institutions, whose titles need not be given here but to whose annual reports the reader is referred, that appeal to the general public for help in providing shop girls and others equally defenseless, with their meals at low rates, and yet lay by each year a snug sum in the way of profit. Such institutions either ought not to beg, or they ought to give the girls the full benefit of their resources. Of course there are benevolent movements of this nature that are not so worldly-wise; and there are boarding houses of a higher

grade than the one I have painted; but so far as the latter is concerned, I fear that the uncomfortable sort are more numerous than any other, and that their total influence is not favorable to religion, or to the most elevated conceptions of life and duty. Imagine a lad or a girl returning after a hard day's work to so cheerless a refuge, compelled to consort with fellow-lodgers whose weak wit and cheap criticism, usually indulged in at the expense of Christianity, form their intellectual pabulum; and fancy what an evening must be, spent in a cold hall room, without good light or entertaining company; and then answer whether the loneliness of the youthful stranger from the country must not, in such circumstances, be next to unendurable? And shall we be surprised if he seeks to escape from it by rushing out into the night, and if he seeks companionship even on the streets?

John Stuart Mill says: "Nature has been very prodigal in mediocrity, and keeps up the supply when there is no demand for it." And we must remember that the majority who come from the rural districts are not exceptionally great; and that one of the weaknesses of commonplace men is that they are self-confident and unwilling to confess that they are not equal to their companions in knowledge and experience. They are afraid of being laughed at as green, unsophisticated, and prudish. The danger therefore is that as soon as they come to mingle with city people they will put on the airs of one familiar with the world and its ways. To prove that they are not amateurs in its arts and tricks and that they are as fast as their

new associates they will probably play with fire, with the inevitable consequences. Probably they have no real taste for vice, but through their stupid vanity and bravado they very readily will become its slave, and, when too late, will comprehend that a mercantile community does not esteem its clerks in proportion to the number of ballet-girls they flirt with, the theatres they visit, or the gambling hells they frequent. Unless, therefore, they are reasonably independent, they will fail of success. James Nesbit, of London, after he had attained to prominence often referred to his first night in the metropolis. Led by young companions to a place of evil resort, he resolutely drew back, and not all their banter or ridicule could overcome his resolution. To this honest determination to assert himself he attributed his subsequent prosperity. Amos Lawrence, of Boston, likewise illustrates the need of decision for the right in starting out on life in a city. He too had courage to say "No" on the threshold of a grave temptation; and in his "Diary" he uses these words: "Now I say, to this simple fact of starting just right am I indebted, with God's blessing on my labors, for my present position, as well as that of the numerous connections sprung up around me."

Young people may be disposed to sneer at these examples of conservatism and imagine that they can follow a different line of action and yet rise to fame and fortune; but if they have a grain of common sense, they will perceive that the odds are against them, and that men and women with far greater advantages, in the way of observation,

training, money, and station, than they have had have been overcome and ground to powder when they have yielded to the seductions of the city. The fate of Richard Savage, the poet, may well appeal to those who think their country experience qualifies them to handle the fire of great communities and not be burned. He, at least, ought to have been able to cope with evil, if knowledge of the evil is the essential thing. His reputed mother, the Countess of Macclesfield, abandoned him early in life, and his education and habits were alike irregular. He early saw all that London meant, and, if any one, he ought to have known how to escape the power of temptation ; but, lax in his principles, careless of public opinion, he was captured by a wanton, and slew a man in a disreputable house. Although the king pardoned him, on the ground that the killing was accidental, poor Richard never overcame the disgrace.

And nearer to our own times, the spendthrift called the "Jubilee Plunger," though he had wealth and astute acquaintances to guide him, found that he was no match for the metropolis, when once he had yielded to its allurements. The £250,000 inherited from his father was soon exhausted on betting, horse-racing, and gambling. In his "Memoir," he describes how Sir George Chetewynd, of unsavory repute, called on him, and learning what immense sums had been squandered, advised him to gather the rest of his property and throw it out of the window ; for by such extravagant scattering his friends, at least, might obtain some portion of the money. Nevertheless, though men familiar with

prodigality and profligacy cannot always resist the tide of retribution that sweeps them to ruin, boys and girls just in from sylvan retreats and bucolic fellowships fancy that, with little effort, they can triumphantly breast the stream.

Probably, also, disappointments will, at the outset, test the courage and virtue of the youth from the country. He has left home, expecting to secure employment at once. He has few misgivings; and yet weary weeks may elapse before he is successful. Advertisements are answered in vain, and his applications received by employers with exasperating indifference and even impertinence. Crowds hustle him aside; individuals who are perpetually on the ground before him shoulder themselves to the front and obtain the job he coveted. Patiently he goes from store to store, humiliated by rebuffs and dimly conscious of something blameworthy in thus seeking work; but, still wearily and cheerlessly, he plods the streets, through rain, slush, and mire, his garments wet, his shoes sodden, economizing his scant stock of money, and diminishing his meals in number and quality until starvation literally stares him in the face. Should relief come in time, these bitter experiences may serve as wholesome discipline; but should it be delayed, and should it seem to be indefinitely delayed, in his extremity he may jeopardize his soul for the support of his body, by accepting a position as a bartender, or as a decoy, specially fitted for the disgraceful task by his look of innocence, and begin to beguile the unwary to unspeakable orgies shared by men and women.

Nor is escape from failure and immediate good luck and fortunate adjustment of worldly interests without drawbacks and perils. Saul suddenly attained a crown, and not only was his head wearied and burdened by the golden burden, but his mind was darkened by suspicion and his conduct was disgraced by arbitrary, unreasonable, and cruel eccentricities. Poor Burns, from the lowlands of Scotland, all untrained in the wiles of society, wreathed as king of verse in Edinburgh, was overcome by intoxicating flattery and was too infirm of purpose ever to recover from its bewildering effects. John Clare, another peasant genius doomed to poverty, tasted adulation in London, and was unequal to the strain on his nerves and virtue. And poets are not necessarily more susceptible to the blandishments of success than less ethereal characters. An unexpected business position secured has occasionally led the one who has won the prize to treat so extensively and so frequently as to end in dissipation and irreparable ruin. Yes, and not a few young men, having toiled long and faithfully in very subordinate positions, have wrecked their prospects immediately on their promotion, by losing their balance and abandoning themselves to ease and luxurious living.

Thus on all sides the boy stranger is beset with difficulties and dangers when he undertakes to win his daily bread in the new Babylons of modern civilization. In his position, he ought to welcome the Message I am writing, as it voices both warning and encouragement, and should lay to heart the further word of admonition I venture with some

hesitancy to add. The safest place he will find in a city is the church. He has a right to her protection, care, and assistance. Let him claim her friendship immediately on coming to town. Unfortunately this is generally about the last thing young people do. They do not mean to be irreligious, but they fear their country clothes are not fine enough for the sanctuary or that they will be taxed to hire a pew or that they will not be sufficiently noticed. Some of them look out for slights; and as slights can easily be suspected by the sensitive, the house of God is forsaken. Not a few professors of religion when they change their environment, leave behind them their piety. In many instances they have to experience losses and crosses before they remember their vows and resume their walk with Christians. Some among them affect to believe that city congregations do not want them, particularly because, forsooth, they are not sufficiently aristocratic; whereas, were they not biased, they might easily know that nearly every sanctuary invites them with open doors.

While I say this, I very well understand how a contrary impression may be made; and I am clear that the greatest pains should be taken to convince all strangers, especially the young, that their welfare lies near the heart of the Lord's church on earth. Assuredly, they should be made to feel that, in the orphaned condition that has come through change of location, they are not alone and friendless. Parents in cities ought to sympathize with parents in the country and give them reason to believe that their children shall not be neg-

lected, and, of course, shall not be slighted. If mothers would only take more interest in the girls from farmhouse and village, would recognize them socially, and shield them, when needed, as their own daughters, multitudes of such girls would seek the Lord's altars and would be saved from dangers manifold. If fathers were similarly concerned for the happiness and protection of the lads who are striving to make their way, the stories of disaster and wreck would be fewer. Within the memory of men now living, employers evinced a personal solicitude for the temporal and spiritual well-being of their apprentices. They boarded them in their own homes, gave them a seat in their pews, watched over their morals and manners, and did all they could to make them worthy citizens as well as skillful workmen. This state of things went out with the old order to make room for the new; and the new leaves apprentices, clerks, and shopmen to take care of themselves as best they may, and unless the churches come to their succor they must remain without practical guidance and generous sympathy. Is it not singular that religious people should ever apparently be completely absorbed in art, should ever abandon more serious pursuits in their admiration for Browning and Dante, or should ever be able to derive pleasure from opera, ball, or theatre, while considerable numbers of their juniors are in imminent peril? And yet I have heard church-members, and even clergymen, boast of their affiliation with literary clubs, and glow over bric-a-brac and pictures in such a way as to prove that they were far more in-

terested in such things than in the deliverance of humanity from sin and shame. But these are exceptions. And even their seeming apathy is not always the result of selfish indifference, but rather proceeds from the failure to grasp the real situation. They do not see the evils that are devouring the weak, and consequently devote themselves to their own gratifications and benefit, and, doing so in the name of Christ, come to invest their favorite pursuits with something of a religious character. Many trick themselves into the fond illusion that they are seeking the welfare of others when they are attending to their own enjoyment, and that, like the apostle, they are spending and being spent, when, in fact, they are continually lavishing on themselves.

It is of the greatest moment that they who migrate should evince a teachable disposition. Oftentimes they reveal nothing of the kind. They are self-confident, feathery, flighty, shallow, and stubborn, not governed by reason, and apparently indisposed to hear reason. Not unlike Sir John Falstaff, they are afflicted with the disease of "not listening." Arguments prevail not with them, and as for logic, they are as indifferent to its inexorable laws as a cat to the rules of rhetoric. They may be refuted by figures and be confuted by facts, and yet they hold out, as a stubborn officer might refuse to surrender after the enemy had captured and spiked all his guns. Entire batteries of proofs, long-range guns of knock-down statistics, and projectiles of enormous penetrating power, are met by a twelve-inch iron casemate of

solid and stolid obstinacy. Such people rarely learn ; and even the rough school of experience often fails to change them for the better. Rousseau admitted that the buffeting of fortune had not cured him of his *visions romanesques ;* and Coleridge has the happy illustration that, to many, "the light of experience, like the lights placed in the stern of the vessel, illumines only the track that is already passed over." If this was the conviction of men as brilliant as these writers, we can judge how meagre must be the hope that youths who are confident that wisdom was born with them and will likely die with them, and who acquire by intuition, or at least suppose that they do, what others never master except by severe application, will ever attain the Socratic eminence of knowing what they do not know. As Carlyle prays, so pray I : "On such may the heavens have mercy ; for the earth with her rigorous necessity will have none."

It is wonderful on how little capital individuals of both sexes set up to be Solomons. A solemn shake of the head, a knowing look, and a jumble of articulate sounds are sometimes to the party concerned the indubitable signs of his wonderful intelligence. And yet the head may shake because, like the worthless ear of corn, there may be nothing in it ; and the speech may stammer and fall dumb because it cannot command a satisfactory or clear idea. Happy the youth who is not over-confident, and who leans not unduly on his own understanding. There is much to learn of practical life, if any considerable results are to be attained. Ignorance is not at a premium in this

century. He who thinks he knows it all very probably has slim acquisitions in mental furniture. He who is so infatuated as to refuse the help of sun, moon, and stars, because they shine for him and not of him and in him, very likely will wind up in the ditch.

In addition it will prove advantageous if the young stranger makes up his mind never to dissever entirely his connection with the rural districts from which he came. It is not creditable to forget early associations; and he is alike happy and honorable who often sings:

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young;
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of springtime sung;
The garden's brightest glories by summer's suns are nursed,
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

Surely it must quicken the better nature, kindle purer desires, and stimulate to renewed endeavor when, in the dust and soot of a noisy city, the heart pauses and the weary brain finds repose in recalling the old farmhouse, the village church, and "sweet Alice with hair so brown." He has lost more than he has gained when the home and friends of his childhood awaken no music in the orchestra of memory. It is also well to return to life's starting-point, and there imagine one's self a boy again. Only good can come to the tired merchant who goes back to the fields and streams, who wanders among the old familiar scenes, and

who seeks once more the gnarled tree where he carved his own name and that of another. Ah me! no longer does the music of her laugh silence the warbling of the envious lark. Sacred ever should be the memories of these childish loves. These journeys may likewise serve to remind the prosperous man of what he owes to district school; to neighbors who, to his youthful mind, were as wise as Solomon; and to the meagre circulating library; and to the learned county politician; and may move him to generous gifts in recognition of the days gone by. It is a pleasant sight in many New England towns to come across a handsome building reared for educational purposes, or for a library, or for a church, donated by some prosperous man in Boston, Chicago, or Minneapolis—some man who has not forgotten his quiet village home. Though they may not so intend it, these benefactions not only commemorate the precious influences of home, they remain an enduring monument to the reverence of the benefactor for times and places that helped to mold him for life's great work.

Nay, I would further suggest that the preservation of our love for the country may contribute somewhat to our quietness and peace when we come to die. Few men care to pass away in a crowd, in a thronged theatre, or on a bustling stock exchange. Had they their choice they would be borne to a wooded hill, to a modest cottage on the border of a flowery mead, or to the shores of seas stretching toward the unseen, where the "God-breathed air" would gently thrill

them, and heaven's sun delight them with visions of a holier light in which their spirits should rejoice forever. But even if the body cannot be conveyed to some sweet, sequestered nook, there to wait for the pitiable anti-climax, death, which "ends all earthly dignities," if the soul is in sympathy with nature, her fellowship and benediction shall not be lacking then. Shakespeare represents gross Jack Falstaff, when nearing the end of his strange career, as "playing with flowers" and "babbling of green fields." Even the like of him are sometimes carried back to the rural scenes where innocent childhood played; and to the daisies, whose breasts of gold and coronals of snow were just as charming in the old Plantagenet and Tudor days as now; and to the birds and butterflies once so joyously chased; and to the breeze-swept hills once so gleefully climbed.

In such cases I fear the invasion of the country into the last feverish dreams of earth is only a sickening reminder of misspent days, of blighted purity, and of withered hopes. But there is no necessity for these bitter memories. If the young man in the city will only be true to himself and true to the sacred traditions of the old homestead far away, possibly in some New Hampshire valley or in some highland glen, and if he cherishes a tender appreciation of their precious associations, when worn and aged and ready to die, on the borders of the other world, they will fill his soul with their smiling beauty and become a prophecy and a picture of the brighter fields "all dressed in living green" awaiting him beyond the rolling

of the Jordan. Then may it come to pass that they who watch the final struggles of the poor flesh with death may have to relate of him what Browning's "Paracelsus" tells of one who

> Died grown old : and just an hour before,
> Having lain long with blank and soulless eyes—
> He sat up suddenly, and with natural voice
> Said that, in spite of thick air and closed doors,
> God told him it was June ; and he knew well,
> Without such telling, harebells grew in June ;
> And all that kings could ever give or take
> Would not be precious as these blooms to him.

IV

OVERCOMING TIMIDITY IN BATTLE

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just:
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.

IT is difficult to understand why warfare, with its attendant catastrophes and ravages, should prevail everywhere—in nature, in society, and in human life. The nineteenth century acknowledges to the twentieth, soon to be born, that the problem is about to be passed on to it, marked "inexplorable and insoluble." Efforts, mainly praiseworthy, have been put forth by optimistic humanitarians to induce governments to convert their swords into pruning-hooks, and their iron-clad monsters of the deep into swift merchant cruisers; but even success attained in this one department would not secure the absolute pacification of mankind; for even where there are no guns, no bayonets, nor sharp, death-dealing projectiles employed, there are desperate competitions and ruthless rivalries that inflict pain and know no pity. In sweating-shops; in murderous factories—factories where dust, poisonous material, or poisonous air prevails; in mills and mines; in squalid alleys and tumbledown tenements; and in narrow thoroughfares like Wall

Street or Threadneedle Street ; and in magnificent structures devoted to gain, called stock exchanges and boards of trade—fiercer and more deadly battles are joining than were ever waged between savage soldiery or splendid squadrons. What scene of valiant strife and sickening bloodshed, whether a Waterloo, a Gettysburg, or a Sedan, can compare in barbarous cruelty and despairing wretchedness with the hourly tragedies enacted in the civilized centers of the world? Well may we pause in the midst of the Belshazzar feast of triumphant progress to read the startling handwriting of Tennyson:

Is it well that while we range with science glorying the time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?
There, among the gloomy alleys, progress halts on palsied feet,
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street ;
There the master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread,
There a single, sordid attic holds the living and the dead.

The earth is but a diffused Armenia, where the helpless are being outraged and the victims of greed are being tortured ; and Armenia is but a picture in epitome of the earth at large. Race and tribe antagonisms, expressing themselves in bear-baiting ferocities and in lynching brutalities ; capital and labor contests, in which, thus far, the latter has come off second best, with many a gash and desperate wound ; creed and church conflicts, growing

into butcheries, from the Black Sea to Mount Ararat, and fulfilling themselves in persecutions of the Stundists by the orthodox Greek, and in proscriptions, not unstained with blood, where Romanism has a free hand in dealing with Protestantism ; and class and *proletariat* struggles, waged on the one side from behind the breastworks of monopoly, and on the other from the entrenchments of unions— make up in some degree the horrible details of the field of Armageddon, at the close of our wonderful nineteenth century. Usurpations, likewise, add to the terrors and agony of the scene. In some parts of Europe and South America the theocratic idea asserts the right to rule, even though it crushes and paralyzes liberty and hope. In Russia the autocratic power insists on bending all wills to the one supreme reigning will ; in England and in Germany, with some variations, the aristocratic element assumes that all other interests are bound to contribute, at every cost, to its ascendency ; while in America, the corporation has come to be lord, dictator, tyrant, and nowhere is usurper served with such unquestioning, fawning, and abject allegiance as is the corporation in the United States. Each one of these imperial and domineering sovereigns entails on the land where it prevails special and stupendous miseries, and calls forth insubordination and challenge, which, in turn, increase the gloom and heart-breaking sorrow.

Perhaps it is not to be doubted that this world's passion makes for the world's advancement. But why should it be so? Why is it necessary for Goodness still to maintain its throne through human

agony, and condition the execution of its holiest plans in the anguish and groaning of the creature? Could not the Infinite have devised a gentler method and one more in harmony with what is beautifully attributed to Divine love? Or why should not perfection have been accomplished in and by the creative act, and not have been left to the slow process of struggle and suffering? Are these constant recurring pangs of poor humanity compatible with belief in the beneficence of God? Or is beneficence itself shut up to the use of means which seem to belie its nature by some grim necessity mightier than itself, and which, thus far, has defied discovery? We know not; we have not the data to a satisfactory answer. To-day knows no more about it than yesterday, and hence can only say to the men of to-morrow that the wisest thing for them to do is to accept the universe as they find it, and adapt themselves to their militant vocation. Von Moltke, we are told, was silent in seven languages; and like the German general, our young people had better hold their tongues and address themselves to the main business of life, which I take to be nothing other than fighting.

Do not smile. I am serious; I mean what I say, for from the cradle to the grave we are called to be fighters. "Our enemies are before us," the Spartans cried at Thermopylæ, and "We are before them," was the heroic reply of Leonidas. Well, this is the present position of our youth. They confront foes and foes confront them, and they must either parley and compromise, run away, or fight. The latter alternative is assuredly the more

dignified and exhilarating. While it would be gratifying to know why we are conscripted and drafted and forced, so to speak, to take up arms, still, as we cannot know these mysteries, the best thing for us to do is just to put on our armor, study the campaign, and go down or up to the battle according to the direction in which it lies. The imperative command of the Almighty, binding on us all, is to "overcome." This word is repeatedly employed and the promise of heaven and of the victor's crown is to him that overcometh. The language of the camp and field is employed by the sacred writers to convey a clear idea of life, its scope, aims, and ambitions. We are to conquer our own thoughts and bring them into subjection to Christ; we are to war against the foes that lie ambushed in our own bodies; and we are to cut off the right hand and pluck out the right eye, rather than by retaining either be excluded from the kingdom of heaven.

Moreover, we are to be good soldiers of Christ Jesus, contending for the faith, striving not merely against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers and against the prince of darkness; and in addition we are to press forward over barricades and bulwarks, invading the cruel realms of error, wrong, and servitude, and establishing in their stead truth, right, and liberty. Enemies are everywhere. They hedge us round about and beset us behind and before; they are entrenched within us; they lurk in our blessings and spring at our throats from our friendships; and there is no hour, place, or pursuit in which they do not

find occasion to strike a blow. We cannot evade them; we must not retreat from them; for only as we accept the battle-wage and do our best loyally and fearlessly shall we escape disgrace and at last be greeted with the "Well done" of the conquering Christ. Remember what Dante wrote:

> Not on flowery beds, or under shade
> Of canopy reposing, heaven is won.

Born to conflict, what a misfortune it must be to be too timid to fight! Can there be anything more to be deplored than the faint-heartedness which indisposes us to advance and which usually predisposes us ever to retreat? We readily make allowances for the moment of hesitancy and the labored breathing of courage which have come to the bravest on the eve of a fierce engagement. The Duke of Wellington admitted that had it not been for his sense of duty he would have retired ignominiously from his first encounter; and on another occasion he is reported to have commented on a soldier who had turned white as he moved against a battery: "That is a brave man; he knows his danger and he faces it." The famous Phil Sheridan owned to an irrepressible tremor as he prepared to attack the enemy. This is not unnatural and is even commendable. There is no call for bravo, bluster, and boasting on the approach of battle, whether the battle be of one kind or another. Thoughtful men cannot fail to feel the gravity of the moment that imperils life, fortune, honor; but that is a very different thing from the

pusillanimity that never resists and the poltroonery that never assails. To be devoid of courage is a great calamity and never to try and supply the need is a grievous shame. Chrysostom was once moved to address his congregation at Antioch because of symptoms of alarm betrayed at a momentous crisis. His people were in church and were dreading the coming of the officers of Theodosius. So excessive were their apprehensions that a heathen magistrate came to reassure them. Whereon the preacher discoursed: "I admired the solicitude of the magistrate who, when he beheld the city troubled and every one contemplating flight, came hither and comforted you ; but for your sakes I was ashamed that ye should need consolation from a heathen. I wished that the earth might open and swallow me when I heard him address you, at one moment exhorting you, at another censuring your unreasonable and irrational terror." All generous and heroic natures must share Chrysostom's contempt of the craven spirit, whether exhibited in church or out, particularly as it is not always nor necessarily ineradicable. Timidity may be overcome. Fearfulness and trembling may be cured. Allowing that, in some cases, the evil is constitutional, still in the much larger number it is merely, so to speak, adventitious or adscititious. It is a plant without a root and ought to be pulled up. It may be due to any one of a variety of causes: to extreme diffidence, to self-depreciation, to excessive nervousness, or to misconceptions and misapprehensions of what a man's rights and duties are in such an age as this. But

whatever may be its origin, no one, especially no young man or woman, can afford to tolerate its existence. It ought to be dealt with firmly and promptly; and I trust the Message that I bring on the subject may further its speedy destruction.

Let me remind you that society will not accept pretense, braggartism, and vaporings, or any sham that may be substituted for courage in the stead of courage itself. To profess to have what you do not possess will not facilitate its acquisition. Indeed, if you claim to be very brave and strut about as though you were, you may be taken at your word; and then, if you are not what you have pretended to be, the shock attending the discovery will very likely make you more of a coward than ever. It is not judicious, if a lad would not invite a quarrel, for him to boast of his prowess and flourish a revolver. If he courts contention, many will be found to accommodate him. It is not even expedient to cultivate a fierce mustache, unless the wearer is prepared to hold his own against all comers. A beard on the chin of adolescence, though fluffy and downy, looks very much like a challenge and may lead to some uncomplimentary complications. The hirsute development on the face of juvenility may be taken as the sign of precocious heroism and serious and even dangerous tasks be imposed on its unhappy possessor. Remember—

> How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
> As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
> The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;

Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted.

It is a dangerous thing to pretend to manliness before you have had time to acquire its virtues; for a man's service will be exacted of you, and a man's steadfast endurance in the face of difficulties will be demanded. Especially perilous is this premature assumption of manhood in the presence of vice; for then habits will be formed under the impression that abundance of reserved strength must necessarily exist by which their tyranny can easily be broken. Thousands, through the indulgence of this vanity, have betrayed themselves to ruin. Do not tamper with indulgence now; do not play with fire and trifle with dynamite in the days of your youth. Never is it safe to do so—never at any age—and it is fatally hazardous in the formative period of your life.

Be careful, likewise, not to vapor, brag, and boast. Bravado, bombast, and bluster are deadly weapons, and usually wound those who carry them. Don't be too sure of your own ability. Do not assume to write verses equal to those of Byron, nor to interpret Shakespeare as brilliantly as Irving, nor to guide governments as astutely as Webster or Gladstone, nor to excel in any branch where you have not achieved success; for if you do, some one will be cruel enough to put your pretentious talent to the test. Do not exaggerate your attainments; do not engage in self-puffery; and do not for a moment suppose that brass, effrontery, and insolent audacity can long pass current for genius and

genuine ability. The sham will be seen through in a little while, and then some one will say of you, as it was said of others like you in the olden time :

> I know them, yea,
> And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple ;
> Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
> That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
> Go anticly, and show an outward hideousness,
> And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
> How they might hurt their enemies if they durst ;
> And this is all.

Better not wear a weapon, my lad, if you have not heart to use it. Do not become a member of the church, if you are not prepared to defend its interests. Why should you expose yourself to derision? What a contemptible figure you cut, waving a sword in the prayer meeting and then meekly sheathing it when confronted by those who ridicule you and the Christianity you profess! Seek not the uniform of a national guard if you would rather be excused in time of peril from your post. Decline the positions of editor, statesman, preacher, if ever they are within your reach through some manipulations of fortune ; for these stations signify to society aggression against wrong and chivalrous defense of right, and whoever occupies them will, in the end, be held to a strict account for their neglect or abuse. Let not the coward presume to adorn himself with the symbols of courage, nor timid doves dare usurp the eagle's eyrie, nor shrinking lambs expect to fright the traveler by bleating in a tiger's jungle.

An amusing story was told in the "Richmond

Dispatch," some years since, of a recruit who was being marched to Antietam, and who confessed to his sergeant that he had no more spunk than a rabbit. The officer admitted that that was bad, especially as a battle was impending; and then the young soldier addressed his superior, according to the report, and made a most extraordinary request. I give it and what followed, in the words of the "Dispatch":

"'I want you to do me a great favor.'

"'Well?'

"'Wall, if I kin git mad I'll be all right, and forgit my shaking. Keep your eye on me, and as soon as we git within five miles of the rebels kick me good and stout.'

"After some further talk I promised him. We were in Hooker's corps and as we moved in against Jackson, Danforth obliqued alongside and said:

"'Sergeant, kick me or I shall bolt. I haven't got sand enough to see a chicken die.'

"We were moving through the timber and I stepped behind him and 'lifted' him twice, as hard as I could kick. He shot aside and the next time I saw him we were at a fence on the edge of a cornfield. The fire was hot and the men were falling thick. I had just fired from a rest on the top rail when Danforth came up, faced the other way and said:

"'More kicks, sergeant! I know I've dropped two of 'em, but my sand is going.'

"I kicked him again with a good deal of vigor, and just then we got the order to advance and he was the first man over the fence. Half an hour

later we were driven back, considerably disorganized, and as I reached the fence I came across Danforth again. He had a rebel captain by the collar and was carrying the officer's sword in his hand. As he saw me he called out:

"'Sand is all right, sergeant. No more kicks. As soon as I take this chap to the rear, I'm going back and collar old Stonewall himself or die trying.'"

While we can excuse this brave poltroon, and heartily laugh at the method he adopted to rouse and stimulate his heroism, we cannot but condemn the men who never speak an independent thought nor advocate and defend a noble cause unless they are ignominiously compelled to do so by the vigorous kick of public opinion. Better not go soldiering, if only kicks can startle your valor, and only indignities constrain you to manly effort on behalf of outraged right and of suffering worth. The Earl of Shaftesbury declared that "rage can make a coward forget himself and fight." But admitting this to be true, it is not a desirable inspiration. One cannot always work himself into a passion, and consequently he may fail to stand his ground when most necessary. Therefore, if conscious of timidity, better not seek refuge in vaunting and gasconade, but, without any swagger or sauciness in speech or manner, attend to the daily duty and meet the daily trial. In this way, the soul may be educated out of its shrinking and fearfulness, and gradually be nerved quietly to dare, even against tremendous odds.

Doubtless it will likewise further this desirable

end if pains are taken to ascertain the real strength of an adversary and the true character of impending dangers. Timidity is always liable to exaggerate, to overcolor, and, trembling before shadows, to run away from the presence of conquerable foes. Imagination is often fatal to courage. It invests an enterprise with hideous faces and surrounds it with discordant noises, as the old Chinese tried to strike terror to the hearts of their enemies by the grotesque and ferocious decorations of their forts and fleets; but only a little intelligence and common sense is necessary to reveal the pregnability of these frightful and frightening absurdities. Of course, if we insist on fancying every opponent invulnerable, and if we persist in asserting that there is no joint in his harness open to an arrow from our bow, we will naturally make peace with him on any terms, and go on confirming ourselves in cowardice. Such a mood as this will find nothing extraordinary in the apprehensions felt by Falstaff in the presence of Hotspur's corpse. "Zounds!" exclaims the fat reprobate, "I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit."

It likewise explains the report of the spies who were sent to search out the land the Hebrews were anxious to possess. On their return from their expedition, they reported: "There we saw the giants; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." How like this story to Falstaff's men in Kendal Green and his men in

buckram seen on Gad's Hill on that memorable night when it was as dark as pitch, and a man could not see his own hand before him! Of course, what could Joshua's nomadic shepherd soldiery do against these towering Titans? Surely, they did well to be afraid! And yet, a little courage and sagacity on the part of Caleb, and these herculean foes shriveled in their proportions and in prowess came to rank with ordinary human beings. According to an English writer, M. Henrion argued many years ago that the race has seriously deteriorated since the creation; that Adam was one hundred and twenty-four feet high and Eve only a few inches shorter; and that when the degeneracy began, Noah's growth was arrested at twenty-seven feet, and that Abraham stopped at twenty, and Moses at thirteen. This theory, however, has no basis that I know of in fact. Cuvier's attention was called to a twenty-two foot skeleton discovered in Sicily, but he showed that the bones were those of a mammoth or a mastodon; and investigation of the mummies of Egypt has failed to prove that the average size of the race was ever larger than at present. There are many persons who seem to adopt M. Henrion's science of enlargement when they come to think of the enemies that threaten them, or the difficulties that lie in their paths, only with this difference—their antagonists increase and fill the horizon with their mighty forms the longer they are contemplated, and do not diminish in magnitude as did M. Henrion's primitive inhabitants.

Fear is an extremist. It hardly knows how to

keep within the bounds of sober truth, and to extenuate itself usually magnifies the numbers and the armament of enemies. At the beginning of our Civil War a friend of mine withdrew his capital from all investments. He saw only dire calamity and commercial ruin coming on our land. His alarm was so great that it imagined perils immeasurable and unavoidable and he would have nothing to do with business enterprises. The curious thing about his fright is that it has continued to this day and that even now it is as strong as it was at the beginning, if not stronger. There are difficulties and dangers in every man's path, but the unwisest thing he can do is morbidly to dwell on them and enlarge them out of all reasonable proportions. Better cultivate the fortitude and calm that distinguished David when he confronted Goliath; for his intrepidity was more than half the victory. Enemies, animate and inanimate, shrink from giants to pygmies before the face of resolution. Men have conquered ignorance, have conquered poverty, and have conquered temptation, simply because they would not believe them to be unconquerable. A youthful soldier in an English barracks was not to be deterred from his duty as a Christian because he had heard that his comrades would make it hot for him. He knelt by his cot to pray and was assailed by a shower of boots and shoes. These attacks were kept up for three nights; but on the fourth, when they were about to begin again, a rough voice cried out, "Let him alone; he stands fire." And he who relates the story adds, "And we came to think

that perhaps it would not hurt us to have a bit of prayer before going to bed."

The example of this lad may well lead us into the wider arena of history for illustrations of the duty I am inculcating. When would-be conquerors, explorers, discoverers, and reformers have not frightened themselves by augmenting indefinitely the forces opposed to them, they have never, as a rule, found them to be invulnerable. It must often have occurred to the reflective mind that, if the apostles had measured themselves against the world lying in wickedness and against the gods ruling over it, they would have been deterred from attempting its subjugation. The forebodings of fear might easily have added to the hopelessness of their mission and have turned them from their purpose. But they did not abandon themselves to gloomy fancies; they possibly did not appreciate the gigantic task they had undertaken, and they therefore simply went forward. And as they moved, though prisons, scourges, and all kinds of tortures had to be endured, it was soon made manifest that a company of earnest souls centered in truth and righteousness could not be stayed by all the powers of darkness. It is wonderful how weak an evil proves if it is only firmly and steadfastly faced. The real armor wherein it is incased is forged in our own heated imagination and is riveted by our timidity; touch its defenses and they are gone.

How clearly may this truth be read in the lines of famous heroic leaders! The waves of an Atlantic part before the prow of the adventurous

"Santa Maria." Three thousand miles of water barred the way of Columbus; unknown conditions, fraught with gravest risks, were before him; and the chances of success were apparently so small as to be hardly calculable; and yet when he was irrevocably committed to his task, obstacles yielded and the hindrances were slowly but surely mastered. He believed it possible to make headway and he started; and as he dared to begin, the impediments, formidable though they were, were unable to check his progress. Luther, Galileo, Bruno, and others of the sixteenth century period, who arrayed themselves against wastes of ignorance and superstition more interminable than the leagues of ocean separating Europe from America, and who had to endure the malignant and merciless passion of foes more unrelenting and deadly in its fury than all the storms born of air and sea, could not be convinced, even by diets and inquisitions, that their mission was chimerical and unavailing. They did not pause nicely to compute the strength of their adversaries. Convinced that wrong is always vanquishable, they had the temerity to speak and act on that conviction; and from their stalwart intrepidity sprang a new civilization, as from the unflinching determination of Columbus there arose a new continent.

Perhaps nowhere else are we taught this lesson more vividly and with such variety of example as in Westminster Abbey. Whether we stand by the tomb of Shaftesbury, and recall his brave championship of the cause of English childhood, which was being crushed in mines and factories, and note how

he delivered it from the cruel grip of greed and heartlessness ; or by the monument to General Gordon, who never was deterred by difficulties from the performance of duty, and who never took counsel of his fears, either as a soldier or a Christian ; or whether we look down on the old gray stone with its brief Latin inscription and think of Newton, undismayed as he plucked secrets from Nature's bosom and stormed the very heavens in search of knowledge ; or whether we meditate on the memorials to Sir James Outram, "The Bayard of India," to Lord Lawrence and to David Livingstone—selecting only a few from a multitude of heroes—and rehearse the story of their lives, and listen to the last words of Sir Henry Havelock, who in spirit spoke for them all, "I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear," we will solemnly be impressed by the truth that no difficulties and no dangers surpass man's power to subdue. Attack them and sooner or later they will yield.

That faith removes mountains is an axiom of history as well as of piety and its witnesses occur at every stage of human progress. How unreasonable then is timidity ! It has no excuse for itself in fact. The bogies and phantoms it conjures up have no staying and fighting qualities in them and the obstructions that are real will no more withstand a persistent assault than the loosely constructed barricades of Paris could endure a serious cannonade. Compose yourselves, therefore, my young friends, and consider calmly the commission given you by God to overcome ; and observe

in the actual conflict how the things to be overcome have not proven so incapable of defeat as some persons supposed and that you may, without grievous apprehension, cope with them at once. Do not say that you will wait until you are older. The best days for fighting are the days of your youth. Alexander conquered the known world before he was thirty-three; Lafayette was commander of the French army at twenty-two; Washington was an adjutant-general at nineteen; Charles XII. of Sweden at nineteen gained the battle of Narva; Napoleon defeated the most sagacious of his opponents at twenty-seven; Gladstone was Lord of the Treasury at twenty-four; and the men who inspired the Reformation—Luther, Erasmus, Melancthon, and the rest—were young; and the leaders of our own Civil War—the Grants, the Shermans, the Logans, and Garfields—were far from being old. Everything is possible to courageous youth. But refuse to act, hoping that age will quell your fears and continue to exaggerate the prowess of the foe and you will awake some day to the stern reality that you have fallen into the coward's incapacity and shame.

It should also be realized that shrinking from the battle never saves from its shock and strife. Though we may recoil from fighting others, others will not hesitate to fight us. Escape is impossible. We had better, therefore, as we are destined to a soldier's lot, choose to play a soldier's part, especially as the crown and reward we may win by bravery will be lost by timidity. If we are willing that others should take our places in the conflict,

it is they and not we who will come off conquerors and with a conqueror's honor. There is something humiliating in submitting to be driven before the foe and in consenting to be progged by bayonet and clubbed by musket, even in a metaphorical sense, when firm resistance and earnest aggressiveness involve no more agony and result in abundant blessings. You cannot run away and win the medal too. If you do not overcome, you will be overcome ; and you will suffer as much in being trampled upon as in trampling on. Seneca said to Lucilius : "*Vivere, mei Lucili, militare est*" (To live, my Lucilius, is to fight). But that depends upon whether it is courted or dreaded. There can be no satisfaction to the craven in the thought that he is continually being pursued and in the end must perish in spiritual bankruptcy. Such fighting is not life ; it is death. If anything should cure timidity, it is the certainty that if we give way to others, hide behind others, and hand over our battles to them, they and not we will gain the laurel and the palm.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has given the public an interesting bit of personal history. He says that when he graduated from college his father informed him that he must buckle down to hard work and earn his own living like other young men who have no wealthy parents to sustain them. This decision was not relished by the Yale graduate at first and he was very far from being grateful. He thought the course pursued toward him unduly and unnecessarily severe ; but now he admits it was the making of him and that if he had been indulged

in idleness he might have become as worthless as others similarly situated. He had to fight his own battles, and few will deny that they have developed in him self-reliance, aggressiveness, and leadership. I have often asked myself of late whether reformers and religious people are not encouraging multitudes of dissipated vagabonds to put the blame of their misconduct on the better-behaved portions of society. These philanthropists lay much stress on environments and attribute to them the larger part of the iniquity and misery that exist, and hold the community as a whole so responsible for their continuance that the vicious classes feel themselves quite exonerated from guilt and carry themselves not as villains but as victims. They expect that we will fight their battles for them, that we will crush all their enemies, and let them have the spoil. The same maudlin sentimentality that tends to convert ruffians into innocent infants in their own esteem, to be defended and provided for, is beginning to make itself felt in some theories of government, and if we are not careful we shall succeed in producing a helpless population, incapable of self-support and of generous heroism. Now, while I believe we should "lend a helping hand" in life's fierce conflict, and succor and sustain each other in the hour of need, and aim to make the conditions of victorious combat as easy as possible, I hold that it is God's will and for man's highest good that every soul fight its own battles.

Only in this way do men come to esteem achievement more highly than ease. If they have been so educated as to expect everything to be done

for them, they will lack heart and enterprise to do anything for themselves; but if they have been thrown on their own resources and have tasted of the joy there is in bringing something to pass, they will prefer struggle and effort to uneventful and unfruitful repose. Unquestionably, Thomas Carlyle must have winced, when in 1851 his now famous "Sartor Resartus" was contemptuously declined by London publishers; nor could it have been otherwise than depressing when the editor of "Fraser's Magazine," after printing a few portions of the unfortunate book, informed him that it had been everywhere received with "unqualified disapprobation." It is not surprising that he nearly lost heart and seriously considered the wisdom of emigrating to the colonies. But this interval of storm, stress, and strain was not lost, and after a while a solid victory was won. Carlyle in this bitter trial grew stronger, more determined, and when the reward came at last, the entire experience—the conflict as well as the crown—stimulated him to fresh undertakings. How different it would have been if he had been under no necessity to toil, or if he had won renown without trying, or rather if he had been lauded without having deserved applause. He would have been forever incompetent and in every sense a genius unconscious of his own power.

Fight your own battles, my young friends. You can only evolve your true self, your higher self, through the struggle to defend yourself and to raise yourself above all obstacles and difficulties; and when you are inured to struggle, you will

delight in it; so that even in your declining years you will desire to achieve, to die in the harness, to take the field as old King David did near the close of his long and tempestuous career. It is said that Isaac Walton had lived some ninety years when he wrote his immortal book; that Benjamin Franklin was eighty when he applied himself seriously to philosophical studies; and that Christopher Wren's and Fontenelle's usefulness took new and vigorous shape when the snows of winter lay thick upon their beards. These men, as the Bible has it, bore fruit even in old age; but fruit would there have been none, had not storms, the buffeting winds, and the pitiless hail, compelled them to strike their roots down in the soil and accustomed them to strive for excellence. Fight your own battles then, for only in this way can you ever have victories of your own, and only in this way can you become capable of winning fresh and more valuable victories.

Moreover, it is by this process that men come to show that they exalt principle over policy. Marcus Aurelius has the wise saying: "The waves may seethe with mud, but be thou as the promontory on which they break." That is, firmness and steadfastness are indispensable to the highest type of character; but these are never attained when fears hold sway. The fearful soul is ever anxious to conserve the good opinion of society, never to offend, and never to incur public disapproval. Timidity is the mother of falsehood and of faithlessness; it tends to enervate conscience, and falling into blunders seeks a refuge in mendaciousness. It betrays friendships, right, and justice, rather than

to encounter the opposition and the perils which loyalty oftentimes stimulates into activity. Timidity always seeks to know the side on which its bread is buttered. It is always weatherwise, scans the horizon, and counts perpetually the signs of the times; and boasts—boasts of its prudence, its sagacity, and farsightedness. But in a multitude of cases cowardly policy overreaches itself.

A gentleman inquired of another as to the value of a certain piece of property. The answer given was: "I know not its present worth; but I know what it cost its owner." "Indeed; well, what?" "His soul," was the startling reply. Very likely the man who secured the estate had lied and cheated and had counted himself smart in getting ahead of some one else. He had thrown principle to the wind, preferring the crooked ways of policy, and had sacrificed his better self in the barter. Need I point out the criminality and foolishness of such a course? Surely every one must perceive that this business cunning is a curse and a snare. Wiser far not to accumulate so rapidly and retain some degree of manhood to enjoy what has been honestly acquired. A capitalist wrote from the continent of Europe to a young merchant in England proposing a very questionable transaction and received the following reply: "I do not attend to business in that way." Some two years elapsed when the Englishman received from his former correspondent the request that he take his son in his office as a clerk, adding significantly, "I desire my son to learn how to do business in your way." In this instance adherence to principle paid; for

what comparison could there be between the possible profits that might have accrued to deceitful trading and the homage paid by the father's trust to the incorruptible honesty of the British merchant? But pay or not pay, the boy who goes forth courageous to fight wrong and to battle for the right will soon become as Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," who—

> Would not stoop, nor lie in wait
> For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state :
> Whom these must follow, on whose head must fall,
> Like showers of manna, if they come at all.

Heroes of principle are the demand of the hour —men who believe something and who will not swerve from what they believe, and who are not time-servers, weathercocks, fickle, and variable ; these are the characters most necessary to-day to the stability and progress of society. But these characters are never produced in those youths who retire from the field before a shot is fired, and who never see anything worth fighting for, and who expect to be rescued by others from any inconvenience, and who would rather sell out the entire army than suffer annoyance or disability. God help them to a nobler view of life ! God extricate them from their despicable cowardice ! and God help them to sing :

> Perish policy and cunning !
> Perish all that fears the light !
> Whether losing, whether winning,
> Trust in God and do the right !

Some will hate thee, some will love thee ;
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man and look above thee ;
Trust in God and do the right.

Fight your own battles, my young friends ; for only in this way will you rise to the grand conviction that honor is to be preferred to life. The craven-hearted never understand this. Their timidity causes them to shrink from exposure to pain and to them the most sacred of all duties is to take care of their precious persons. If they run behind their mother's aprons whenever there is danger, or whenever it is imagined, and if they put their big brothers perpetually between themselves and assailants, they will probably not be too nice on the subject of integrity in future years.

The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that the battle of Waterloo was decided in the schools and playgrounds of Eton and Marlborough, where manly discipline formed the boys into self-reliant, stalwart, and courageous men. Undoubtedly there is a close connection between early training and subsequent endeavor. Do your own fighting then, and you will not be afraid of suffering ; and blows and knocks of one kind and another will lead you to heed them but little and to court them rather than to incur disgrace. Had it not been for this kind of drilling we should not have the inspiration of the epitaph on the heroes of Thermopylæ :

Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here obedient to their laws we lie.

Nor should we have the example of the unnamed soldier who perished at his post when sulphurous fires burst over Pompeii; nor that of the Light Brigade, that rode at Balaklava into the Valley of Death, for—

> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die.

And but for this schooling in independent action and in boldness of thought and purpose, Benedict would never have left everything for the Sabine Hills that he might fit himself to rouse the people of his times; neither would young Telemachus, in the reign of Honorius, have ventured into the amphitheatre after the gladiators had cried, "*Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutamus,*" to forbid the brutal combat and lose his own life in his humane endeavor; and neither would the pilot on the lakes, when his steamboat was ablaze, have remained faithful at his post, and have guided the vessel with his charred hands to the shore, dying as the keel grated on the sandy beach; nor would that nameless youth have ridden down the Conemaugh Valley on the night of the Johnstown disaster, while the maddened floods rolled after him, ultimately engulfing him, but not the story of his loyalty to honor. Again I say to you, young men, fight your own battles and tell your friends to keep hands off; for in that way and in none other can you ever obtain a crown.

While the necessity for courage has existed in the past, it is not to be supposed that advancing

civilization has rendered it superfluous in the present. The fixed law of existence, as I have already pointed out, appears to be conflict; and never has that law been more in evidence than at this period of history. If timidity has always been fatal to dignity and success, it can now only lead to discomfiture and disgrace. Perhaps if other motives fail, this consideration may have some weight. Look around you; see the society in which you live; meditate on the agitations of the day growing into revolution on the morrow, and it will be painfully evident to you that the timid soul cannot bear itself honorably in such a crisis. With the ghastly convulsions of thought and the sickening vileness of conduct which are continually distracting the community, it hardly seems as though we had progressed far, socially or morally. One has only to recall the definite and disagreeable details laid before him in the newspaper to be thoroughly persuaded that mighty changes are impending. There seems to be no view of truth too distorted, no wild speculation too absurd, no vagaries too grotesque, for them to command adherents. Useless is it to urge that these arid wastes have been traversed before and have been shown to contain no vital germs; for the rich, powerful, and cultured, as well as the so-called vulgar, are weary of the old foundations and are determined on building society anew from the base.

Prophets are grimly pointing out that the present century cannot close without unheard-of cataclysms, such as labor strikes on so immense a scale as to bankrupt trade, or wars on so vast a footing

as to overthrow governments and extirpate races. On all sides are evidences that the old order is perishing to give place to the new, and that the new cannot be established without strenuous exertion and fierce contention. But conservatism dies hard. It closes its eyes to the movements of the hour, and will "not be persuaded though one rose from the dead"; and insists, because it has made no advance itself, that human thought stands still. But in a little while it must look radicalism squarely in the face and dispute the ground in open and unflinching fight. In theology, as elsewhere, this conflict is imminent. Indeed, there is a lurking suspicion that as goes theology so will society be fashioned. If the extreme school of rationalistic criticism prevails, society, more logical than some biblical professors, will not take the supernatural into consideration as it shapes itself, and will try to get on without prayer, churches, or an inspired revelation.

And yet they who oppose this school must not be blind to the fact that various statements of doctrine and theories of inspiration and redemption have become utterly antiquated and unbelievable. The world will not consent to go on indefinitely reaffirming definitions and Confessions which, in terminology, are far below its intelligence and contrary to its conscience. Revision is inevitable if the twentieth century is to be held to the cross and crown of our Lord. Not unnaturally, some clergymen avoid the issue. They hold to an esoteric Christianity and hesitate to make it exoteric. Reputation for orthodoxy, whether in religion, politics,

or sociology, is part of one's stock in trade, necessary, as we suppose, to usefulness, and not therefore to be surrendered lightly. Consequently, some ministers, who see that the old style of things cannot continue to prevail, and who conscientiously oppose the radical critics, hesitate to disclose their own solution of the problems involved. Why should they risk being branded as heretics? Why should they consent to the most ignoble of martyrdoms—loss of ministerial standing? And some among them go on re-echoing, with various mental reservations, what they suppose in the present state of knowledge must be indispensable to the world's welfare, though they must admit that their own partially changed belief has not produced any very disastrous results in themselves. All this is at once interesting and instructive; but however blind conservatism may be, or may pretend to be to the fact, we are now in a revolution of no meagre proportions, and one that embraces more than theology, that comprehends the forms of government and the methods of industrialism as well. If the invention of gunpowder and the printing press, with the revival of learning, could have led to the upheaval that marked the sixteenth century, surely the invention of dynamite, the extension of popular education, the application of steam and electricity to the uses of civilization, the growth of learning, and the gracious enlargement of the Christian spirit, must portend an equally wonderful transformation and reorganization of society in the twentieth century.

Youth of to-day, that century will be yours to-

morrow. In a few more years its light, that shall fall on our graves, will shine on your upward and onward path. But if you would be equal to its opportunities and rewards, get rid of your timidity now. Arm yourselves with courage and strike down the evils and foes that are ambushed in your own souls. Spare not yourselves. See that treason lurks not in the citadel. Then array your resources, the strength of your intellect, the vigor of your will, and the unfaltering loyalty of an honest purpose against corruption, superstition, and the debauching of the public intellect. Whatever may be the cost, whatever of immediate sacrifice or of suffering, do your duty, confident that God will defend the right.

Reckless of danger, loss, and shame,
In the free, fearless faith of youth,
Forward through good and evil fame
To battle in the cause of truth.

Go, hope to bear, through toil and pain,
Her standard on to victory,
And from the very strife to gain
Strength to dispense with sympathy.

Truth must prevail. Meanwhile endure.
Of worldly peace let worldlings boast.
Amid the storms of life, be sure
The loftiest spirits suffer most.

V

OVERVALUING ATHLETIC SPORTS

And much I blame the present fashions too,
Which now in Greece prevail; where many a feast
Is made to pay great honor to such men,
And to show false respect to vain amusements.
For though a man may wrestle well, or run,
Or throw a quoit, or strike a heavy blow,
Still, where's the good his country can expect
From all his victories, and crowns, and prizes?
Will they fight with their country's enemies
With quoit in hand? Or will their speed assist
To make the hostile bands retreat before them?
When men stand face to face with th' hostile sword,
They think no more of all these fooleries.

DURING the present year (1896), the eyes of the world have been turned toward Athens, where the revival of the Olympic games has imparted a fresh interest to the subject of athletics. The real value of manly pastimes, involving trials of skill and strength, has received considerable attention of late. College presidents, humanitarians, and moralists have been shocked by the dangerous violence exhibited by undergraduates when playing football; and magistrates have viewed with apprehension the favor shown to sparring matches in communities of the highest intelligence; and thoughtful citizens have been wondering why even yachting cannot be enjoyed without involving the most honored names in scandalous suspicions.

Much has been written and more has been spoken on these and kindred topics; and what with the wretched fiasco at Henley-on-Thames in 1895, and the desperate strategy of the Fitzsimmons and Maher prize-fighting combination in 1896, the question has arisen whether the plea for physical culture has not been greatly overdone. And now, in the midst of our dubitation, comes the gathering of crowds on the banks of the Ilissus as they formerly gathered in the valley of Alpheus, and we are reminded of the echoing of shouts from Mount Chronion and the Messenian Hills as we read the reports of valiant contests taking place in the rehabilitated stadium of Athens. The violet-crowned city of the western Peloponnesus has been made glad by the arrival of pilgrims to witness the games, not only as in the olden time from the Propontis and the Black Sea, and from the coast of Asia Minor, and from the colonies in Sicily, Gaul, and Spain, but from England, Australia, and America.

And now, not only tribes and branches of the same race strive for the mastery, but peoples of different lineage and culture come into friendly rivalry. Important changes are observable in the restored festivities of Olympia. The bicycle seems to have taken the place of the ancient Hoplitodromos, or warriors' race, and a more humane and refined spirit prevails, as is seen in the banishment of the brutal pancratium and in the absence of nudity on the part of the contestants. Were Lycurgus of Sparta and Cleosthenes of Pisa to return from the dead and witness what has been

going on in Athens, they probably would discern only a very faint resemblance between the athletic exhibitions of their day and ours; but at least they could not fail to detect a similarity in skill, courage, and enthusiasm. Most likely, also, they would remind us that our intense love for manly exercises has been evolved from these early Greek spectacles in which foot-races, chariot races, wrestling, and the pentathlon fired with delight the hearts of multitudes. Of course, no "ghosts need come from the grave to tell us this"; but it is well for us to realize it just the same. The attempt to resuscitate Olympia not only revives the memories of what Corœbus, Milo of Croton, Theagenes of Thasos, and many others achieved, but recalls the historic fact that its festival was suppressed by Theodosius, 394 A. D. Why? Why should a good thing have been abolished? Had it ceased to be good? The answer may come to us in the development of this chapter; and the restored Olympic sports may suggest a warning which should not pass unheeded, even while we may be admiring their manifold fascinations.

Athletics have, naturally, many charms for the young. It has been so through uncounted ages and will continue so until the end, unless, before the end comes, hopeless debilitation is engendered by luxury and effeminacy. To run; to leap; to row; to strive and wrestle; to toss a ball; to ride a horse across a breezy common; to climb a rugged hill and, breathless, reach the dizzy height; to fence with foil, or pierce the bull's-eye with an arrow; to tramp over moors and fields, gunning

for bird or deer; and to follow the river bank, rod in hand, searching for the gleaming prey—these and other harmless pursuits have an attraction for those on whom the cares of life rest lightly. The exhilaration of the mountain air; the solemn joyousness of the early morning hours; the very element of danger; the self-imposed labor and fatigue; and, withal, the sense of generous rivalry, add to the delights of manly sports. These vigorous and jocund pastimes bring youth very close to Mother Nature, to her sweet and wholesome breath, to her soft and gentle bosom, to her fair and radiant face, and to her heart of innocence and kindness. And we need not be surprised that the child should love to be near its mother, and neither should we fear for the outcome of their close and pleasant fellowship. It will be a sad day for our land, should it ever come, when our young people take no interest in physical diversions suitable to their age and condition; when their piety is of the sort that sees wickedness in golf and monstrous iniquity in a gay, white-winged regatta; and when their tastes are of the kind that prefer gambling and carousing to baseball and to boating. Then, indeed, would the unhappy era be reached of mingled hypocrisy and sensuality, whose heroes would either be of the Pecksniffian and Chadband type, or of the character of Heliogabalus and Lucullus.

Young man, are you sanely, and not insanely, fond of athletic recreations and enjoyments? If you are, I congratulate you. It is a good sign, a sign of hardy strength and of bodily soundness. I

have more hope of you than I would have were you too feeble to expose yourself to the open air, and too timid to shoulder a gun, and too apprehensive to court rosy health, skimming on skates over the surface of the frozen lake. But, my dear fellow, do not, I pray you, be too fond of such delightful diversions. Unfortunately we tend to extremes in everything, and the earth is not so full of evil things as it is of good things made evil by abuse. The failure to comprehend the law of proportion and of equilibrium in engagements not inherently immoral has done more to confuse the conscience, foster asceticism, and pervert blameless amusements into positive curses than almost every other blunder committed by humanity in practical ethics. Be careful! Remember that Ovid has sung of the sad fate of Actæon, who was so devoted to the chase that he was abroad when he should have been at home and comfortably in bed, and saw what resulted in his being changed into a stag—a transformation that exposed him to death at the fangs of his own hounds. Adonis was equally infatuated and equally unfortunate. Even the Goddess of Love could not prevail on him to relax his pursuit of the wild boar, and in the end, he was torn and slain by the infuriated beast. Learn a lesson from these classical myths, and place bounds to innocent indulgence. To run after a ball is well enough, if you do not let the ball run away with you; to engage in a "rush" at college is certainly not bad, if you do not permit the game to "rush" you away from the serious affairs of life; and to back a spirited horse is in no

sense wrong, unless you recklessly ride it to the sulphurous and bituminous goal, where, according to the proverb, the beggar equestrian evermore draws rein. This liability to excess, and the liability of even other serious mistakes, warrants, I am persuaded, a Message to the youth who is fond of athletic sports.

I desire you to realize at the outset that they have usually been highly esteemed by civilized nations. The Greeks were renowned for their interest in physical culture. They attributed its origin to the gods, and dedicated its honors to the Olympian Zeus. It was claimed that this deity established the famous games to perpetuate the memory of his own battle with Chronos for the crown of authority in heaven. Others maintained an equally mythical beginning, but one which called into play the heroism of Atreus, the strength of Hercules, or the swiftness of Apollo, who outran both Hermes and Ares. So vital to the nation were the Olympic contests regarded, that some writers computed the progress of time by their number; and the Greeks, as a community, though with some exceptions, counted no reward undeserved by the victors. In Athenian society it was maintained and perhaps proven that physical culture is entirely compatible with the highest intellectual attainments. In Sparta, the effect of one-sided education was manifested; for there the body received more attention than the mind, and consequently that State produced stronger fighters and weaker thinkers than its sister commonwealth. The esteem in which manly pastimes were held by the

most enlightened among the ancients is witnessed by the tributes paid to their utility by Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, Horace, and Xenophon. The last-named writer says :

> The invention of the art of hunting is from the gods. . . These are the men [Nestor, Amphiaraus, Meleager, Theseus, Ulysses, Æneas, and Achilles] whom the good still love and the bad envy. If any calamities happened to city or king in Greece, these men were the deliverers ; if any quarrel or war arose between Greece and the barbarians, the Greeks conquered by means of such men as these, and Greece became invincible. My advice, therefore, to the young is that they should not despise hunting nor any other training ; for by such means men become good soldiers and excel in other accomplishments by which they are of necessity led to think, speak, and act rightly.[1]

Solon, likewise, in answer to the Scythian Anacharsis, testifies :

> Were we present at the Olympic, Isthmian, or Panathenaic games you would see in what took place that we are not wrong in being so keen for these spectacles. I could not, on my honor, give you any idea of the pleasure of being seated in the midst of an enthusiastic audience, and of seeing the bravery of the athletes, the beauty of their bodies, their admirable poses, their wonderful agility, their indefatigable force, their daring, their rivalry, their invincible courage, their incessant efforts for victory.[2]

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in his book on "Athens," points out the fact "that athletic games preceded the date of civilization," and that being

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[1] "*Xenophontis Opuscula Equestria et Venatica*," etc. Lib. VI. Leipsic, 1815.

[2] "The Century," April, 1896, p. 805.

"originally associated with festivals, they came to assume a sacred character"; and he gives a striking account of the "Olympiads," of the sanctity that attached to the territory where the festivities were held and to the persons of those who shared in the foot-races, "the wrestling, leaping, quoiting, darting, boxing," and of other gymnastic feats and exercises. Consequently, he adds, "No sanguinary contest with weapons, no gratuitous ferocities, no struggle between man and beast, polluted the festival dedicated to the Olympian god. Even boxing with the cestus was less esteemed than the other athletic exercises and was excluded from the games exhibited by Alexander in his Asiatic invasions." Nor were these glad solemnities without very practical intent; for, as Lord Lytton has explained at length, they were designed "to promote physical education, by teaching that the body has its honors as well as the intellect, and to feed as a passion, as a motive, as an irresistible incentive, the desire of glory." Such entertainments as these were equally popular at a later day among the Romans, but they lost, when fostered by that people of "blood and iron," their religious aspect and, indeed, degenerated into brutal spectacles. Even among the Greeks they were not entirely free from abuses, as we shall see farther on; but the Romans very speedily rendered them instruments of cruelty and the means of splendid profligacy.

To appreciate the fascination that athletics of every kind had for the people of antiquity, one needs to familiarize himself with descriptions given by famous authors of their character and achieve-

ments. All that the eloquence of genius and art could do to make these accounts vivid, picturesque, and stimulating, has been freely lavished on the task, just as, in our day, the resources of rhetoric are exhausted in portraying a prize-fight or horse-race. Take, as an illustration of the truth of what I say, Ovid's famous picture of the Calydonian hunt. His glorious verse discloses the primeval forest, never despoiled by man of its giant trees: "*Silva frequens trabibus quam nulla ceciderat ætas,*" under whose damp, darkening shade, and in the depths of whose tangled maze of drooping boughs and brushwood the wild boar has his lair. Then how minutely he portrays all the preparations made to start the monster from his covert and bring him at once to bay! The decisive moment comes: man and beast confront each other. Echion hurls his javelin and, harmless, it whizzes past the brute; and Jason follows, and with no more success; but devout Ampycides breathes a prayer to Phœbus for assistance and lets fly his deadly weapon, only, however, to strike, but not to kill. The boar is now aroused and assails Eupalamon and Pelagon, who are borne helpless from the field, while timid Enæsimus is gored in the thigh as he essays to fly. Then the twin brothers, Castor and Pollux, engage in the fearful combat, but it is reserved to Atalanta, the swift-footed maiden, to draw the first blood and rejoice the heart of her lover, Meleager. But still the conflict rages with varying fortune, until at last Meleager brings it to an end by a well directed thrust from his lance and by at once closing with the animal in furious fight.

Then follow the shouts of triumph and all the exciting movements that announce the chase over and that every one, except the maimed and wounded hunters, is perfectly content.

But no reproduction of the Latin poet's picture can convey an adequate idea of the coloring and abundance of vitality that mark the original. More than worthy to rank with Ovid's masterpiece of animated writing stands Homer's immortal description of a chariot race. Five charioteers contend for the prizes—Eumelus, Diomedes, Menelaus, Antilochus, and Meriones. How our blood is stirred as we follow the racers around the goal—Eumelus first, closely pursued by Diomedes and his Trojan horses—and notice how the leader meets with a disaster, the chariot yoke breaking and he himself being hurled to the ground, while his competitor forges ahead! Then comes Antilochus, a splendid driver but with an inferior team, who, though he cannot hope to pass the Trojan steeds, will not permit Menelaus to outstrip him. Onward the chariots rush; the dust rises in clouds; the multitude of spectators is roused to a pitch of wild excitement; Idomeneus and Ajax, who are watching the sport, discuss and quarrel, and Achilles keeps them from unseemly blows; and then, in the whirlwind and tumult, Diomedes comes to the mark an easy victor. The usual cheers, clamorous contentions, and threatening bravado, and then a silence and stillness, come to the scene and to all the heroic actors. We draw a sigh of relief when we know it is all over, and yet we are anxious to see the performance repeated.

Such races as these took place during the Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games; they were conducted by stewards called Hellanodicæ, and they were personally shared in by the noblest and greatest of the citizens. Nor were they confined to Grecian territory. We have glowing accounts of them and of the vast circus that accommodated at one time three hundred and eighty thousand spectators, and that occupied the space between the Palatine and Aventine Hills at Rome. Inge [1] tells us that the people of that famous city would regale themselves with a ceaseless succession of chariot races from sunrise to sunset through the days of several weeks. And the most brilliant of their *literati* would count it a privilege to rehearse the story of the contests and victories in stately prose and swelling verse. Xenophon expatiates on outdoor pastimes and the rules that should be observed in rendering them successful; and Callimachus, Oppian, and Virgil are not indifferent to the varied attractions of manly sports.

Even the gentle recreation, fishing, had ardent admirers among the Greeks and Romans, and among their writers too. Homer refers to this amusement in the words:

> As when an angler on a prominent rock
> Drags from the sea to shore, with hook and line,
> A weighty fish.

And according to Athenæus, there were entire treatises or poems on the subject of fishing penned

[1] "Society in Rome," p. 216.

by Cæcilius, Numenius, Pancrates the Arcadian, and Oppian the Cilician; and Martial, in one of his epigrams, draws this moral from the theme, and that too, quite in the modern style:

> All treach'rous gifts and bribes I hate,
> For gifts, like hooks, oft hold a bait;
> Who has not seen the scarus rise,
> Decoy'd and caught by fraudful flies?

But we are not to suppose that this enthusiastic admiration for athleticism was shared by the Greeks and Latins without any dissenting voices. As at present, so in the past, there were those who seriously questioned the usefulness and desirableness of games demanding physical exertion. Euripides, as quoted at the beginning of this chapter, writes in a cynical strain on the subject. He scoffs at the victors in the public games, and contends that such honors as they receive should be reserved for the leaders who achieve in the nobler walks of life:

> 'Twere better far to adorn good men and wise
> With those victorious wreaths; they are the due
> Of those who govern States with wisdom sound,
> And practise justice, faith, and temperance.

These sentiments of the tragic poet were echoed by others who, like certain tribes, never could understand what pleasure could be derived from any kind of exertion. Mr. Mahaffy, in his fascinating book on "Greek Culture," furnishes an interesting example of this obtuseness culled from the pages of Strabo. He relates how some "Can-

tabri, or wild Spanish natives, who were at one time staying as allies in a Roman camp, on seeing the officers walking up and down for exercise, laid hold of them to bring them to their tents, thinking they must be mad to be exerting themselves without visible motive, such as hunting or fishing." These dreary souls were oblivious to the benefits attending a sharp ten-mile walk, and probably would have regarded a mountain climb just for the fun of it as an incontrovertible sign of an advanced stage of idiocy. Their incorrigible stupidity has survived and, in some quarters of the globe to-day, our fair-complexioned and rosy-cheeked girls are considered somewhat *tête montée*, on account of their participation in tennis and in bicycle expeditions, and because of their summer rambles up and down sequestered glens and over breezy hills or sea-washed rocks; while manly pedestrians are looked on with grave suspicion, as though they had escaped from detention and were either cranks or tramps.

Dear Canon Kingsley never heard the last of his phrase, "muscular Christianity," and though he only advocated a "sound mind in a sound body," he was really criticized as though he had invented a new heresy and aimed to exalt the flesh over the spirit in religion. He remonstrated with thoughtless writers who kept on imputing to him views he had never inculcated; and even now, after all his protests, there is a widespread impression that the famous Vicar of Eversley was guilty of imputing to athleticism a mysterious if not a saving grace. These misapprehensions undoubtedly originated in

the deep-rooted prejudice against robustness in the saintly life and in the assumption that physical inertia is an admirable quality in men, and particularly so in women and clergymen. Such opinions are not so extensively held to-day as they were yesterday; but nevertheless, they are cherished; and some persons seek a sanction for them in the admitted fact that the Hebrews were not as the Greeks in their enjoyments of the stadium and the hippodrome. Such entertainments were unknown among them. Games are, however, mentioned in the Old Testament, but not such as these. Jewish children are spoken of as playing in the streets of Jerusalem.[1] There are also references to mirth, to jesting, and to the keeping of tame birds;[2] but race-courses and theatres were not part of the Hebrew civilization, and athletics as such seem never to have received very much attention. But it is erroneous to assume that the people were ascetically inclined. They had numerous joyous festivals, and it is only reasonable to suppose that these in some measure served the purpose accomplished by the public contests of other nationalities; and as the general life was mainly spent in the open air, and training for warlike service could rarely be relaxed, the need for special outdoor amusements was probably never keenly felt. All that can fairly be inferred from these particulars is that circumstances prevented physical culture from acquiring with the chosen race the prominence it attained among the Greeks; not that there was really any aversion to

[1] Zech. 8 : 5; and Matt. 11 : 16. [2] Job 41 : 5.

exhibitions of skill by which it could be promoted, unless they called for such brutal excesses as occurred frequently in the gymnasium where the discus was chiefly practised, or in the amphitheatre where lives were sacrificed in battles with wild beasts. The Jews notably were endowed with the instincts of humanity, and though, judged by the condemnation of the prophets, they may have been as a rule no better morally than their neighbors, they happily shrank from the cruelties and abominations countenanced and encouraged by the Romans in the name of legitimate or exhilarating sport.

And their position is not unlike that which has been maintained by the more temperate and discriminating among the Puritans. Not a few persons regard the church as opposed to diversions and as favorable to asceticism and dyspepsia. Of course, she has given some reason for this misapprehension, as when her Antonys went forth as hermits to desert solitudes and when her over-scrupulous saints gave occasion for the pungent satire of Butler. But the extreme views maintained at various times by some of her representatives, and usually called forth, as in the days of Charles I. of England, by the grossness and brutality of public manners, were designed rather as a protest against excesses than as an unqualified condemnation of all amusements. Read the "Book of Sports" proclaimed by James I. in 1618, and you will find that dancing, archery, and all athletic games, were expressly allowed after the morning church services on Sunday. Evelyn, in his "Diary," gives a court

scene occurring on the last Sabbath but one of Charles II.'s reign, in which he presents Dr. Dove preaching before the king in the morning, and in the evening his majesty profanely gaming in the company of his three concubines. Indeed, so generally was the Lord's Day desecrated, that according to the elder Disraeli, "a tradition exists at Geneva that when John Knox visited Calvin on a Sunday, he found his austere coadjutor bowling on a green." Is it to be wondered at, then, that some consciences should have been troubled, and that, in seeking to arrest the drift toward frivolity and vice, men should have expressed themselves harshly and in a spirit apparently narrow and fanatical? We ought to thank God for the bigotry—if it deserves the name—of these same Puritans; for if they had not been so intolerant and so ungracious as they were, society would before this have been smothered in its own indecencies. When the representatives of these stern reformers migrated to America, some of them imagined that the evil conditions they had warred against in the Old World had been imported with them to the New; and so they continued their denunciations, which, as the years rolled on, degenerated, in rural communities cut off from intercourse with the centers of thought, into a senseless tirade against pastimes and diversions, instead of becoming a faithful warning against their abuse. Hence, in some portions of our country there have been held untenable views on the subject of amusements which have led to divisions in churches and have tended to alienate many worthy people from their membership. But we are rapidly recovering

from these erroneous opinions and are coming to recognize the truth that Christianity is no foe to harmless mirth and wholesome diversion, and that it is the duty of religion to guard them as far as possible from perversion.

While unquestionably there have been particular periods when serious people were warranted in looking with suspicion on outdoor sports, it will surely be conceded that, wisely directed and restrained within reasonable bounds, they are eminently fitted to promote physical health and mental vigor, and may even conduce to the growth of certain manly virtues. A pair of oars and a good pull over a stretch of water, or a hard-mouthed trotting horse beneath your saddle, will draw blood from the brain and bile from the liver more quickly than any doctor's prescription. "Throw physic to the dogs," my young friends, and saw a cord of wood and see how much better you will be. If we had fewer medical men and a larger number of scientific teachers of gymnastics, there would be a diminished demand for drugs and nostrums. Society to-day smells altogether too much of the quack medicines hawked in every street and of the apothecary's shop, when it can just as well be fragrant with aroma from the fields and flowers. I always like to see boys and girls playing in our parks, romping, scrambling, occupied with tennis or baseball, or racing to their hearts' content; for I know, while they have only thought for the frolic, they are in reality developing their lungs, expanding their chests, and are laying up a store of vitality against the evil hour. Such exer-

cises elevate the spirits, impart a glow of excitement, and produce a wholesome sense of fellowship with nature.

I say "wholesome"; for there is a deep joy in feeling that the very sunshine is a part of ourselves, and that we may share with the birds their heritage of pure air and freedom. I am aware that this decided gain may be sharply challenged by those who have in mind sad instances of youths whose nerves have been hopelessly shattered by overtraining or who have met with painful accidents. They may say that these terrible risks more than balance the benefits and that it were better to dispense with the latter than to incur the former. Of course, all I can say is that I do not agree with them. I believe that the greatest care should be taken to prevent any such disasters as are complained of; but I question whether they can be entirely averted, and I am sure that they are not sufficiently numerous to offset the advantages enumerated. I think, moreover, what critics ought in fairness to concede, that as many mishaps occur indoors as out of doors; that as many cuts from knives, and as many sprained ankles, wounds, and bruises are received in the management of domestic affairs as in the rational enjoyments of the playground. If we are to be deterred by a perpetual dread of some misfortune we may as well give up housekeeping as recreation and go out of existence altogether. Now, really, is there not too much coddling and pampering of the flesh? Are we not in danger of overdoing this tender solicitude for the body? May it not be that this petting,

caressing, and this shielding of the physical from every kind of exposure are, in the long run, mischievous and ruinous? The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon is reported to have said to his students on one occasion: "If any of you possess delightfully warm woolen comforters, with which may be associated the most tender remembrance of mother or sister, treasure them,—treasure them in the bottom of your trunk,—but do not expose them to any vulgar use by wrapping them round your necks. If any brother wants to die of influenza, let him wear a warm scarf round his neck; and then one of these nights he will forget it and catch a cold that will last him the rest of his natural life." In my own ministry, in the earlier days when I had many gorgeous dressing-gowns and resplendent slippers sent me, I nearly fell a victim to this fatal gift—a comforter. A lady, the wife of a deacon, presented me with one made of otter fur, and speedily a graveyard cough gave hoarse intimations of approaching immortality. Fortunately I realized my peril before it was too late, and cast aside forever such maleficent luxuries. And now, when I hear timid souls advocating so delicate a treatment of the body as must result in languor, listnessness, and general debility, I recall my own experience and the quaint words of Mr. Spurgeon, and entreat them not to commit suicide by wrapping themselves up too warmly and by housing themselves too closely.

Although we must admit that Atlas, Hercules, Samson, Cyclops, Goliath, and the rest of their class, are not encouraging illustrations of the in-

fluence of muscular development on the expansion and growth of the intellect, yet we must concede that physical soundness, in the nature of things, ought to be favorable to mental vigor. This, of course, presupposes an important prerequisite—a mind to be invigorated. No amount of boxing, fencing, or wrestling can make good an original deficiency of that sort. Where brain is lacking at the start, increase in brawn will only render the destitution more apparent without ever furnishing a substitute. Ishmael, the uncle of Esau, who was a brave hunter and accustomed to abundant exercise, is termed in the Bible a "wild man," or, to translate it literally, "a wild ass of a man"; and where this type of animalism predominates, I confess no remedy is to be found in athletics. A powerful mind in a weak body will undoubtedly at times do wonderful things; but a feeble mind in a powerful body will continue to do feebly. We should discriminate and should not expect too much of physical culture. It cannot do the impossible; it cannot make bricks without straw, nor thinkers without brains. But given mental capacity to start with, and the inference is rational that in proportion as the body is robust, sturdy, and healthy, must the intellect be stimulated to greater activity, be able to labor longer, and with less interruption and with less sense of exhaustion.

The effect of college sports has been the subject of much discussion, and there is a widespread impression that they are deleterious to the real work and aim of student life. Some such bias, doubtless, led the "New York Herald," several years ago,

when a young lady stood first in the competition for the six eight-hundred-dollar scholarships at Cornell University, to inquire, "What's the matter with the young men of this day and generation?" and prompted "The Watchman" to reply, "Most of them probably are playing baseball or betting on the game." The insinuation, though very likely not seriously intended, is, that interest in recreation and pastimes tends to unfit our youth for that attainment of excellency in scholarship, and that, had they given proper attention to their books, they would necessarily have beaten the girl who carried off the prize. Such assumptions are untenable. There are exceptional women just as there are exceptional men, and when they enter the arena, though their rivals may be earnest, if they are commonplace they will assuredly be defeated. Moreover, in this instance, the young men who contended with the young women most probably were not of the baseball fanatics, but of the more studious and sedentary class, or else they would not have ventured to compete. Nothing, therefore, has been proven by the incident which afforded two journals an opportunity for a facetious fling at athletics, except that some girls are more highly endowed intellectually than some boys, and are capable of surpassing their male inferiors—a fact that really needs no proof and one that will, I am persuaded, be more apparent in the twentieth century than in the nineteenth.

And now college dons and proctors, presidents and professors, come to the front and testify that physical training and school games, unless carried

to unjustifiable extremes, have nothing whatever to do with such discomfitures as the one chronicled by the mortified masculine editor of the "Herald," and that on the whole they are good and wholesome, and that generally the youths who excel in them make the greatest advance in sound learning and genuine culture. This is the latest deliverance on the point under discussion, and having confidence in the judgment of the experienced teachers who thus speak, I, for one, shall continue to advocate, in the interest of mind, the thorough discipline and drilling of the body.

But in addition I plead for it as not altogether unserviceable to virtue. Whatever tends to give man the mastery over his lower nature and imposes on him the necessity of self-restraint cannot fail to be distinctly a moral gain. The Apostle Paul, doubtless perceiving this, drew from the Olympian or the Isthmian games imagery calculated to intensify Christian activity. He writes, and his words deserve a place in memory :

> Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air : But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway (1 Cor. 9 : 24-27).

Here self-discipline and self-government are magnified, and whoever undertakes to compete with others must learn how to exercise the one and

maintain the other. No excuses grounded in theories of fatalism will be accepted in the hour of contest for manifest weakness. The plea will not be accepted then by the Hellanodicæ or judges that the candidate was prevented by diseased appetite or by an uncontrollable natural viciousness from indulgence in the delights of wine-bibbing, smoking, and rioting. Such flimsy defenses are never recognized in practical affairs. When there is nothing at stake, or where the claims of religion are exclusively involved, it seems allowable for men to extenuate wrong-doing by the baby argument that they were the victims of overpowering necessity. But when races and football and other such momentous things are in order, this kind of talk would only be jeered at as the quintessence of folly, and consequently it is never heard. It is really edifying to see what our athletes submit to that they may win a paltry prize. Inge[1] writes regarding the sharp schooling claimants for public honors had to submit to in the Roman period: "The training through which the gladiator went was methodical and severe. He was hardened to bear pain by being beaten with rods and whips. His diet was regulated with a view to increase to the utmost his strength and activity. He was constantly practised in the use of the weapons he was to use in the arena, and great attention was paid to bearing and deportment, which were almost as much criticised as skill in fencing." And in our day similar hardships are cheerfully endured in

[1] "Society under the Cæsars."

preparing for some notable trial of strength. Huge monsters, who at other times are the creatures of their lawless passions, settle down as models of prudent asceticism. They eat, drink, walk, sleep, exercise, according to rule, and find no serious difficulty in keeping themselves in absolute subjection. An English writer, referring to the physiological and psychological effects of diet, remarks : " Kean's dinner was regularly adapted to his part ; he ate pork when he had to play tyrants ; beef, for murderers ; boiled mutton, for lovers. Byron, seeing Moore sedulously occupied with an underdone beefsteak, inquired, 'Are you not afraid of committing murder after such a meal?'" The most brutal prizefighters understand very well that there is some sort of connection between their food, between its quality and quantity, and their physical development; and consequently whatever their preferences may be, they readily yield to the conditions imposed. Every time a slugger goes into training he shows that it is possible for mind to triumph over matter and for spirit to subdue rebellious flesh. As an object lesson, therefore, every such case has a kind of moral value. The pugilist at such times, though all unintentionally, turns preacher and proclaims by his example that the animal in man can be tamed and that the tyranny of appetite is not omnipotent.

Of course, I admit that the demoralizing exhibition that often follows these instructive instances of self-denial does more permanent harm than the ephemeral self-denial does good ; and that, partly because the spectators cannot help but be influenced

by the exhibition, and may not take any pains to consider the ethical import of the preceding severe self-discipline. Nevertheless, the truth taught remains, that no man is justified in yielding to inbred appetites, when these gross heroes teach by their own victory over self that they can be resisted and conquered. It is likewise to be remembered that where professional skill and success are not the main objects, the cultivation of self-control, the training of eye or hand to accuracy, the mastery acquired over the nerves, and even the consciousness of strength, tend to manliness of thought and of carriage; and this, while not perhaps in itself virtue, goes a long way toward it and is conducive to its growth.

All this, however, presupposes the absence of abuse and of those perversions that render useful games and recreations a curse and a nuisance. Such they necessarily become when they degenerate into exhibitions of skilled ferocity. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton calls attention to the fact that at the first, and in their palmy days, the Olympides were free from brutalizing features. Women were not permitted to witness the engagements. "No sanguinary contests with weapons, no gratuitous ferocities, no struggle between man and beast (the graceless butcheries of Rome), polluted the festival dedicated to the Olympian god. Even boxing with the cestus was less esteemed than the other athletic exercises, and was excluded from the games exhibited by Alexander in his Asiatic invasions." With the Romans it was far otherwise. "In the reign of Trajan, ten thousand gladiators

were exposed to fight. Even the sense of the ludicrous was appealed to by combats of blindfolded men, of dwarfs and deformed persons, while there are several instances of women descending into the arena." Inge says truly: "Even the holocausts of victims slaughtered on the sacrificial stone of the Aztec war-god must have been less demoralizing to the spectators than the Roman games. The continued succession of these barbarous spectacles; the intense enthusiasm they excited; and the absence of other matters of interest which might divert the attention, kept the imagination constantly fixed on these scenes of torture and death."

And how is it in our time, in this enlightened and Christian century? Are we really civilized or does the taint of original savagery cling to us? The answer, and one not very encouraging, may be spelt out of certain humiliating scenes. Not long since a woman encountered a man in a Western prize-ring; and quite recently two men were pounded to death for "sport" by bull-necked pugilists; and even within a dozen years, refined and cultured Boston furnished an audience, computed at sixteen thousand, to evince its appreciation of the champion Sullivan, and among these worshipers of brawn were official dignitaries, whose successors in office could not find time to welcome the representatives of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to the metropolis of New England. Efforts to suppress the ring are met with jeers and contumely. A board of aldermen, knowing that the sentiment of the best elements of society is opposed to boxing matches, hastens, on

its election and before it cares for the legitimate interests of the people, to license them for the gratification of its hoodlum constituency. As a result of this encouragement on the part of city fathers, two roughs without license, meet in a barn, and one of the poor fellows is murdered by the other. The dignified determination of the authorities in Texas to guard their commonwealth from the pollution of the prize-ring, and the wondering scorn of the Mexicans at our affected horror of bull-fights, while they are not barbarous enough to allow two human beings to beat each other into bloody pulp and blackened flesh, has not succeeded in shaming the country at large into the abrogation of all such degrading spectacles. Newspapers of repute continue to give detailed accounts of every notable contest between the so-called light-weight, or feather-weight, or heavy-weight champions of the "manly art" (?), with all the disgusting and sickening particulars of broken teeth, smashed faces, and pounded ribs. The morbid interest which attaches to such scenes is disclosed, not merely by the pains taken to give accurate and picturesque accounts of the battle, but by the groups of men, occasionally assuming the proportions of a crowd, around the bulletin boards, to learn the first news of its progress. Apparently, more interest is taken by our citizens in coarse and bloody frays than in the triumphs of art and industry. How rarely is a new poem or a new picture portrayed in the columns of a paper at such length as a prize-fight, and how rarely is such a description rewarded with the absorbed attention of the public! We condemn the

Romans for their gladiatorial shows and the Spaniards for their bull-fights. It is not, however, on record that the former people ever chose a gladiator to the Senate, or that the latter ever sent a successful *matador* to represent them in the Cortes. It was left to a free and enlightened State in the new world to send a pugilist to Congress. Are we much better than those nations whose cruel sports we rightly denounce as barbarities?

Occasionally a governor like Governor Lowrie of Louisiana resents the insult committed against the commonwealth in choosing its territory as the field for an inglorious fight; but in the majority of instances the majesty of the law is not vindicated. The police authorities do not always interfere, though they know in advance that a combat is to take place and could prevent it if they were so minded. And this official connivance and the palpable interest of communities in the brawny bullies of the ring tend to increase perceptibly the number of contestants and to multiply the horrible maulings and beatings. We are dishonored as a nation by the repetition of these monstrous brutalities, and hardly any one seems to have the courage to protest. And yet from these scenes muscular cowards go to the saloon, there imbibe freely, and on returning to their homes revive the impressions of the performance they have witnessed by felling a wife with a blow, or by indulging in the "manly art" of thrashing a troublesome child. Boys likewise reading of deeds approved by their fathers, let loose the tiger in them and in their turn become brawlers and strikers. So the spirit of fierce-

ness grows, and the "inhumanity of man to man" is stimulated and the advance of refinement, brotherly sympathy, and religion is seriously impeded.

It must also be said that when any pastime or game is merely made an occasion for the indulgence of gambling and betting, however useful it may be in itself, unhappily it is being converted into an instrument of evil. From the beginning this form of mischievous iniquity has beset athletic sports and deprived them of much of their value and charm. The Roman chariot races were subjects of betting, and cards of the races (*libelli*) were issued with the names and colors of riders and drivers, and "books" were made somewhat as in modern times ; and from Pausanias we gather that, for bribes, the ancient jockeys had been known to sell a contest, as has been done more than once in the annals of the "turf" ; and even the Greeks were not above suspicion of "deals," as when Menelaus intimates that he is being cheated out of a prize by Antilochus.[1] The fathers were no better than the children ; but ought not the children to have progressed beyond the moral life of the fathers? Nevertheless, they do not seem to have improved very much. The Postmaster-General of England, Mr. Fawcett, left the melancholy testimony, as the result of his own observation, that nearly all the young men who had gone wrong in his department had been ruined by betting. And the late Mr. Greville, referring to the Epsom races, wrote : "This demoralizing drudgery reduces me to

[1] Dr. Smith's "Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiquities" : "Hippodrome," "Circus," "Olympia."

the level of all that is most disreputable and despicable ; for my thoughts are eternally absorbed by it. Jockeys, trainers, and blacklegs are my companions, and I cannot leave it off, though I am disgusted with the occupation all the time." What a deplorable confession !

Not very long since, Savernake Forest, the historic seat of Brudenell-Bruces, was offered at sale to meet debts—chiefly gambling debts ; and other sacrifices of family estates have been made to meet liabilities contracted on the race-course ; and sometimes, with property, reputation has also gone. Charteris, a gentlemanly appearing scamp, remarked to a man of recognized sterling integrity, "I would give a thousand pounds for your good name." "Why?" inquired the reputable individual. "Because," replied the incorrigible rogue, "I could make ten thousand pounds by it." Standing counts for something in this world of ours, and when money is hazarded, it ought to be understood that credit and honor are likewise at stake. This is not so fully realized as it should be in America, not even in colleges and universities. There is more gambling in the latter places among students, in connection with 'Varsity races, football, and the like, than is good either for high morality or high scholarship. And when these and other games are merely means for the formation of a deadly habit, they had better be abolished ; for let it be distinctly recognized that athletics are advantageous only as they are shared in, and not merely as they are witnessed. What benefit is there to your thews and muscles, when

you sit still for two or three hours, though you may behold many brawny fellows competing on the field? I grant there may be exhilaration and excitement to you; but what of physical development? Of the latter, none at all. But if, to your attitude of onlooker, you join the betting mania and are present at the pastime as a matter of business, you have made what might have been to you more or less of a gain, a loss and a bane. By this process athletics sacrifice their character. They then debilitate instead of invigorate, and corrupt instead of elevate, and become the precursor and preliminary to criminal acts. A gentleman in Quincy, pointing to a hotel, observed with great earnestness: "One of our salesmen committed suicide there. He lost his money at play and was found dead in his bed next morning." Few words, and yet full of tragical import. And thus, by grafting a vice on what is essentially virtuous, a most wholesome growth is changed into a poisonous plant.

It only remains to be said that unless physical pastimes are kept subordinate and conducive to the spiritual and intellectual life, they are taken out of their true relation and cease to be a blessing. They were never designed to be the end of existence, and they have no genuine claim to the chief place in man's affections. On this ground, if on none other, they ought to be discouraged on the Lord's Day. Sunday baseball and other games, unhappily increasing in frequency, cannot but impair the religious spirit; for when the mind is so engaged with "stops," "catches," "pitching," at the time

usually devoted to serious contemplation, there is little probability that it will give itself to sacred themes on days crowded with secular affairs. To eliminate the due observance of Sunday from the life of man is generally to shut him up to worldliness in thought and feeling. For this reason, I am not enthusiastically optimistic at the widespread prevalence of bicycling. The exercise, I am sure, must be delightful and in itself innocent enough. But there is such a thing as making this new means of locomotion an instrument of spiritual deterioration. When the house of God is abandoned entirely for its pleasures and Sunday is converted into a season of pastime, it becomes a mischievous snare. Interest in heavenly things will always decline when the thought of diversion is paramount. Is it not possible for us to be reasonable? Perfection of the soul is our supreme business, and perfection of the body ought to be tributary to this engagement. Let us respect the ordinance of God. It will not in any sense diminish our joys, and it will assuredly heighten our dignity and usefulness.

Our remonstrance must go farther. There are instances, perhaps not many but sufficiently numerous, of fine, ruddy lads being so bewitched by the Olympian attractions of Hellenic life as to lose their zest for study and for the nobler duties of their younger years. Slowly, they have gone backward and downward toward the barbaric coarseness whence their ancestors gradually and painfully emerged. The fair humanities have been abandoned. Literature has come to have no charm in

comparison with the columns of sporting papers; and clubs and saloons, where prize-fighting and other contests form the theme of conversation, have come to be invested with more importance than class-rooms or libraries. The animal, with velvet and unheard tread, steals back out of the deep recesses and mysterious fastnesses of the youth's complex nature, and before he realizes it has its paw on the spiritual and intellectual. He may make a show of resistance, but probably will finally succumb. At first, his remarkable physique and enormous power of endurance attract attention, and his vanity is flattered by admirers; but there follows the inevitable abasement. Even the splendid animalism in him is compelled to suffer shame. Strong drink increases its hold on the infatuated athlete apace. The frequent poundings to which he is subject batter from his soul every trace of God's image. Increase of years and increase of inebriation bring diminishing skill, loss of prestige and of income; and in the end, with self-respect forever gone, he gravitates into the position of bravo and bully in the halls of polluting and damning pleasure.

Sully Prudhomme, a French writer not very well known in America, has an exquisite poem, entitled "*Le Lion.*" In it, he represents the king of beasts, called by Victor Hugo "*le grand rêveur solitaire de l'ombre,*" as waking from a deep sleep prolonged through the heat of a burning African day. He describes him as emerging slowly from his lair, moving majestically into the deepening shadows of the night, and as lighting up his path through the

forest with the solemn brilliancy of his eyes. The poet ventures to interpret the royal brute, and ascribes to him rapture as he views the crescent moon and the glory of the stars, and attributes to him the manner of the sage and the mystery of a priest of night :

Son allure est d'un sage ; il marche avec mystère,
Comme un prêtre des nuits.

But a change comes over the life of this superb creature. He falls into the hands of his enemy and is transported beyond the seas, where the reader discovers him in captivity. Restlessly and sadly, he moves about his cage, wondering at the iron which defies his invincible teeth and cowering before the supreme fascination of the human eye. The scene is pitiable in the extreme ; but there is another scene more humiliating still. The poem may be taken as a commentary on the grandeur and the abasement of the physical in man. How like in appearance the strong and thoroughly developed youth to one of the immortals ! The muscular and well-rounded limbs, the deep and massive chest, the clear eye, and the stately tread are calculated to recall the heroes of mythology—the Hercules, the Thors, the Balders. But if this beauty has been gained at the cost of the spiritual, it is after all only a superb animalism that has in its path an ignominious destiny. A prison is its inevitable doom—a prison whose bars cannot be broken and from whose narrow and monotonous limits there is no escape. By just so much as a man is better than a lion, is this resemblance in their

possible fate terrible to contemplate. No spectacle in all this sorrowful world is so sorrowful as that of a human being deprived of every trace of god-likeness and sunken into the shame of animalism in bonds—in bonds to base appetites and passions and to the mean and ferocious duties of an infamous vocation.

> O wretched state ! O bosom black as death !
> O liméd soul that, struggling to be free,
> Art more engaged.

VI

SEEKING SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

At length corruption, like a general flood,
Did deluge all; and avarice creeping on,
Spread, like a low-born mist, and hid the sun.
Statesmen and patriots plied alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler shared alike the box;
And judges jobbed, and bishops bit the town,
And mighty dukes packed cards for half a crown.

Some in clandestine companies combine;
Erect new stocks to trade beyond the line;
With air and empty names beguile the town,
And raise new credits first, then cry 'em down;
Divide the empty nothing into shares,
And get the crowd together by the ears.

IT is remarkable how many people in this busy world are seeking a short cut to fortune, if not to fame, and how many really expect to be enriched without rendering any fair equivalent. The impression widely obtains that this kind of trading has often been successful, and that, consequently, the principle or lack of principle governing it may wisely be adopted in our day. Individuals, not a few, imagine themselves so smart and think so poorly of the acuteness of their neighbors, that they are convinced their ends can readily be accomplished by shrewdness and subtlety; while most of their neighbors think of these individuals as they do of them, and thus, reversing the estimate,

adopt equally cunning tactics by which legitimate business methods are superseded. On all sides, men and women are plying each other with tricks, schemes, and speculative ventures, hoping thereby to obtain something for nothing, or for as near nothing as possible. The spirit and wisdom of Mr. Sludge, "the medium," as represented in his counsel, seems to be dominant at the close of this nineteenth century. Listen attentively and observe how faithfully modern society is trying to conform to the feline and vulpine sagacity of the cheat:

> Be lazily alive,
> Open-mouthed, like my friend, the ant-eater,
> Letting all nature's loosely guarded motes
> Settle and, slick, be swallowed! Think yourself
> The one i' the world, the one for whom the world
> Was made, expect it tickling at your mouth!
> Then will the swarm of busy, buzzing flies,
> Clouds of coincidence, break egg-shell, thrive,
> Breed, multiply, and bring you food enough.

Thus the lolling, salivary tongue of chicanery, by a fatal fascination, draws untold multitudes, and, having smothered their possessions in its viscous secretions, abandons them, and with them the happiness of its helpless victims, to be swallowed by the yawning throat of unscrupulous greed.

The law of the land provides that no contract shall be valid where property is conveyed without an accompanying consideration; but there is a very general disposition, confined apparently to no class or pursuit, to evade this wholesome statute. Not only in *casino* and *Kursaal* at Monaco or Homburg

is it openly transgressed, but on stock exchanges, oil markets, boards of trade, and in almost every other department of human endeavor and enterprise, it is ignored as far as possible, and the principle of hazard and chance substituted for that of equivalents. The extent of the gambling mania, the live and not let live policy—for such it is in reality—is hardly suspected, so full is society of solemn protestations of mercantile integrity. To hear what is professed, one would suppose he had come to a community of saints ; to see what can be seen, one would conclude he had fallen on a den of sharpers and tricksters. It is important, not merely for the young but for all people, that no soft words, no sweet sentimentality, should hide the monstrous proportions of the curse that is, in my opinion, slowly eating, like a cancer, the moral life of our times. I shall, therefore, in all faithfulness, try to give an idea of its appalling dimensions.

It has been said that gambling, like cholera, came to us from Asiatic nations, and that our passions increased its power, as our fearful sanitary condition intensified the virulence of the plague. The Asiatics are, indeed, reckless and infatuated players ; for some among them will not hesitate to risk the possession of wife, son, or daughter on the throw of the dice. Malayans are particularly desperate ; for they will not only sacrifice property, but, on chance going irretrievably against them, will go forth in a frenzy to slay others and inviting any to slay them. The Siamese will barter away their personal liberty for means to prolong the excitement of gaming a little longer ; and to handle

cards all day and night, half stupefied with opium, is a very heaven to the Chinese. Japan was so devastated by this passion that her rulers decreed death to him who ventured his money at play.

But these are not the only deluded nations. The Persians, Greeks, Romans, Goths, and Germans of the past were likewise slaves to the charms of diversions seasoned by hazard; and modern Europe, and America as well, is largely influenced by the same fascinations. In London, where formerly Brookes' Club and Crockford's swallowed the estates of foolish aristocrats, and in Paris, where Frascati's destroyed the gilded youth of the town, there are multitudes of notorious houses where fortunes are lost and won. There is probably not a community of any note in Great Britain or on the continent where opportunities are not afforded for the indulgence of this vice; nor can we boast of a much-improved condition of things in America. There used to be establishments in New York, known as "Big Murray's," and "Ransom's," and one very well known at Saratoga, called "Morrissey's." Dr. Jeter, of Richmond, Va., referring to that fair city in 1842, said: "There are in this place from twenty-five to thirty-five gaming establishments, or resorts for sporting men. These houses are richly and splendidly furnished, at an aggregate probable cost of one hundred thousand dollars per annum." Remember that at the time referred to Richmond was scarcely more than a moderate-sized town and you will hardly fail to perceive from Dr. Jeter's representations how great a hold the evil he pictured had on the community.

The author of "Nether Side of New York" (1872) stated that the number of faro banks in that city had never exceeded one hundred; but he does not estimate how many were unknown to the police. Such places are common enough all over the East and the West; though there was once a municipal chief in Chicago who heroically affirmed that during his administration they were all successfully closed.

But we are mistaken if we suppose that this habit always seeks the darkness. No; it displays itself in public, and at times not very creditably to prominent personages. Some hotels, as it is very well known, more than countenance it; many railways permit card-playing for money; and it is a familiar fact that Atlantic steamers have been made a rendezvous for sharpers, and that passengers are being constantly relieved of their cash by skillful manipulators. But what is even worse, in this country of ours, judges, lawyers, and juries have been known to wile away the hours between the sittings of court with the music of dice. They have spent a night of feverish excitement, and, with aching heads, have sought on the morrow to maintain the dignity of law. Gamblers, also, have aspired to Congress; one or two professionals have secured seats there, and others of the same character have had a recognized influence in determining elections, and very likely are equally as potent still in partisan politics. In vain has England's Parliament, in the interest of coronets and broad acres, legislated against the plague; for her princes yet cling to it and her judges yet apologize for

it. In vain has her government ordered that all betting shops be closed in the metropolis; for there, as here, men bet on every conceivable occasion and on every question concerning which there may be reasonable or unreasonable doubt,—on business, elections, the weather, the speed of trains, on life, on death, on the length of sermons,—on everything and anything that affords a pretext for a risk, senseless at best, to be taken. Also in vain did our Revolutionary sires in the Continental Congress urge the several States to take effectual measures against "horse-racing, gaming, and such other diversions as are productive of idleness, dissipation, and general depravity of principles and manners"; and in vain have "the several States" faithfully followed this wholesome advice, for all over the land the thing condemned by law is tolerated by social custom, and is practised in the most select circles, and at times in a quiet way by persons professing religion.

Not a few publicists in America and Europe have been trying of late to ascertain whether this curse is abating or is on the increase. The data on either side are not decisive; but enough can be gleaned from the various opinions expressed to cause the most optimistic to doubt. Chauncey M. Depew says:

> A considerable proportion of failures in business, and ninety per cent. of the defalcations and thefts and ruin of youths among people who are employed in places of trust, are due directly to gambling. I have seen, in my vast employment, so much misery from the head of the family neglecting its support and squandering his earnings in the

lottery or the policy-shop, and promising young men led astray in a small way, and finally becoming fugitives or landing in the criminal dock, that I have come to believe that the community which licenses and tolerates public gambling cannot have prosperity in business, religion in its churches, or morality among its people.

Remember he is speaking of our own times and not of a remote age with which we can have little in common. So, likewise, is the Philadelphia "Ledger" speaking of the present when it reports as follows:

The amount of small peculations and larger stealings by bank clerks and others in positions of trust, is much greater than is generally known. The fact is evident from the report of a guarantee company which reports that in nineteen years it had insured the honesty of about one hundred and forty thousand officials, of whom over two thousand had defaulted. The report places the blame on the prevalence of gambling in its many forms. According to the testimony of Mr. Anthony Comstock, secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, the enormous sum of two million eight hundred and ninety-eight thousand three hundred and seventy-two dollars was recorded as having been stolen in the year 1890 as the direct and acknowledged result of the gambling vice. The same society, in its last annual report, presented a long list of murders, suicides, and other crimes directly traceable to the same vice.

In England, the "Christian World" has given to the public some very impressive opinions, gleaned from well-informed gentlemen, relative to the spread and the pernicious effect of this evil. I quote freely from the article referred to, as I am inclined to believe that its statements are as applicable to American as to English communities: "'I do not know

that I can say positively that gambling and betting have increased during the past few years,' said the chaplain of a London prison recently; 'I am inclined, however, to think that it must be so, we have had so many instances of prisoners coming here in consequence of having involved themselves in inextricable difficulties by betting on horse-racing and robbing their employers to make good their losses. The number of post-office servants who come here, especially, has, I think, decidedly increased of late.'

" 'My strong impression is,' continued the prison chaplain, seated within the gloom of a prison filled to its utmost capacity, 'that the mischief is on the increase, but before I could very confidently express any opinion upon the point I should require to investigate rather closely. I have noticed that in explaining the causes of their getting into trouble there is a kind of fashion among prisoners, changing from time to time. At one time, almost every prisoner would ascribe his getting into prison to drink. At another period infidelity would be the most frequent explanation, and now it is an extremely common thing for a prisoner to ascribe his ruin to losses in betting. But such statements are often made as a screen for something else, and because they are the usual thing. I should not base any opinion on them till I had carefully examined their truth.' . .

"There are more than fifty newspapers specially published in our midst for the dissemination of betting information, to say nothing of the sporting columns of the ordinary newspaper. 'Formerly,'

says a writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' 'bets were rarely made on the less important races, at all events, except on the course. But now the electric telegraph has brought within reach of all the so-called sporting centers an immediate knowledge of the events of distant race courses; consequently there has spread a system of "betting on the tape," which is pregnant with important results. The facility given to betting is enormous. A young man unable to go to the race-meeting has only to walk to a comfortable and well-furnished room on the ground floor of an accessible London house to find, not only the utmost consideration for his creature comforts, but also the fullest possible information telegraphed up every five minutes from the course, and a bettor ready to bet against any horse running. . . Such a system is every whit as insidious as the public card-tables, which were once so productive of disaster.' "

I think, likewise, some weight should be given to the comments of the "Christian Commonwealth" (London) on the facts set forth in a recent book by Wm. Hawke, entitled, "A Blot on the Queen's Reign ': "Before 1844 not a single bookmaker could get a living in Scotland, but now there are in one of its chief cities about a hundred at work every day. The press, the post office, and the telegraph all foster this hardening vice. At one time it was illegal to risk money in this country by wager or play beyond a certain amount. By Act 9, Queen Anne, if any one gained over £10 by betting the loser was entitled to pursue for repayment of the stake if he had paid it.

By Act 18, George II., if any man were convicted of winning or losing by betting, £10 at any one time, or £20 within twenty-four hours, he was to be fined five times the sum, for the benefit of the poor of the parish. The Statute of Anne was repealed in 1844. The result has blighted society. All sorts of legal complications have ensued, and the judicature of gambling is a chaos. The principle seems to rule that the little gambler is to be restrained, the big one is to be let alone. Princes may gamble at *baccarat*, but gutter arabs playing at pitch-and-toss with pennies will be hunted by the first policeman who catches sight of them. Public sentiment has been corrupted by bad laws, so that better enactments will probably be very difficult to pass or to enforce. But public sentiment must be educated to a better tone. Therefore the anti-gambling agitation must go on. It will succeed, but not very soon, for the national conscience has become seared during the last half-century as to this prodigious evil. If it were not so a bookmaker would not dare to show his face. The churches will have to lead an aggressive movement on this question, as well as on the question of intemperance."

From these extracts I am persuaded the reader may gain a very fair idea of the proportions of the gambling infatuation and of some of the modifications which have taken place in its methods. If in some places and in some respects improvements are observable, still it is clear that the mischief is virulent enough and in changing its form has not lost its venomed sting. If in one locality it has

been suppressed, it will be seen that it has broken out more violently in others ; and after a pause, it is more than likely that it will reappear where it prevailed originally, or will revive in some fresh devices or cheating schemes.

One of its most alluring and common refuges, one of its most persistent and persuasive substitutes—if that can be called a substitute which is, in every essential, the same thing—is the lottery and the swindling dodges to which the lottery has given rise and after which many of them are patterned. This means of securing something for nothing, or for little more than nothing, is of ancient origin, being traced to the Romans ; but the first lottery of which we have authentic record was drawn in England at the door of St. Paul's Cathedral, January 11, 1569, and was continued until the 6th of May following. We read of another such scheme in the reign of James I. (1613), "in special favor for the plantation of English colonies in Virginia." This method of raising money was frequently resorted to during the Commonwealth ; but at last it became so apparently a source of public demoralization that, in 1699, a remarkable assault on its further adoption was published in tract form, under the quaint title, "Trial and Condemnation of Squire Lottery, alias Royal Oak Lottery, London." Among the other accusations brought against the criminal, we have the following :

> You, as a common enemy to all young people and an inveterate hater of all good conversation and diversion have for many years past and do still continue, by certain cunning tricks and stratagems, insidiously, falsely, and impiously

to trespass, deceive, cheat, decoy, and entice ladies and gentlemen, citizens, apprentices, and others, to play away their money at manifest odds and disadvantages. By which means you have for many years last past utterly, entirely, and irrecoverably, contrary to all manner of justice, humanity, or good nature, despoiled, depraved, and defrauded an incredible number of persons of every rank, age, and sex, of all their lands, goods, and effects; and from the ruin of multitudes built fine houses and purchased large estates, to the great scandal and reflection on the wisdom of the nation for suffering such an intolerable impostor to pass unpunished.

This caustic pamphlet recalls the fact that in the Arcadian period of American history the financial interests of great enterprises were frequently cared for through lotteries. Harvard College used this means of filling its treasury in 1794, and by the way did not escape the charge of "foul play." In 1811, the institution again appealed to chance for funds with, however, the following guaranty for integrity printed in the "Salem Gazette":

The serious evil which has fallen upon a great many adventurers by purchasing tickets in former lotteries and drawing blanks which were worth nothing appears now to be remedied. The managers of the fifth class of Harvard College lottery have in their wisdom taken the misery of this evil into consideration and have given us a scheme preferable to any former one, by which it seems that from twenty thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars will be distributed among persons whose tickets are drawn blanks in this lottery, which commences drawing in a few days, and the greater part of the tickets are now sold. Whole and quarter tickets for sale at the bookstore and lottery office of Henry Whipple, No. 6 Wakefield Place.

Faneuil Hall, which was destroyed by fire in 1761, was not rebuilt without the aid derived from

this species of gambling, concerning which the following dignified notice appeared in the prints of the day :

> The necessity of a large and convenient Hall in such a Town as this, upon all Public Occasions, can't be disputed. The Rebuilding of Faneuil Hall has therefore been generally approved of, and the Encouragement it will meet with from the Public will, we doubt not, be in some measure proportionably to its importance. We promise ourselves therefore a speedy sale of the tickets, and hope we shall soon be able to draw.

Other objects were openly promoted by this nefarious and degrading method of raising money, such as the advancement of cotton manufacture in Beverly, for which four hundred shares in a lottery about to be drawn were granted. And when some murmured against this liberality, it was claimed in defense that "the disposition of the government to foster our infant industries is certainly laudable." This was protection with a vengeance. No wonder that caricaturists represented society as a boat filled with men, women, and children fishing and that the humorist sang :

> In the fish-pond of fortune men angle always,
> Some angle for titles, some angle for praise,
> Some angle for favor, some angle for wives,
> And some angle for naught all the days of their lives ;
> Ye who'd angle for Wealth and would Fortunes obtain,
> Get your hooks baited by Kidder, Gilbert, and Dean." [1]

These days have forever passed away in New

[1] See "Curiosities of the Old Lottery," Henry M. Brooks, Salem, Mass.

England, though it is to be feared that its people have not entirely abandoned the lottery habit in secret; and the controversy in Louisiana regarding the perpetuity of its schemes for the support of the Commonwealth goes far to prove that it has not lost its grip on society. The legislators of that State who contemplated as possible the survival of an institution that has been a disgrace to every civilization that has countenanced it, surely could not have realized that its continuance means the education of the people in the wretched belief that they may expect something for nothing. Nevertheless, this is its effect and thus it tends not only to poverty but to the breeding of impecuniousness and discontent. Nothing can be more fatal to industrious habits than the impression that wealth can be achieved in a shorter way than by faithful toil of head or hand and most likely can be secured by a happy turn of the Wheel of Fortune. And yet the probability of attaining one's expectations by this method has been estimated as being about one in seventy thousand chances. The speculator could hardly have less prospect of recovering his cash were he to cast it into the streets. Nevertheless, only a few years ago over three hundred and fifty shops in New York were devoted to this nefarious business. How many are engaged in it now I cannot tell, but very likely more than are suspected by the police, and probably enough to show how vast are the multitudes who are patrons of some kind of mercantile gambling.

Of a similar character to these schemes are the gift enterprises which originated in England (1714)

and were carried to such a point of villainy that they had to be suppressed, and were, by act of Queen Anne; and then, of course, were transplanted to this country, where the cast-off "fakes" of the Old World are received and naturalized. There have been no end of specious plans set in operation here by which benevolent souls could confer on others something for nothing. At one time it was a prize—a house, horse, or ass, or something that was our neighbors'—to be made over to the purchaser who, with his purchased goods, should obtain a lucky number; then it was a piece of jewelry deftly hidden in a box of candy, and the purchaser, who was sure to be poisoned, might be enriched by a trifle in gold or silver; and then it was some wonderful contrivance by which every one who bought one article was to receive in addition another, and surpassing the first in value, though it never can be explained why the first, in these circumstances, should have been sold at all. Persons ready to be duped by such apparent frauds are naturally drawn to the support of other humbugs. To "the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter" are they impelled by their greed —to that mysterious female who has the resources of nature at her disposal, and who can make any one rich, but who, for some unaccountable reason lives in filth, up three flights of rickety stairs, down a malodorous alley. Or they are easily fascinated by the happy owner of what is called a "winning modus," or a "mascot," by which the successful horse or triumphant yacht can be surely chosen in advance; and who ought himself to out-

vie the Vanderbilts and Astors in wealth, but who prefers to abide in seediness and seamy poverty. Though these individuals are transparent sharpers, they have a *clientèle.* So countless is the army of those who are sure that, by some trick of fortune, out of nothing can something be coined, that these disreputable impostors are maintained, if not in comfort, still in laziness. The source and ground of their support is to be found in the voracious greed of average humanity, which fools itself into the belief that, from a cipher, standing alone, can bewildering totals of figures be deduced; and, consequently, is prepared to be hoodwinked and fooled by the shallowest scamp in Christendom.

But when all this has been said, we have only touched the boundary line of the gambling empire. It reaches far beyond these strongholds and citadels of its power, and embraces entire provinces which are usually supposed to fly very different flags. Multitudes of people who lift up their hands in holy horror at the throwing of dice and the shuffling of cards are yet numbered with the mighty host which unblushingly acknowledges its citizenship in this kingdom of darkness. Business, as at present conducted, seems to have been perverted into a colossal gaming-table, around which are gathered inveterate players, who are seeking to get ahead of each other, and with not overmuch conscience in the play. If the comparison is regarded as far-fetched and extreme, let it be put to the test of facts. Consider how little business is really done along legitimate lines, and how rarely a buyer can rely on a seller's estimate of his goods,

and how rarely the buyer himself is willing to pay for the goods what he thinks they are worth. Both parties to the transaction seem determined to get the better of each other, and so, in the end, secure a portion of the article sold or of the money spent, for nothing. Observe, also, the adulterations and the misrepresentations of trade, which render it next to impossible to tell what you eat or what you wear, and the flaming advertisements of staple articles to be sold for twenty-five per cent. below cost of production; and then say whether it does not appear that many dealers are playing their game against the public with loaded dice.

Moreover, the insane whirl and rush of speculation, the popularity of "futures," of "puts and calls," of "options"—the *rouge et noir* of commerce—the betting on red or black, combined with the manipulation of values in stocks and bonds and the issue of bonds that have no value, or, at the best, only a contingent and remote value—all go to show how thoroughly business has become impregnated with the spirit of hazard, and how the principle of "heads or tails" has as much to do with its progress as sound judgment. And this maelstrom of stock-exchanges has power to draw into its whirling eddy not a few persons of avowed conservatism and integrity. With all the progress made by the religion of Christ, there is not enough of it in the average American community to preserve its professors from the greed that leads to ventures of chance and to trials of luck.

Having extolled the business idea as the governing idea of the age, and having debased it by the

gambling mania, it has been applied, in many instances, to the support of Christianity—gambling mania and all. Some of the churches have come to speculate even in their clergymen. The question often foremost when a pastor is being called is, Will he pay? Of course it is not propounded in this shockingly plain manner, but it underlies much that passes in committee. That this consideration is frequently paramount may be proven by the fact that more ministers are unsettled because current expenses run behind than for any other cause; and by the other fact, that no pastor in a modern pulpit, if a pecuniary success, has ever to my knowledge been removed on account of heresy, or for the manifest neglect of parochial duties. I question if any congregation in Christendom would take action against a clergyman who brings plenty of hard cash into the Lord's treasury without burdening the brethren, and has crowds to hear him, even though he never has had a convert and never has cared for the sick or dying. His eccentricities may border on irreverence, and his habits on worldliness, and his conduct on self-conceited boorishness; yet, if he only stops short of immorality as defined by conventional canons, and increases the pew rents, he will be tolerated by the saints who seem inclined to believe that, ecclesiastically, "gain is godliness."

This condition of things is a frightful snare to the minister. The poor fellow, vaguely realizing the mercenary standard by which he is to be tried, will be in danger of forgetting his mission to comfort the afflicted, reclaim the wayward, instruct the

ignorant, lift up the oppressed, and maintain the cause of the friendless. His fearlessness may depart and his lips may learn smooth things, lest some money magnate may be offended, or some aristocratic sister be alienated because he dares plead too eloquently for human equality before the tribunal of God. What does it matter if souls are converted and the fallen rescued, if the coffers of Zion are depleted? What if it does not pay in the cold coin of this world? Something must be done—the business brethren have said so—something; but what? Aye, that is the question. Charlatan methods; Sunday night concerts, with the humiliating assurance that there will be very little preaching; spicy lectures on current events; a succession of thinly disguised theatricals on week-days—anything—anything diverting, attracting, sensational—to increase the revenues. And then, if the speculation still fails to pay, if the stock of the unfortunate preacher does not rise, bickerings and mutterings, and in the end a vacant pulpit and not improbably a broken, if not a broken-hearted, servant of the living God.

And during all this striving for worldly prosperity the great unchurched masses look on sadly and somewhat scornfully. They too come to ask the question propounded by ecclesiastical officials, Will it pay? And seeing what they see, multitudes of them answer: "It may, who knows? Christianity may be what it claims; who can tell? We, at least, will not try to settle the issue; we will take our chances." And thus, indirectly but surely, sordid congregations intensify the gambling

mania until it reaches the terrible climax where the soul's eternal interests are recklessly staked and risked. One man plays against time and deceives himself into the expectation that to-morrow will be better than to-day for the purpose of religious preparation; and he thinks he has calculated so closely that he is sure not to lose to-morrow. But time is a deadly antagonist and he who plays with him plays a losing game. Another matches himself against himself, is like one who seeks recreation in cards by himself alone and arrays one hand against the other. He sets his good works over against his evil works, and trusts that, in the end, the latter may predominate and prove the winning card. And yet there are others who give no attention to sacred things, and who boldly say that they will take their chances. Though Christ has died for them, and though millions have been comforted by his presence and power, and though the influence of Christianity has vindicated its claims, yet these misguided men are ready to take the odds that, somehow and somewhere, they will be qualified for heaven without ever taking thought for the subject in the present life. They keep reiterating, "God will give every one a chance," and apparently oblivious to the fact that the chance is now and may never be again, they drift onward, blindly trusting that the possible will become the certain. I can only compare these infatuated mortals to men who gamble, knowing that the cards used by their adversaries are marked, or to those who invest all their capital in bonds that have not on their face even the promise to pay. Blondin

preferred, for his own reasons, to cross Niagara on a wire rope, when he could safely have trudged over the suspension bridge. The risk was tremendous, but he succeeded. But more serious by far the determination to cross the chasm that separates this world from the other on the finely spun hope—the airy nothing—of modern speculation, with only the balancing pole of presumption and assurance to preserve the soul from the abyss of despair. Better and safer the way of salvation by which time and eternity are joined together,—the only way, Christ Jesus,—in which, if a man be found, he shall perish no more forever.

I am more than convinced that the present extent of the gambling infatuation and the failure to take adequate measures for its repression are due to the blindness of the public to its despicable character and to its baleful influence on the highest interests of society, and therefore a few words on these points may be useful to all, and especially to the young man who is in danger of falling a victim to its seductions.

During an extended sojourn in Europe (1891), I spent some weeks in Nice ; and being near that most noted of all gambling communities, Monaco, I determined to visit its gilded *casino* and observe for myself the operations of the evil which, next to intemperance, has caused more deaths and more misery than all other forms of wrong-doing. The place is delightfully situated on the shores of the Mediterranean, whose sapphire waters gleam like a precious stone in an earthly setting of exquisite beauty. It would seem as though nature and art

had combined to impart the Protean forms of seduction to the fatal spot. There the richest flowers sweeten the balmy air with their perfume-breathing; there the buildings display the most delicate fancies of the architect and contribute to the fairy-like fascination of the scene; and there music, with all the witcheries of harmony and all the lulling strains of melody, hushes the turbulent and troublous conscience to repose, and sounds to the weary ear in welcome tones,

> Blander than those by which the Thracian Orpheus
> Charmed listening forests.

All shadows are softened there, not even mendicancy being permitted to show its rags and affright the fools of fortune; and there no jarring noise of vulgar commerce and no turmoil of political contention are permitted to disturb the dream which, before the waking comes, melts into another dream. Illusion appears to have built its palace on the margin of a sea that is itself as placid as a painted flood; the grounds and gardens are so fair as to resemble the phantom of lost paradise; the people even have an elusive look, and smiles that are, of all things, least real and that come and go as frightened memories of dead hopes; and terraced heights, impurpled rocks, glistening olive trees, and princely castle on its dizzy crest of granite—bathed as they are in resplendent sunshine which shimmers in the very atmosphere—share in the general aspect of unsubstantial and phantasmagorial existence. And yet here, in this enchanted land, the

serpent, green and shiny, coils, whose venom is not a phantasm of poison; and here, in these gorgeous and brilliant-hued woods and glades, where color charms the eye and melody the ear, death lurks at every turn, and cries and groans of sinking souls make horrible the day; for here greed vanquishes every noble impulse; here indolence that enervates and palsies society recruits its life; and here wastefulness, that pauperizes kings and nations, holds high revel and murders while it riots.

Let us pass the portals of the luxurious casino, over which might well be written, "He who enters here leaves hope behind"; for it is only beneath the roof where gambling maintains its solemn state that an adequate idea can be formed of its tyrannous seductiveness. Our reception is courteous. Passport, or letter of credit, accompanied by a visiting card, suffices for introduction. No inconvenient questions are asked; and whether you are prince or bishop, your application for admission will excite no wonder. A large and elegant apartment is entered, where decorous silence reigns, interrupted only—if interruption it can be called—by the croupier's rake, the motion of the little balls on the roulette tables, the scratching of pencils, and occasionally by an almost inaudible expression of surprise or of chagrin. Around the various centers of play numbers of people are seated, while others are anxiously waiting for places to be vacated; and frequently some who are standing lean over and put stakes side by side with those that are being risked by persons more eligibly situated. Almost any group will serve as

a study of all the varied groups scattered through the different rooms. Old men and young men are there, and individuals of the highest station and of the most honored names. Rich commoners, however, are not lacking; but undoubtedly many are there who do not belong to the wealthy class and are desperately venturing the little that they have on the turn of fortune's wheel. The average face is not intellectual, and it is not real. Every player seems to wear a mask, and to be at pains, beneath an expressionless countenance, to conceal the emotions of the soul. Occasionally a gleam of triumph will flash for a moment from some dull eye and fade as swiftly; and in another, one may read the leaden hopelessness of a soul punctured through and through with repeated disappointments. While every one assumes an air of placidity, and while external calm is one of the most conspicuous qualities of the gamesters, it is not difficult to discern signs of suppressed excitement, like a volcano stifled but not extinguished by a heavy covering of frozen snow; and rarely will the *habitué* be met, whose polished elegance betokens the man of golden resources, whose manner indicates that he has spent his years amid "the roses and raptures of vice," who has permitted none to enslave him, not even the love of gambling, and who, with affable cynicism, condemns his weak companions and likens himself to Codrus, standing unshaken "amidst a bursting world."

Instances are not wanting, and, indeed, are sufficiently frequent to be one of the commonplaces of the institution, of gentlemen, after prolonged

ill-luck, apparently a trifle wearied and worn and haggard-looking from the mental strain, wandering forth beneath the silent stars, and there, on the margin of the sea, tragically ending a wasted life. A pistol shot, whose sound is heard but is not heeded within the gilded halls, and then an effort to remove the body from the neighborhood of the casino, that blame for the melancholy act may not attach to its pursuits; a hurried funeral, or a wooden box hastily dispatched to a distant city; and a vacant chair invites another victim to ruin and despair. What I have said of men applies in a general way to women, with the exception that they rarely, if ever, commit suicide at Monte Carlo. It is not an assuring spectacle—these dames and dowagers, these maids and mothers, sitting for hours betting on red or black, or on favorite numbers, and following the varying phases of fortune with a hungry intensity that pinches their features and that imparts a cat-like expression to their eyes. And yet the scene is not an extraordinary one. I saw quite a number of society ladies deeply immersed in the eccentric decisions of ball or card, and evidently quite indifferent to the criticism of serious people on their conduct. Their habits do not exclude them from the social world of Europe, unless they are rather too unconventional in their methods; and opinions unfavorable to them from other sources they treat with silent disdain, as proceeding from straight-laced or hypocritical pietists. Attempts to bring them to a sense of their unwomanly position would doubtless lead to the retort that American women gamble in America, not

so publicly as Europeans, possibly, but as ardently and as persistently, though not always so honorably. To such a rejoinder, I apprehend, no really defensible disclaimer could be entered; for it is merely a fiction of American chivalry that assumes the absolute freedom of the gentler sex, born and bred in the States, from the vices of tippling, gaming, and intriguing frailty.

Some things worth remembering I learned during my visit to Monaco. I gathered from reliable sources that the total income from the tables is about eight hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum, or, in our money, about four millions of dollars; and the regularity of the revenue and the satisfaction of the shareholders in the Casino Company prove incontestably that the "chances" are in favor of the "bank," and that it must eventually be the winner. For though the players may occasionally score a remarkable run of luck, they have only to play long enough for the "bank" not only to recover its losses, but to get the better of them in the end. A Mr. Robert Peel tells how he won £5,000 at the tables; but an English paper explains how it came to pass that he did not immediately lose everything: "A report had gone forth that by a few lucky *coup*s he won £12,000, but plunging again in the hope of increasing his gains, he had lost all his previous winnings. This, however, is not the case. He did, it is true, after making up his mind to play no more, and even taking his ticket to London, return to the gambling rooms and lose every penny upon which he was able to lay his hands, including that portion of his original

winnings which he had banked in Monte Carlo; but, luckily for him, he had been induced in the first flush of his prosperity to hand over £5,000 to one of his friends, and to give that gentleman power to bank it in his own name, so that it should not be available to its real owner even when consumed by the passion of the gambler. But for this forethought Mr. Peel would doubtless, in the end, have not left the tables a winner. His story should teach a lesson to all who imagine that they are likely to get the better of the bank, which always wins in the long run."

One exception to this rule we have in the following story; but it is one that proves how great a curse seems to attend money gained unlawfully: "Edmund Yates tells of a seedy looking man who went into a gambling saloon in Paris and won five hundred thousand francs. He quietly left the table, went out and bought some good clothes and had a good dinner. Then he returned to the gambling place, where he was enthusiastically welcomed, as all the gamblers expected that he would lose all he had won. He stayed four hours at the table, but, in spite of all invitations he did not risk a five-franc piece. *Habitués* who know what the passion of gaming is couldn't explain it, but they finally had their judgment vindicated when the news came that the lucky gambler had gone through his fortune in drink and had died of want."

But as though these reverses following success were not enough, the newspapers are chronicling another peril now infesting Monte Carlo: "A visitor recently detected his lost pocketbook, full

of notes, sticking out of the pocket of a thief who was making off, and in his hurry had not sufficiently secreted it. The man was promptly handed over to the police and conveyed to Nice for trial. On being searched, fourteen pocketbooks and twelve letters containing three hundred thousand francs—twelve thousand pounds—were found upon him. Is it not high time this den of thieves, swindlers,—which many of the gamblers are said to be,—and foolish spendthrifts was done away with? Notwithstanding, alas! all the strong things said against this abomination, the proprietors have been steadily increasing their gains and netted last year no less than eight hundred and forty thousand pounds."

The largest sum won in the season of 1890 at Monaco was thirty-eight thousand pounds, and the successful man was a Roumanian, who lost it again, and more too in a little while; recalling the story of a Russian prince who pocketed more than that amount at Homburg, and then was so unfortunate that he had to borrow means to pay his expenses home. These instances go to show the fatality that attends the efforts of those who strive to break the bank. Unquestionably the game is conducted always in a fair and square manner; for it would not be other than financially disastrous to be guilty of cheating; but the law of chances and the limitation of stakes to a maximum are inevitably against the individual and in favor of the "administration." I was told that many persons have a "system" to which they adhere and by which they hope finally to succeed against the strong box of their adversary. Indeed, you can purchase book-

lets in Nice and at Monte Carlo which furnish you with such a "system" in excruciating French and worse English, by which you can carry off enduring spoil. These pamphlets cost a franc, and are dirt cheap if they enable one to do what they say; but there is an ugly rumor afloat that they are countenanced by the "administration," so that new pigeons to be plucked may be entrapped; and there is not a particle of evidence that they were ever of value to any one. In the grounds a visitor will occasionally pick up a curiously pricked card which had been cast aside by some disappointed gambler who has been experimenting on a pet scheme of his own and who has recorded the results of his unsatisfactory performance. When several extraordinary successes were scored last year, they were immediately attributed to a syndicate working a fine plan devised by a Frenchman, and the authorities were themselves suspicious that the two millions of francs lost resulted from a combination, though the parties most interested on the other side of the transaction disavowed any systematic co-operation. But the discussion indicates that there is a latent expectation that some inventive genius will be able to so master the law of chances as to render him superior to fortune; and though there is not the least reason for supposing such an achievement possible, the friends of humanity might well hail it with delight; for the discovery of a "system" that would assure uniform or ultimate success to a gambler, without cheating, would necessarily put an end to gambling altogether.

One thing is very observable in Monaco; that is, the absence of intemperance. I presume it is one of the soberest communities on the face of the earth, and will compare favorably with any prohibition town. One all-absorbing passion in this place prevents the growth of any other. Sobriety may properly be termed the virtue of gambling—its only virtue. Of course there are wine shops within the limits of the territory, and they are invitingly open; but as access would disqualify for successful attention to what is the exclusive industry of the principality—if that may be called an industry that creates no wealth and breeds idleness—the people drink sparingly and, I presume, of the least heady kind of wines, proving conclusively that drunkenness, even where liquors are accessible, is not an uncontrollable fatality of human nature.

This picture of Monaco, which I have aimed to paint without exaggeration of outline or excess of color, discloses the characteristic evils of the mania I am discussing in its various forms; and these may well be classified and specified to assist those young people who, through lack of discernment, may otherwise fail to appreciate their salutary warning.

A little reflection will, I am sure, make it clear in view of all that has been advanced in this Message, that when something is sought to be acquired for nothing, a greater price is really paid than the something is worth. This is not usually suspected, and yet it is one of the most transparent of all the maleficent features of the social bane we are considering, It costs; it is exacting; it will not con-

sent to be enjoyed except on the most unreasonable and impoverishing terms. First of all, money must be risked, though the player confidently expects, after some possible vicissitudes, to receive it back with considerable sums in addition, for which he has given no equivalent; but really there is no reasonable prospect of his ever being put in possession again of his original investment. As a rule —and the rule has fewer exceptions than any other rule—what he hazards he loses, and instead of getting something for nothing, even in hard cash, he is continually giving something for nothing, and of that more too than he ever supposed at the start he would dare venture.

Dr. Jeter wrote in 1842, that "probably more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was annually lost in Richmond by gambling, and much of this amount by clerks at the expense of their employers." It is related of Hunyady, the Hungarian count, that he won upward of two millions, and was considered the most fortunate of men; and yet he ultimately gambled this vast amount away and his private resources as well. Fox, the notable parliamentary leader, beggared himself through the same means, and nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars left him by Lord Holland was sacrificed to this folly. Some of the highest names in the British peerage could be cited in evidence of the fatal termination of this madness, so far as landed estates and abundant wealth are concerned. But the story becomes monotonous, so unvarying is the *dénoûment*, and its mere repetition is unnecessary to conviction.

There is, however, one department or form of the evil where the results are generally supposed to be more satisfactory, and to that it is worth our while to look for a few moments. The impression prevails that extensive winnings are frequent on Boards of trade, and that speculations in stock, wheat, corn, and general provisions are usually successful. This, I am persuaded, is an illusion. Large operators—and those especially who, so to speak, compose "the bank"—at times unquestionably do coin much money by their transactions; but the smaller dealers, and especially those persons who buy and sell at a distance from the market, in the end are usually plucked and ruined. If an individual is successful in this field of commercial hazard a score of others will plunge into the whirlpool, and in a little while will be squeezed dry, that their golden juices may be absorbed by some unctuous millionaire. The one instance of success is bruited abroad, while the innumerable failures are lost sight of and kept from the public, just as the dead body of a gamester is hurried to its grave as quickly as possible at Monte Carlo, to prevent unpleasant reflections. Let individuals who think of venturing their earnings in speculations which, whatever they may represent to the brokers, are merely games of chance to the speculators themselves, remember that they are at the mercy of men who may have capital enough to corner the market, that their own brokers may tamper with their deals, and that even "bucket shops" and penniless shouters on the street may influence prices to their undoing. I would have them consider the odds that are against them before

they invest, and calculate the probabilities of their coming out of the transaction with cash or credit.

My own opinion is that the probabilities in their favor are about as good as those which characterized some recent "wildcat" schemes prevalent in Boston. Accounts of these, published in one of our great dailies (May, 1891), form a chapter of instructive though melancholy reading. I shall not pretend to recite the story in full, for I am apprehensive that the public is more painfully familiar with its details than I am. It is, I presume, only necessary to mention the "Bond Companies," chartered, I believe, mainly under New Hampshire laws, and the "Endowment Orders," for many people in New England to recognize former acquaintances that imposed somewhat on their confidence. Certificates were issued, guaranteeing a definite sum by a certain day, say six months after date, and for which assessments far below the value to be received were to be paid in instalments. If conducted fairly, according to prospectus, an investment of thirty-seven dollars would yield fifty dollars in six months. But the company was tricky ; ten assessments were called in two weeks, and to meet the demands and save something, fifty-seven dollars had to be given in exchange for fifty dollars. Poor girls, and they numbered hundreds, were unable to pay the assessments, and either lost their little savings or sold out to brokers for a song. I am not going to arraign these young men and women as "sinners above all other sinners" ; for they are no worse than our magnates, who do as they did, only on a larger scale and

with more intelligent apprehension of what it means ; but I would once more remind them that as they, in the transaction described, were trying to get something for nothing, they ought not to be too hard on their deceivers, who were simply doing the same thing, and ought at once to conclude that all their efforts in this direction, as they are contrary to sound principles of trade, must prove disastrous, if not disgraceful.

Although I have laid stress on the money sacrifices involved in every kind of gambling, there are others of a more serious nature that can scarcely be avoided. I refer to the effect such pursuits have on the intellect, the conscience, and, indeed, on the entire character. Few persons, I presume, will deny that they tend to unfit and disqualify for industrial vocations. Faro-loving lawyers, doctors, mechanics, and merchants soon discover that they cannot apply themselves to the ordinary business of life ; and if they keep up a show of interest in the dull, stupid thing, it is merely that the community may not discount their respectability. And thus brain-power and hand-skill are frittered away, yield no profit, and add nothing to the world's wealth.

But worse even than this, the fearful mania of which I complain makes insidious inroads on integrity. As I write these words a youth is being tried in the New York courts on the charge of embezzlement, committed for the purpose of paying betting obligations. We all know that trust funds, public and private, have been piled up on the green cloth, to disappear in the insatiable coffers of

the dealer, or have been handed over to the broker to cover the demand for margin, and that a year never passes without shortage in some one's accounts and consequent wretchedness and poverty to blameless widows and orphans. These reputable rascals, according to their own version of their conduct, meant wrong to no one, intended to return the sums "borrowed," and, if profoundly pharisaical, will even intimate—though a wicked world will not believe it—that they were really seeking to increase the fortunes entrusted to their care for the sake of the owners. They all confess that they were led too far ; that former successes emboldened them to too hazardous ventures, and that they are sorry, so sorry—God only knows how sorrowful !—to be found out. Nor does the mischief end here. The affection for cards, dice, options, futures, and the rest, has a fatal influence on the reason, beclouding and prostrating, and fostering superstition. Gamblers are not only the most suspicious of men, they are the most irrational as well. They are firm believers in what they call "luck," and in the possibility of its being thwarted by getting out of bed in a particular manner, or by a cat or a pig crossing their path, or by catching a glimpse of the new moon over the left or right shoulder. A writer in the "Spectator," referring to lotteries, says : "I know a well-meaning man who is pleased to risk his good fortune upon the number '1711,' because it is the year of our Lord. I have been told of a certain zealous dissenter who, being a great enemy to popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in this world, will lay

two to one on the number '666' against any other, because it is the number of the Beast. Several would prefer the number 12,000 before any other, as it is the number of the pounds in the great prize."

These puerilities, or kindred ones, are sure always to appear whenever men and women have surrendered common sense to greed, and are relying on "chance" to increase their worldly possessions. An illustration of the fact that superstition does not end with out-and-out gamesters was afforded me by an erratic acquaintance who formerly speculated on the New York Stock Exchange. He told me that the market had gone steadily against a certain line of railroad securities in which he had been speculating heavily, and that he saw himself on the eve of bankruptcy. His brokers advised him to close his deal at once, but he stubbornly refused. He went to his hotel, knowing that the morning would make or unmake him quite, and before he retired to bed he prayed—prayed, though his success would seriously injure others. During the night he awoke suddenly, and there, inscribed in phosphorescent light, he saw on the wall "Rock Island"—I believe—and the amount the bonds of that road would sell for next day. He rubbed his eyes to convince himself of the reality, and being satisfied with its genuineness he was not "disobedient to the heavenly vision," but rushed to Wall Street and bought on margin all that he could at the first quotations, to the amazement of his brokers; and then, when the turn in the tide came, he sold, sold, sold, and

realized fabulous sums. How much he cleared through this divine interposition I never knew, and I never liked to ask him, for he was—to put it tenderly—not very wealthy when I knew him, rather otherwise, if the truth must be told.

Integrity and intelligence make up a pretty extravagant price to pay for a possible something; and I cannot conceive of anything compensating for such a sacrifice. Think how little probability there is of money risked on the various methods of tempting fortune ever coming back, and how certainly such hazardous ventures demoralize and debase; and then decide whether longer to tolerate this terrible crime against humanity. But should not this statement of the case adequately deter you from further tampering with this pernicious evil, I would seek to arrest your downward progress by meeting you on the ground of your hoped-for success, and prove to you that the something you may obtain for nothing, will itself turn out to be nothing, or, at most, something very different from what was bargained for.

Large sums of money have undoubtedly been realized by skillful and persevering players; and professional gamblers—those who keep the bank and manipulate the game—have often advertised, by blazing diamonds and resplendent watch-chains, that they are the favored minions of fortune. They have likewise been able to furnish their homes luxuriously, drive fine horses, and have indulged in various expensive habits. Some of the handsomest private residences I have seen have been owned by these gentry; and when these men are prosper-

ous they have the reputation of being extremely generous. The money comes easily, and easily it goes; and servants, waiters, and acquaintances have often good reason for admiring the liberality of these somewhat disreputable personages. A notorious Greek, named Garcia, at Homburg, played so remarkably that he broke the bank five times and won in all £70,000 (three hundred and fifty thousand dollars); and what was even more wonderful, he locked up his profits and abandoned the dangerous place. This, surely, is an encouraging instance. He had not only sought but had secured something for nothing; and why should not he be imitated? Well; only let us not be too hasty in following his example; for there is a sequel to this amazing success. Garcia returned to Homburg within a year and resumed his seat at the fascinating table, and in a little over a week, had lost all that he had won, and a million francs besides. He then hurried to Paris, sold his property, and was back again in a very short time, and squandered all his wealth, and ended his career in beggary. In his case, assuredly, the something he had won was not much, after all, and turned out to be worse than nothing.

And these palaces and gorgeous trappings and elaborate and elegant surroundings which reward successful play are rarely, if ever, permanent possessions. "Whose house is that?" inquired a gentleman of an acquaintance. "It was built by a regular blackleg, who carried on his nefarious business in one of the richly furnished rooms; but he overreached himself, and it is now owned by an honest

fellow who began life as a teamster." Such investigations lead to strange revelations. At one time, a row of office buildings and a handsome residence stood in the name of a prominent board-of-trade operator ; but they are no longer his. They came through a happy deal, and he at once imagined himself a "Napoleon of finance" ; and they departed on the wings of another deal, not quite so "happy," except for the other party. The only way, apparently to avoid this relapse is to deed the property to one's wife ; though safety is not even guaranteed by this method, as the wife may take to speculating on her own account, or may fritter away the estate on feminine extravagancies. A curse always seems to rest on wealth not acquired by legitimate means ; and if it does not disappear at once, it apparently continues that the final collapse may be more calamitous, involving in some way the disgrace of the family, often accomplished by the reckless dissipation of the sons.

My dear young men, do not be sure that you have affluence, when you have it, unless you came to have it by honest endeavors. Do you see the seedy fellows yonder, in front of the gilded saloon, trying to look as though they never knew care and were never anxious about money? They were once successful gamblers ; but the inevitable tide turned against them and they are now "ropers in," "decoys," and what not, betraying others for gain and hoping against hope to permanently better their condition. There are other figures moving about in society as melancholy and as instructive as these, though not always as easily recognizable.

I refer to those who scored a slight success in lottery gambling, and who have spent all they ever gained, and more too, in vain pursuit of the principal prize. They live in dreams, pondering what they will do when they are fabulously rich, and in the expectation of future pleasures overlook their wretched lodgings, their dilapidated garments and miserable food. Their highest present delight is found in reading of "drawings," and in imagining how they would feel were the millions to come to them ; and so they drag out their existence, growing poorer, thinner, weaker, until at last they shrivel and wither away. On their tombs may be written : "The lottery shops that knew them know them no more." Such pathetically puerile characters as these are living warnings of the havoc greed is sure to work, and of the worthless nothings the coveted somethings become when they have been obtained without fair and adequate compensation.

There is a contingency, apparently never contemplated as possible by the gambling fraternity, which the men of to-morrow ought to consider seriously. More than is bargained for may be realized, and that too, very different in kind from what was desired or anticipated. Instead of affluence, there may be merely the experience of infatuation ; and instead of becoming lord over many possessions, there may be, and almost inevitably will be, slavery to a single overmastering and degrading passion. Wealth, very likely, will not be gained ; but bondage, inveterate and cruel, to a ruinous habit will be established. Oh, sirs, you are sure to get something for nothing, but not by

any means the something you sought and thirsted for! Poor Goldsmith—poor in more senses than one—though continually being impoverished by the "tables," never could break the fatal spell that bound him to their enchantments. A French physician, Dr. Eckeloo, printed a book showing the virulence of the malady of playing for money, and yet he, with his own work quoted against him, fell a victim to the insidious disease. It is said by Colton, Vicar of Kew, in his familiar "Lacon": "The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit heaven." And yet this clergyman was overcome by the vice he had denounced, and ended his sermon by illustrating its truth. He took his own life.

I read, I think in "Nether Side of New York," some years ago, that in the city of New York a notorious gambling house displayed over the mantel the picture of a tiger. This was doubtless regarded as the presiding genius of the place; and well did it symbolize the fierceness and deadliness of the fiery passion at the heart of the confirmed gambler. Though to outward seeming he is imperturbable and calm, within the heart there is a caged tiger that will not be tamed and that cannot be appeased. It is related by a modern observer of his times that, toward the small hours of a sleety morning in a great city, a policeman was accosted by an excited stranger, and the following dialogue ensued. Pointing to the lighted windows of a notorious "skin" house, he said: "Can you tell

me, what's that?" "Faro," was the answer of the guardian of the peace. "No, sir; it is hell. I've been there! The devils will be out presently; please don't let them follow me." All right; but the probabilities are that all the devils, real and imaginary, will not prevent him, when he has overcome his fright, from returning. A striking case, illustrative of the fascination that draws back to the pit even one as startled as the man who fled from faro, was published in the "New Monthly," 1830, Vol. XXIX., p. 450. At Frascati's, in Paris, an officer of the *Garde Royale* was observed to be playing furiously, and the perspiration literally streamed from his forehead. It was apparently his last stake. He won the game, and a friend influenced him to leave the room. Evidently he had been extremely agitated and alarmed, and had he been able to act rationally he never would have returned to his perilous encounter with the "fickle goddess." The charm of the siren was too much for him, and he was soon back again, playing as recklessly as before. At one moment, when an unusually large prize was swept from him, he was heard to mutter sarcastically, "*C'est bien; très bien.*" A little time passed, and the officer seemed to be undecided, and then, while signs of terrible agony passed over his countenance, he laid down two five-hundred franc bills, and said in a loud, strident voice to the dealer: *C'est mon sang que vous voulez—le voilà!*" He then retired into a corner of the room, as though he dreaded to hear the result announced. There he almost crouched, as though oppressed by a sense of ominous fear.

At last he approached the table and was told that he had lost. A strange look came into his eyes; he quietly drank a glass of sweetened water, and went out. The next morning he was found dead in his arm-chair, with his sword thrust through his neck to the hilt.

But, in addition to this implacable infatuation, itself the most appalling of curses, gambling brings with it many humiliating associations and mortifying experiences. Suppose that it results in temporary success; it does not procure, at least in America, social standing or social recognition. Money secured by dice or cards brings with it something not expected nor desired, and that certainly was not bargained for—isolation from people of reputation and honor. In a city where I lived for a number of years, one of the handsomest residences, on the proudest of aristocratic avenues, was owned by a gambler. I frequently passed it, but I never saw any one enter its stately doorway, nor saw any carriages waiting there for visitors. It looked always as though it were quarantined for smallpox, or some other contagious disease. Doubtless the proprietor would instance himself as one who had obtained a great deal for nothing; but he had also gained a great deal he would, I presume, willingly have dispensed with—the scorn and contempt of his neighbors. I have in mind another illustration of the loneliness which attends triumphant vice. A lady called on me with a request to attend a funeral, and said that the circumstances connected with the solemn service required were peculiar. They were these: A gambler, who

had a comfortable home and who, evidently, was in no need of money, had been bereaved by death of his wife. She had died suddenly, and he was perplexed to know how to bury her decently. He remarked sadly to a Christian sympathizer that no clergyman would come beneath his roof, and that no one would read prayers over her body. There was no one he could appeal to, and his desolation was indeed pitiable. Of course I did not permit the remains of the poor woman to be laid away to their long rest without suitable religious observances, and I believe the husband was duly grateful.

But I could not refrain then from thinking, as I do still, that wealth acquired in such a way as to alienate human hearts from the possessor was not worth the having. And this is as applicable to the money accumulated by bogus companies, cheating endowment schemes, cornering markets, and other nefarious practices, as it is to that won by poker or faro ; and unless I am strangely mistaken, the men who have prospered by these means will ultimately realize that they too have received with their cash something they did not negotiate for and with which they would readily dispense. I might with propriety at this point dwell on the dissolute companions a taste for gambling attracts—the "blacklegs," "bullies," "decoys," and "jail-birds" that are naturally associated with its indulgence ; but I refrain. Let it suffice, young men, if you form this rapacious habit, you must consent to know all kinds of disreputable men, and be at least on speaking terms with scoundrels whose presence would be an insult

to your mother and an infamy to your sister; and you must face the fearful possibility that you, in time, may become like your acquaintances, as destitute of character and of respectability, and may even end your days in a penitentiary, where hundreds in Europe and America deservedly languish for crimes born of their fatal love for gambling.

If science has taught any doctrine clearly, it is that this world is not governed by chance, and that things, neither in physics nor morals, fall out in a haphazard kind of a way. Life is not a game in the true sense of that word, however loose thinkers may so represent it, or poetic writers so describe it. Nor is man playing blindly against a destiny whose hand he cannot force or whose bank he cannot break. This universe is established and ordered in law, and its causes and effects operate unvaryingly and unchangeably. It is as systematic in its movements and results as a Corliss engine, or as any other piece of masterly mechanism. Fitfulness, irregularity, indefiniteness, and uncertainty are not of its nature, and he who imagines that its decisions and prizes are determined by infinite caprice has failed deplorably to comprehend its significance. This day has been evolved necessarily from yesterday, as to-morrow will be the unavoidable product of to-day. The sequence is inevitable. What, then, must be the condition of society fifty years from now, if present tendencies remain unchecked? Should we be unable to repress the gambling form of bandit life, must not the world in half a century

become pretty much a den of thieves, where rogues in dress-coats and polished boots shall prey upon each other? When a city like Boston is reputed to have paid at the rate of six hundred thousand dollars a year in small sums toward the Louisiana lottery, and when a nation like America has contributed twenty-eight million dollars in one year to the support of the same iniquity, is there not disclosed an alarmingly widespread belief in the sovereignty of arbitrary whim? Judged by this wasteful extravagance, multitudes evidently entertain the hazy notion that Providence and fickleness are interchangeable terms, and that the throne of the universe is empty, or is filled at best only by a Being whose chief attributes are unreliability and eccentricity.

All such impressions however vague are prejudicial to honest and sound business methods and to the growth of wholesome and wealth-producing industry. For if rewards come to men by no fixed rate and only in a loose, fortuitous, and accidental way, and if idleness and trickery are as likely to be as fully crowned with prosperity as well-considered, conscientious effort, must not the temptation prove increasingly strong to adopt the measures that call for no particular exertion and that flatter the frailties of poor humanity? I am painfully suspicious that our people have far less confidence than formerly in the absolute and vital connection between honorable dealing in toil or trade and genuinely remunerative success; and that consequently unless there is a radical revolution, they will be led to doubt more and more the value of

integrity and to neglect those laborious pursuits which have in the past been counted useful and even glorious. How can it be otherwise? What is to avert the operation of the law, which in the case of the individual gamester produces personal demoralization and irretrievable ruin, when his spirit shall have completely infected society? Will it not work as disastrously in the whole body as in a single member? Can we conceive of possible escape from commercial dishonesty and dishonor and from national recklessness and rascality if gambling continues to increase, or, indeed, if it is not immediately diminished? This contingency is imminent and can be averted only by the young men of this period. If they shall refuse to be dragged by the pernicious enticements of their elders into this quagmire, whose borders are decked with flowers but whose depths are foul as Stygia and dark as Erebus, then will a new set of causes be brought into play; and these in the nature of things superseding those that are now so fatally active will prevent the threatening calamity. I therefore with emphatic earnestness entreat the youth of to-day to realize how much depends on their utter and determined repudiation of every kind of hazard in fortune-seeking—how much for themselves, for the generation that shall follow, and for their country. What they make of themselves will decide the character of the approaching century; and if that century shall be freed from faro banks, roulette tables, dice, cards, pilfering schemes, and plundering speculations, and shall be distinguished by fair trade and square dealing, it will be

due to their sternly adhering to the principle that, as in the domain of physics, something never springs from nothing, and that as in business genuine profit can result only from actual investment of capital or labor, so always and ever a just something shall be rendered for the desired something in return ; and that traffickers in nothing shall receive only what it can produce—the nothing they deserve so richly.

VII

LIVING BEYOND THEIR MEANS

Mark this: who lives beyond his means
Forfeits respect, loses his sense;
Where'er he goes through the seven births,
All count him knave; him women scorn.

THE wisdom of Auveiyár, the famous Tamil poetess, as expressed in these lines is confirmed by a story related by Saádí concerning the downward career of a Persian prodigal. As the reckless youth was squandering his fortune and incurring debts he never could hope to liquidate, the sweet singer of Shíraz thus addressed him: "O my son, wealth is a running stream and pleasure revolves like a millstone; or in other words, profuse expense suits him who has a certain income. When you have no certain income be frugal in your expenses, because the sailors have a song that, if the rain does not fall in the mountains, the Tigris will become a dry bed of sand in the course of a year. Practise wisdom and virtue and relinquish sensuality; for when your money is spent, you will suffer distress and expose yourself to shame."

The Persian spendthrift had no ear for gentle reproach and tender admonition, but replied: "Go and be merry, O my enchanting friend! We ought not to be uneasy to-day for what may happen to-morrow. How would it become me, who am

placed in the uppermost seat of liberality so that the fame of my bounty is widespread? When a man has acquired reputation by liberality and munificence, it does not become him to tie up his money-bags. When your good name has been spread through the streets, you cannot shut your door against it." As a result of this over-confidence in himself he soon emptied his money-bags and in trying to preserve the show of his former magnificence, lost even his good name and completed his dissolute course in filth and rags, provoking by his wretched condition the sage reflection from the pen of Saádí: "The tree which in the summer has a profusion of fruit is consequently without leaves in winter." In this brief bit of Oriental biography we have an illustration of the desperate folly and disastrous ending of those who persist in living beyond their means.

Though Souvestre's philosopher expresses himself in warmest praises of poverty, and though John Buncle apostrophizes hunger as blessed, humanity entertains a very decided disinclination for their companionship. The race admires them if at all very far off. They are both more picturesque in novels than in real life, and they are more thrillingly fascinating in the perspective than in the foreground of one's own home. As far as rhetoric goes, Thoreau may be excused for writing: "The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring;" but I am sure the inmates of the poorhouse would indulge in very different reflections.

I am not quite clear that Hercules dealt altogether fairly by Plutus, when on his arrival in heaven he was unwilling to recognize the god of wealth, because he had corrupted many mortals by his gifts. He ought to have remembered that Plutus was the son of Ceres, the goddess of harvests and of plenty, and that he had not been entirely useless in distributing her benefits throughout the earth. The famous Dr. Johnson I am convinced represents more faithfully the judgment of mankind on this subject, in one of his letters to Boswell: "Poverty, my dear friend, is so great an evil and pregnant with so much temptation and so much misery, that I cannot but earnestly enjoin you to avoid it. . . Consider a man whose fortune is very narrow; whatever his rank by birth or whatever his reputation by intellectual excellence, what can he do? or what evil can he prevent? That he cannot help the needy is evident; he has nothing to spare. But perhaps his advice or admonition may be useful. His poverty will destroy his influence; many more can find that he is poor than that he is wise, and few will reverence the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner." And an author, unknown to me, referring to a noble achievement of a master mind, says: "But he is penniless and he has many foes; and jealousy can with so much ease thrust aside the greatness which it fears into obscurity, when that greatness is marred by the failures and the feebleness of poverty. Genius scorns the power of gold: it is wrong; gold is the war-scythe on its chariot, which mows down the millions of its foes and gives free passage to the

sun-coursers with which it leaves those heavenly fields of light for the gross battlefields of earth." I do not affirm that all this is as it should be ; only that all this is as it is described by these thoughtful observers.

In perfect harmony with their views is the striking declaration contained in the Scriptures : "The rich ruleth over the poor." Solomon in these words discloses the supreme fascination of hoarded money—"power"—and the consequent duty of battling against indigence. As we love independence the dread of poverty is legitimate. To be enamored of it as St. Francis of Assisi claimed to be, has no sanction in the Bible and no sufficient warrant in sound reason. To the contrary, the wise king teaches that the rich man's wealth is his strong city ; that he can ransom himself from death if he has fallen into difficulties ; that he can purchase the favor of the great and can hush the clamors of his adversaries ; and that he can buy not only friendships but positions of honor and profit, and with something like impunity treat his social inferiors with hauteur and discourtesy.[1] Here is power—power to defend ; power almost to defy evil ; power to gratify ambition, to command station, to pamper pride, and to browbeat and insult the weak and helpless.

But the very opposite picture is drawn of the necessitous and insolvent. The poverty of the poor separates him from his neighbor and even arouses his neighbor's hatred ; and it tends to keep

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[1] Prov. 23 : 11, 16 ; 21 : 14 ; 18 : 13.

him in perpetual bondage and it exposes him to scorn and contumely. To lose fortune is practically to lose friendship and influence and to experience the neglect so graphically portrayed by Shakespeare :

> As we do turn our backs
> From our companion, thrown into his grave ;
> So his familiars to his buried fortunes
> Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,
> Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,
> A dedicated beggar to the air,
> With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
> Walks, like contempt, alone.

This sharp contrast surely explains why so many people are anxious to acquire gain speedily. They are impatient of control, would indulge their tastes and appetites without restraint, would be free of all men, and would be master of their own time and abilities. And deep down in their hearts, is there not also an unacknowledged longing to have the upper hand of some one, to make him the victim of their caprices and passions, and to be themselves in a position to be served and obeyed? Almost every person desires to govern others, to be looked up to, and to be feared or respected. He resents the idea of being ruled himself, and yet he would exercise rule over his fellows and is consequently set on procuring the means of compassing his ambition. Unfortunately for not a few of these lovers of power—and of power, also, that may yield illicit pleasures—they do not curb their impatience and content themselves with the natural increase of wealth that comes to frugality

and industry, for that would delay their reign indefinitely; they would grasp the sceptre at once, and assert their sovereignty before they have acquired a throne. And as they have not the reality in which to ground their governance, they are forced, by their own unwise haste, to found it in pretense. They are not rich; but if they can only give the impression that they are rich, and if they can only maintain the appearance of abundance, the result on the minds of others will be the same as though they were, although, of course, not quite so gratifying to themselves. From this paltry motive, in the main though not exclusively, there arises the foolish policy—or, rather, the impolicy—of living beyond their means. Though in not a few instances, extravagant outlay (and the word "extravagant" is here employed relatively; for what may be wastefulness in one person is merely reasonable expenditure in another) seems to be only a silly display of finery, or an equally silly parading of pernicious habits; yet even in these cases, there is a design, more or less covert, to exalt self, to assert independence, to show society that these individuals are sufficiently well-off to defy its conventionalities. Hence it is that not only men who are in a hurry to be recognized as rulers on 'Change, and those who are anxious to acquire political influence, are liable to live beyond their means, that they may be held in consideration proportionate to their reputed affluence; but young people who crave greater admiration than they deserve, and who delight in posing as juvenile Monte Cristos, are almost certain to commit the same mistake.

The method by which it is generally effected is expressed by the term "borrowing"; and the sagacity of Solomon, even in his comparatively uncommercial age, discerned the imminent and fatal folly of the method. He says, "The borrower is servant to the lender"—becomes his dependent and his slave. There is, in my opinion, a close connection between the two halves of the passage we have been following in these reflections; in the first, we have presented the reason why money is prized, and which may be summed up in the word power—power to rule or to enjoy; and in the second, a mode of procedure that succeeds in obtaining the money temporarily, and that results in the loss of the very advantage most coveted through its possession. In other words, for the sake of ruling a man borrows, and straightway comes into bondage—frustrates the end and aim of his existence for the momentary seeming to have achieved it prematurely. As a suggestive comment on the retributive principle thus set forth, we may profitably ponder the advice of Johnson to Boswell: "Live on what you have; live, if you can, on less; do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure; the vanity will end in shame, and the pleasure in regret. . . Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. . . Whatever you have, spend less."

These sound economical views furnish the motive and supply the material of my present Message to the Men of To-morrow."

I would have them realize that they live beyond their means if they spend more than they can

earn. National bankruptcy, as well as individual insolvency, results from the violation of this rule. Unless production exceeds consumption—that is, unless a people eats less than it grows and wears, and uses less than it manufactures—financial ruin is imminent. The history of the little Greek commonwealth, Sybaris, affords an illustration in point. As a settlement, at first the community was singularly prosperous, and as wealth increased, the population multiplied. Large numbers of foreigners joined the native-born, and it seemed as though there was more than abundance for all. But just when the golden age had fully come, poverty was preparing rags and wretchedness for the citizens. The State began to devour more than it could call into being. Pleasure and prodigality assumed the upper hand ; delicate viands, expensive wines, extravagant joys, soon were not to be satisfied with the profits, but demanded the capital ; and as that diminished, the sufferings and distress of the land became more apparent and more appalling. The revenues of the country were lavished on what produced nothing, and, for a series of years falling short of the expenditures, commercial collapse and loss of credit inevitably followed. Seneca tells the story of a Sybarite who complained that he could not sleep one night, as there was a crumpled rose-leaf in his bed and it hurt him—an anecdote that indicates how complete is the bankruptcy wrought by luxury ; for it not only dissipates wealth, but hopelessly enervates the intelligence and paralyzes the industry by which wealth is created. The past is sadly and tragically elo-

quent with the record of spoliation and devastations wrought by luxury. It has caused the dethronement of kings, the decay of empires, the overthrow of governments, the corruption of society, the debasement of religion, and the emasculation of manhood; in each case involving loss of property and financial embarrassment. How could it be otherwise, when it naturally tends to sweep away inheritance and acquisitions, undermines integrity, impairs confidence, shipwrecks mental and physical health, and unblushingly exposes the most honored names to scorn and contempt? I have sometimes been tempted to conclude, from the dissoluteness and despair which money is capable of working, that the love of it is not only "the root of all evil," but that the possession of it in abundance is the very life-current and invigorating sap of the perennial growth of evil. The trunk, branches, leaves, and poisoned flowers of this upas are saturated through and through with its renewing and stimulating influences.

The inglorious and even infamous triumphs of luxury may be read in the history of the last days of the Roman empire, in the convulsions that ended the Bourbon monarchy in France, and in the slow decline of some mediæval sovereignties, such as Venice and Genoa, and in the present exhausted condition of Mohammedan countries.

And yet we are not to assume that spendthrift vices are the only means by which national bankruptcy is precipitated. There may be costly armies to be maintained, expensive wars to be conducted, useless navies to be supported; and there may be

failures of harvests and of markets, and failures even of sound business judgment to be endured; and in these ways more may be consumed than can be produced. If, as a people, we were to plant no harvests, manufacture no goods, and engage in no trade, for several years, we should soon exhaust our surplus cash, and then we should begin to eat up our capital by borrowing money, and when that had been disposed of we should starve, and that too, not before we deserved our fate. But by whatever mismanagement the financial affairs of a country may be brought into discredit, there is always an unvarying sequence. When a nation lives beyond its means it lives beyond its liberty; for in proportion as it consumes more than it produces is it dependent on others to make good the shortage, and they who confer the favor have a right to exact conditions. Hence it is that when luxury prevails, a community in its earlier stages of decay comes to be governed by screws of money-lenders, churlish, sordid, and unmerciful, who, as their power increases, become less considerate of the feelings of their dupes; and hence it is that States which insist on sustaining a glorious war establishment mortgage the entire institution to the calculating bankers, and, in reality, cannot move it or employ it without their consent. That is, the Romanoffs, the Hapsburgs, the Brandenburgs, and the rest, for the sake of appearing invulnerable, incur an outlay beyond their resources to meet, and so come under bondage to the Rothschilds and the rest, who in reality control the cabinets of Europe.

The economical principles that determine public well-being are equally applicable to the welfare of the private individual. Professor Rogers, of Oxford, in his admirable "Economic Interpretations of History," has shown the wonderful part played by money in the vicissitudes and policies of empires, in their rise and fall, and in their convulsions and revolutions; but in so doing he has not evolved a single doctrine of political finance which has not a marked bearing on the direction of personal pecuniary interests. This is certainly true of the laws already expounded regarding production and consumption. The unit of society, as well as the aggregate, will enjoy comparative security from poverty, so long as more comes in than goes out, and so long as the increment more than balances the recrement. Rest assured that here you have the open secret of fortune-making and fortune-keeping, and that it lies simply in never living quite up to one's means. There must always be an unused margin of profit, a surplus not demanded by personal necessities, which takes on the character of capital, and which in turn may be used as an instrument of wealth. Socrates used to say that "he who wants least is most like the gods, who want nothing"; and it may be added that he who wants least will save more. If a youth has been reared luxuriously, so that fine clothing and various indulgences have come to be indispensable, and if he is thrown on his own resources it will not be easy for him to satisfy what he considers his legitimate wants on an ordinary salary. I wonder whether the business success of so many men who

were born in the country and who had not, in early years, the sharpening influence of city associations, is not due to the fact, at least in large measure, that they were brought up frugally and contracted no expensive tastes; so that they had always on hand an unused portion of their income to lay by each week, and which, accumulating with their experience, enabled them at last to engage in ventures which brought them amazing fortune. On the other hand, I am sure, whether born in the country or city, the individual who must dress like a nabob, and feast like a lord, and patronize the opera like a prince, though his stipend is only a pittance, can never have any money ahead, and must necessarily be among the first to feel the pinch of stringent times.

If you spend on yourself as much as you earn, you are in a bad way, my good fellow; but if you spend more you are mortgaging your future, and it is probable you will be unable to pay the debt when it matures. At this point the excessive devotion to pleasure discloses its baneful influence. It dissipates in what is unproductive the margin of profit—that is, it merely consumes; and it constantly diminishes the capacity to produce, by enervating energy and indisposing the mind toward industry—that is, it consumes the forces by which production becomes possible. The economical rule of pleasure is this: it may be indulged up to that line where it trenches on wise frugality, and at that point it must be stayed; and it may be pursued so long as it ministers to mental and physical recuperation and does not disqualify for serious

endeavor. Beyond these boundaries pleasure becomes improvidence, tending irresistibly toward pauperism.

Have you ever read the story of Abdallah? According to the tradition he was a youth who was one day amused to see a peculiarly fascinating fly alight on his goblet. He did not brush it away or kill it. But the next day he observed that it was as large as a locust, and was curiously interested in observing it increase until it had acquired the proportions of a man. What followed this strange development no one really knew, though many guessed. Abdallah was missed from the gatherings of the thoughtful students, and a mufti was sent to seek for him. When he came to the room he found the poor boy dead, and on his neck a finger-print as large as a human hand, and in the soft earth of the garden the footprints of a giant. Thus the spirit of wastefulness grows and grows. The trifling habits and tastes that foster it become more voracious, and at last from it is evolved the gaunt form of hungry poverty that strangles hope and honor. Have you ever read the story in real life of Benedict Arnold? Little did he imagine, when he enthusiastically espoused the cause of liberty in America, that he would ever prove base enough to betray it in the day of peril. Neither could Washington have supposed him capable of such villainy when he joined the Continental army, in 1775; nor could the Massachusetts committee have suspected him after his chivalrous conduct at Ticonderoga; nor any of his fellow-patriots have dreamt of infamy in a man who had commanded

the fleet on Lake Champlain, and who had rejoiced with Gates on the capture of Burgoyne's army. Nevertheless, he chose, after all, the disgraceful career of a traitor, planning to surrender West Point to the British; and failing in this, he carried fire and sword into his native State of Connecticut. What is the secret of his fall? Was he simply a mean, contemptible creature who loved to assume the *rôle* of Judas? Far from it. He seems to have been generous, brave, and sympathetic; but he lived beyond his means. That was all; but that was everything. He was recklessly extravagant, and debts multiplied. How to meet these obligations perplexed him and led to the adoption of artifices unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. He was reprimanded for the loose, not to say dishonest, methods he had adopted in administering public property. This disgrace, coupled with a desire to obtain the means for the indulgence of his wasteful habits, led to negotiations for the surrender of West Point. He had tolerated the fly on the goblet, and the wretched sequel was only a matter of time. The giant he had encouraged coerced him along the way of evil, and then, with the finger-print of infamy on his character, cast him, morally and socially dead, among the British, where, in London, he died—a broken and dishonored man. My young friend, if you would escape some such fate as this, be careful not to live beyond your means by spending more than you earn. Be sure to lay up a portion of your wages, put them in a savings bank that really saves, or in building loan associations that do not appropriate investments as

their own, or in some other way set aside as much as possible to form a nucleus of permanent capital. Do not kill the goose that lays the golden egg; but this you will do if you keep consuming and devouring until all power of production in you is paralyzed.

When nations or individuals live beyond their means, they must, if they continue to live at all, provide in some way for the difference between expenditure and income. This is done by borrowing; and this expedient suggests an economical maxim which is the complement of the one already considered, namely, Never owe more than you can pay. All borrowing is not to be condemned, but the moral and pecuniary limitations that prevent it from becoming a curse and a snare ought to be studied and respected. One country may be compelled to become the debtor of another, and if its prospective resources are adequate to the full redemption of its obligations, the course pursued is generally viewed as not prejudicial to sound statesmanship. Thus Professor Rogers says, in extenuation of the national debt of England, that, though it increased during a specific time, the wealth of the nation increased more rapidly. As long as the latter keeps in advance of the former, bankruptcy will be averted. Where this is not the case, then the debtor comes to be slave to the creditor, and absolute insolvency is imminent. If a commonwealth has to repudiate its promises to pay, it loses credit, and, like the old-time defaulting States of America, and even of Turkey, and nearly of Egypt, can obtain no loans, nor what is technically termed a

quotation on the stock exchange.[1] The real advantage of owing no man any money is being illustrated by recent changes in the habits of the working classes. Lately, the bank account of the toiling millions has been growing in dimensions. They have many thousands invested in England in mortgages negotiated by savings banks, and should these mortgages be foreclosed it would be seen that the people had almost bought back the soil. Did you ever stop to think that the savings banks may come to be a greater and more effectual revolutionary force than all the dynamite manufactories in the world? The hard cash of the masses out at interest will prove the real smokeless and soundless powder by which existing social wrongs shall be shattered and blown to indistinguishable ruin. The consciousness of these deposits imparts a sense of independence; for they furnish the sinews of bloodless war, and as they multiply—that is, as the wealth of the world comes to be more equally distributed, there will be a more equal distribution of the good things of life. I consequently encourage the people everywhere to keep out of debt, to contract no liabilities, and to shrink from exorbitant interest as they would from the touch of an octopus.

And what I say to the masses, I repeat with emphasis to the individual: Do not endorse the paper of others one dollar beyond what you can pay. Frequently have we had to listen to the sad stories of those who have lost everything by being sure-

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[1] "Economical Inter. Hist.," p. 340.

ties. They accommodated friends with the use of their names, and, in time, they found themselves liable for a sum exceeding their available resources, and they too had to go down in the general crash. Solomon of old asked these kind-hearted but unwise financiers, "If thou hast nothing to pay, why should he take away thy bed from under thee?" In other words, a man has no right, economically speaking, to bankrupt himself; for while, by so doing, he may preserve what belongs to a fellow-citizen, he deprives his own heirs of their rights in his estate, and may have to receive of the substance of his relatives on which he has no claim for his own support. It is all very well to be generous with what is one's own; but there is hardly a man whose property is so absolutely his that he can equitably risk it all on the good faith of some one else. The rule that should govern, where accommodation is sought, is this: Never become responsible for claims exceeding what you can afford to lose without seriously impairing the rights of others in your possessions. Recognize the fact that, when your name is on the paper, the debt is practically yours—that you assume and assure it; and if, when you sign, you are not able to meet it, the transaction on your part is dishonest and may have a disgraceful outcome.

I entreat my young friends, likewise, to avoid purchasing on credit, which is only a form of borrowing, though it is not often so considered. Really, it is a too extravagant method of getting on. I concede that in some instances it may be necessary, and it may be justifiable as the condi-

tions may be altogether reasonable; but what I especially deplore and what I protest against, is the somewhat prevalent habit of making a finer appearance than there is actual money to pay for. My dear boy, you have a very stylish suit of clothes on, and I suppose it is gratifying to your self-esteem that you can wear it in public. Now, in confidence, tell me, have you settled for the garments in cold cash, or—excuse me —do you sport what really does not belong to you? That venerable and somewhat irascible gentleman who I perceive is a tailor, answers for you by assuring me that he has not received a penny of your money, that he has tried to collect it but has failed, and means to pursue you unrelentingly to the grave. Ah! here is another version of the text, "The borrower is servant to the lender." Surely, your broadcloth must feel somewhat like the poisoned shirt of Nessus, and you must be put to many contemptible tricks to escape from your tormentor. Would you not really be happier in humbler attire? As it is, you are living beyond your means, expecting to enjoy greater consideration from others because of your display, whereas you are rapidly forfeiting the respect of all; and if you do not correct your conduct, no one will trust you, and no one employ you, and you will be deprived even of the means to live.

The motive that misleads the youth in question, I apprehend, influences not a few young people to start housekeeping on a scale out of all proportion to their income. Some one has said, or I have thought it myself, that our children desire to begin

where their parents leave off. Hence, if they can procure the elegancies in no other way, they buy them on the credit system, pay usurious interest, and submit to a cutthroat chattel mortgage. You enter an attractive home and you are pleased by the tasteful furniture, the china, and the piano. Naturally, you congratulate the youthful couple on their prosperity, and perhaps sigh a sigh of envy. But listen; all this is in reality a loan for which the improvident husband is paying a rate of interest that would bankrupt the Rothschilds and create a panic on every exchange in the world; for it is still true that the poor pay for the accommodations they receive far higher prices than are demanded from the affluent. What is the not uncommon outcome of these one-sided transactions? Why, not infrequently the debtor falls behind in his payments. He is annoyed by duns, borrows a trifle from a friend to stave off the evil day, struggles along for a while longer, and at last abandons hope and sees sewing machine, piano, and the rest go back to the shop whence they came, and himself minus all that he has paid either of interest or principal.

In a few instances, this wrong beginning of domestic life has led to crime. A young man I visited in Suffolk County jail (1893) informed me that the beginning of his downward career started with his purchase of household chattels on credit. "I desired a pleasant home for my bride, and I bought more than I could pay for. To meet my obligations, I *borrowed* from my employers without their knowing it. The truth was discovered, and I

am here." Very different this interview from one I had with a bright-eyed youthful wife in Chicago. She seemed very happy, and I remarked that her home looked very pretty; and she answered, "It *is* pretty; for it is paid for." Then she went on to tell me that before her marriage her intended requested her to select a parlor carpet and he would buy it on trust, and that she stoutly told him that she would do no such thing; that she would rather have no carpet than owe for it; and that the bare floors were good enough for her until she could afford to do better. I said "bravo!" to the courageous heart; and unless I greatly err, the stand the little woman took will make a man, and a successful business man, of her husband.

Do not buy on credit; and do not, I pray you, my youthful friends, contract the habit of borrowing out and out—pure and simple borrowing of money. This way of raising money is often as unnecessary as it is vicious; and the danger is that it will grow on one, like gambling and drinking, and become one's second nature. I have known men who, it seemed, could not be in one's presence ten minutes without soliciting a loan; and some of them too, professors of religion, who could hardly express their interest in young converts without asking for a slight pecuniary accommodation. I have had Bible-class teachers, among whose scholars I have hesitated to enroll new converts, especially when in affluent circumstances, knowing they would, at the earliest moment, "touch"—that is the euphemistic term, I believe—the novice for as much ready cash as possible. In one case the imposi-

tion was so palpable that the "plucked pigeon" sought refuge elsewhere and lost all concern for the welfare of the church. For years my office has been a kind of "loan office" where, on almost every-plea, money has been sought. The borrowers have exceeded the number of beggars. They have come to me in every conceivable strait—having been robbed; having need of help to tide them over until the situations they have secured become available; having unexpectedly found themselves away from home without resources; having just missed the bank hours; or having suddenly been called to bury a mother who has died at a distance, conveniently dying repeatedly; but whatever the plea, promising vehemently to repay almost immediately, with almost unfailing regularity they have never returned to redeem their promises. These impecunious creatures, I am sure, believe the Scripture to be especially obligatory on clergymen, which sayeth, "From him that borroweth turn not away"; and they must be confident that it is their special vocation to furnish the clergy with the necessary opportunity of compliance with its injunction.

It is very easy to drift into this slipshod mode of getting on in life. "Jem," says Tom, "let me have five dollars." Now Tom has no especial need for the loan, and a walk of a few minutes would bring him to the office where he could have procured the cash. A month passes, and he meets Jem and is gently reminded of his debt. He laughs, says "All right," and at the next street corner meets Sam and, after proper salutations, asks him

to lend him ten dollars. Not forgetful of his obligation, he hurries to Jem and pays five dollars. This is done with a glow of virtue and with an ill-defined sensation of having done a smart thing. By and by Sam has to be dealt with, and the same process is repeated, only the amount borrowed is increased. Ultimately, Tom, perhaps hardly realizing what he is doing, adopts this method in larger transactions; and while for a time he may steer clear of breakers, the business judgment day will arrive, when it will be seen that all along he has been trading on his own "cheek" and the credulity of the public, and that of other assets he has none. And what is especially mortifying in the whole affair is that one-half of the ingenuity given to the borrowing of money, and one-tenth of the dexterity shown in escaping from duns, and one per cent. of the prevarication and falsehood employed, would have made our foolish youth a conspicuous success in legitimate mercantile pursuits.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, one of the most brilliant of men, affords a painful though instructive illustration of the demoralizing effects on character and reputation of this shiftless habit. A large portion of his extraordinary life was spent in evading creditors; and even on his deathbed he would have been carried to a sponging house had not the physicians prevented the outrage. He seems to have come by this weakness in the line of descent from his paternal grandfather. That worthy was a clergyman whose wit seems to have cost him his preferment; for, being called to preach a sermon appropriate to the birthday of George I., before his

majesty himself, he chose for his text, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." As a result, he was dismissed from his chaplaincy; and doubtless the passage of Holy Writ was, by this circumstance, so impressed on his mind that it reappeared in his grandson as a principle of conduct. At least we are warranted in inferring this much from an incident repeatedly told of him. He was called on by an indignant creditor who demanded the settlement of a long-standing claim, both interest and principal; and to him Richard made answer: "My dear sir, you know it is not my interest to pay the principal; and it is not my principle to pay the interest." And it is really more by such stories as those that Richard Brinsley Sheridan is known to this generation and will be known to posterity, than by his incomparable comedies, "The Rivals" and the "School for Scandal," or his singularly noble and masterly arraignment of Warren Hastings in the House of Commons. The best parts of him, even the splendor of his genius and the wonderful fascination of his speech are lost sight of now, or have to be searched for beneath a lot of rubbish composed of anecdotes of his dilatoriness, his inebriation, and his skillful evasions of monetary obligations.

A sad monument, truly, to a man of exceptional endowments and of exceptional opportunities. And yet, in spite of such examples, multitudes without the ability of Sheridan are living in his poor fashion from hand to mouth. Though working people, as I have stated, have of late become more provident, nevertheless, according to Dr. Blackie, there were

in Glasgow thirty thousand cases during a single year where wages were levied upon for debt. Can you not imagine how much of sorrow and shame, of falsehood and trickery, these startling figures involve? Are these numbers paralleled elsewhere? I believe that at least they are indicative of the extent of the evil against which I raise my voice, and are also suggestive of the taunts and scoffs and insults to be submitted to by this immense debtor class, and of the fawning, cringing, lying, that must continually degrade the helpless creatures who are in the grip of the lender. Yea, young man, if you are willing to be humiliated by gross imputations; if you are ready to become a hypocrite and a deceiver; if you have made up your mind to lose your self-respect, to be despised by the community, and to blush to look your fellow-citizens in the face—enter on the career of a conscienceless borrower and you will speedily have all the infamy you covet.

These economical principles receive striking confirmation in the domains of letters and religion where, likewise, they have a significance all their own. Life is a unit, and never is it made more apparent than in the application of rules governing its material prosperity to the advancement of its mental and moral interests. It will be evident to all who think, that, in the spiritual as well as in the temporal, we are not justified in undertaking to disburse more than we possess. Reserve of resource and of strength is indispensable; and yet multitudes are continually attempting more in the sphere of literature and reform than they are ca-

pable of performing. They have attempted poetry beyond all that they had of the poetic gift; and painting, though destitute of a genius for art; and ambitious discussions of the philosophy of the universe, when their scientific and spiritual knowledge was transparently shallow and inadequate. They have essayed an intellectual business on too vast a scale for their limited capital. Heine said of Richter that he was more prolific in thought than any of his contemporaries, and yet that he was so driven before the public by uncontrollable circumstances, that very much of it appeared in a crude and unfinished state; that is, he paid out more than he had of the precious metal, more than he had been able to store in the strong vaults of his soul, and the issue had to be one of paper, and far below the face value at that. With Schiller it was otherwise. He never seems to have overdrawn his mental bank account. By the generosity of a prince he was able to spend sufficient time in retirement for his works to be thoroughly matured and exquisitely finished before they were published. The Shakespeares and Goethes are a class by themselves; but whether they prepare slowly or hastily, we always feel that they have not overdrawn themselves, and that, with all they have coined in gold pieces, the bullion in the treasury of their exhaustless genius is as abundant as ever. Still these exceptional cases ought not to foster presumption in us. By industrious application let our wealth accumulate; and let us not be in a hurry to pay out at once all our earnings and more too. We had better store up and sedulously retain part, and then

what we save will serve as capital for future ventures.

And we may take to heart this counsel, likewise, in all of our plans to accomplish good. At times, stripling boys and thoughtless girls who have recently made profession of religion, equipped with a soft-back Bible and unmeasured assurance, will reprove, rebuke, and assail those who have been long in the service for their deficiencies, sweetly assuming that they themselves are more than halfway to perfection. Such precocious exhortations rarely benefit any one; for it is seen that they are not born of personal experience, that they have no real value in them, but are like new ten-dollar bills that have been put prematurely in circulation by a bank whose capital has never been paid up. Then there are novices who are going at once to reclaim the vicious, the fallen, the criminal; to make a garden out of the slums and angels out of their denizens. Unquestionably, much can be done in this direction by skilled labor, but hardly anything except mischief by amateurs. These latter have purses altogether too slender in thought and slim in virtue; and unless they are careful, they will come out of the enterprise bankrupt in reputation. They have no business in the resorts of wickedness, where the temptations may prove too much for their strength. An illustration in point: A New York journal, some two or three years ago, published this sad account of a Salvation lassie who had been sent out by the inconsiderate authorities to confront iniquity on that threshold of hell known as the saloon. Her name was Mary Preble, and

every night she would push open the baize door of the drinking place, and ask, "Buy a 'War Cry'?" The men were charmed by her sweet face, partly hidden by her poke bonnet, and by the modesty of her demeanor. They all purchased her wares, though these loafers and bummers and tipplers never read what she sold; and the devils in pandemonium laughed at the simplicity of those who exposed the innocency of such a girl for the sake of influencing such worthless characters. For why send fair maidens into the slums, where only matured matrons or stalwart men should go, unless it is sagely calculated that sex will count for much? And how much real good will be accomplished where sex is largely relied on to charm the erring? This is a grave question, which ought to be met; and it ought not to be ignored by those who have the interests of humanity at heart.

But to return to my story: In the bar-room was a man who had a daughter of his own. He pictured to himself how shocked he would be were he to find her in such a place. The painful situation of this defenseless soldier of salvation oppressed him. He was a man of the world; he knew the dangers growing out of evil environment; and he was moved to indignation that foolish majors and commanders should send so young a warrior on so forlorn a hope. What followed may best be told in the language of the reporter:

"'Excuse me, miss, but how many papers have you?'

"'Fifteen, sir,' said Mary, with an inquiring glance. 'Will you buy one?'

"'I'll take all of them,' said he, dropping a dollar into her palm. Then, placing his hand upon her shoulder, he urged her gently toward the door, saying as he did so:

"'Little girl, go home. Go home; this is no place for you. Take my advice and never go into a saloon again!'

"This was said in such a tone of earnestness that the girl was startled. She tried to resist, to explain. But he would not listen. 'Never play with fire, my girl; it is sure to scorch, especially such a fair skin as yours.'

"He saw her out on the sidewalk, and then returning to the bar-room, shoved the "War Crys'" into the ash barrel. There was a cynical smile on the face of one of his friends. He started to voice an idea which would have been a reflection upon the chastity of the woman and the motives of her would-be friend, but a look of such ardent reproof, such withering contempt, met his that he stammered and turned away.

"Meanwhile Mary rode up to the barracks in Fourth Avenue, opposite Cooper Union, somewhat nettled at her unceremonious dismissal. 'I guess I can take care of myself,' she said, tossing her bonny head with the egotism of youth. The next day Mary started out again with a bundle of papers. She naturally went to the bar-rooms, because she always sold her papers readily there. Men who frequent liquor saloons are usually generous. Gradually she became accustomed to the atmosphere of these places. There was a time when the tobacco smoke choked her and the scent of

liquor was nauseating, but by constant association these odors became very pleasant.

"One night about four months ago Mary went into a gilded liquor palace in Broadway. She did not blush now. With quick, appreciative glance she took in the sherry bottles, the suggestive pictures, the handsome bartender in his immaculate apron, and aromatic odors arose like fragrant incense to her nostrils. A man who had forgotten his prayers, the holy memories of his pure boyhood, and his manliness in a vicious life, said to her:

"'Miss, wouldn't you like to try a cocktail?'

"'Oh, no, sir; I'm obliged to you. But it's wicked to drink cocktails."

"'Nonsense,' was the reply. 'It's wicked to eat too much. One little cocktail won't hurt you.'

"Inclination and cajolery did its deadly work, as it has always done. And the cocktail tasted good to Mary. Its taste lingered in grateful sweetness upon her palate. But she wouldn't take another. Oh, no! she had had enough. And with a flush upon her cheek she fled into the street. That was the beginning. The cocktail is a very insidious mixture. When once it has rippled in a ruby cascade down a throat—especially the sensitive throat of a woman—something is sure to happen. The case of Mary was no exception to the general rule. An ambulance was called to a building 11 Varick Street on Friday night. The surgeon found Mary there in an intoxicated condition. She was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where she is now recuperating in the alcoholic ward. Mary does

not sell the 'War Cry' any more. Neither is she so beautiful as she was when she drank the first cocktail." And I am thinking it will not be altogether a pleasant nor an easy task for those who sent this poor lamb into the wilderness among wolves, to account for their guilty folly before the bar of the Great Judge.

I am the last person in the world to discourage the young from Christian activity; but I would guard them from supposing that divine messages are to flow through them to others, none finding a final resting-place in their own hearts. When they have acquired a heavenly thought regarding the resistance of evil, I would have them not give away the capital, but only the accrued interest, to others. The word "to pray in secret," when its preciousness is grasped, ought to be taken to the closet; for its worth to the world will not be in repeating over and over again that it is an excellent precept, but in what it brings to the character. Alas! too many Christians are living beyond their means. They attend church and listen, but they do not heed; they do not garner up; they do not save; and they rarely try to turn what they do accumulate to any practical account. So, likewise, thousands read and never learn, pore over books and never remember; and consequently are no richer for the time they give and the thought they bestow. They are moral spendthrifts; and the sad feature of their conduct is that they are sacrificing their opportunities for honorable usefulness and are coming into helpless bondage—bondage to their own superficial methods and bondage to the

good opinions of others which they are seeking to conserve by this show of power—the power of doing more than others on a smaller investment, or the power of thriving religiously on what is received weekly, without ever taking the trouble to use it, even in part, for the advantage of others.

The economics of private life, as developed in this Message, are suggestive of an additional spiritual interpretation. In the moral world it is perhaps impossible that we should escape indebtedness; but it is possible that we should in some measure repay what we have received. This generation is a bank in which has been deposited the treasures of all former time, and these treasures ought to be transmitted with interest to the coming ages. The wealth of Holy Scriptures, the affluence of Shakespeare's thought, and the riches of philosophy, poetry, science, discovery, invention, have been stored in the strong vaults of the present; and as we living beings have the benefit of them and the joy of them, we, in a sense that does not strain the figure, owe for them and ought to be diligently minded to make payment for them. A cynical friend frequently resisted appeals for money when made on behalf of philanthropies to advantage posterity, with the sharp retort that posterity had never done anything for him; but he forgot that his ancestry had. The rule is, that we render to the future what we have received from the past; and where care is not taken to do so, the neglect is morally comparable to the conduct of a man who should borrow a large sum, and who should then die without returning it, and without having

made provision for its restoration. Out of our inherited possessions, therefore, we ought to coin an increasing currency of knowledge, ideas, arts, improvements, and general blessings for those who come after us. Are you doing this? Or are you indifferent to the claims of the generation that is tramping hard on your heels, and willing even, so to speak, that your paper should go to protest? If you are, then are you indeed blameworthy. Pay what you owe, and pay it promptly and gladly. Let there be prudent and wise investments of the immense moral and mental capital you have had entrusted to your care, so that the civilization you are helping to fashion may go down to your children, enriched with a purity, intelligence, and grace unknown to ancient times.

But in aiming to meet this requirement and obligation, let me entreat you not to receive too much on trust. If it is reprehensible in business to allow vast properties, tax-paying and interest-bearing, to burden us, when we have really no more than a nominal right in them, how little wisdom must there be in accepting creeds, theologies, and shibboleths which we have not made our own by investigation, but have greedily appropriated merely on credit. Is there not a very close alliance between this same credit and what is denoted by the term credulity? Remember you cannot hold any dogma or religious or philosophical opinion without paying for the "accommodation"—if a commercial term may be permitted in this connection. You will be called on continually to give your influence to its support and in more ways than one to subscribe for its

propagation; yea, the entire significance of your career will be counted on the side of your professed beliefs. This is as it should be; you cannot complain. If you will insist on alleging a title to immense estates for which you have no actual deed, you must not grumble if you have to settle with the assessors.

Dropping all figures of speech, permit me to exhort you, my young friends, to be reasonably sure that you have gained the truth before you avow yourself the disciple of any teacher. You cannot afford to be committed irrevocably to a lie, or even all your days to fear that what you have subscribed to may turn out a lie at last. Be thoughtful, judicious, reserved. You owe this much to your own honor, and you owe it to the generation that shall soon fill the scene with its cries and contentions, and that will necessarily be largely determined in its beliefs by your imprimatur. How dare you be inconsiderate of the welfare of your descendants? How dare you burden their consciences with a heritage of crude, unintelligible theories, or compel them to repudiate the wisdom, and possibly even to criticise the honesty of their ancestors? Burn, destroy whatever you know to be false; at least have no complicity with it; and do not, for God's sake, suppose that you will add to the affluence of coming ages by transmitting to them effete and exploded views on any subject connected with this veracious universe. You might as well expect to increase their fortunes by committing to them millions of paper currency issued by a Continental Congress, a French Directory, or

by the Confederate States, which, though it once served as a practical medium of exchange, has now no conceivable value, except as a memorial of tempestuous days, as the governments whose mandates or fiats created it a legal tender no longer exist to make good their promises.

In conclusion, I commend to you who may pause to consider my words a wise and honest thrift in intellectual and spiritual concerns, as well as in those which are purely financial. We cannot attain to all knowledge, nor possess all gifts, any more than we can individually acquire the ownership of the world's wealth. Let us be satisfied with that which can be won by thorough-going diligence, and let us be sure that what we gain, however small it may appear in comparison with the fortunes of others, is in reality our own. Remember, it is not the extent of our property that insures content, but the genuineness of our title-deeds. An unmortgaged acre is better than a nominal equity in a farm which, any day, may be swept away before the breath of the auctioneer. A little that is unquestionably and inalienably our own will impart greater comfort to the mind than the much more we may be hopelessly striving for, or to which we may never have anything but the most shadowy and precarious of claims. If once we can only emancipate ourselves from the craving to seem to be what we are not, and to seem to have what we possess not, we shall have made substantial progress toward personal happiness. And if we can only conclude cheerfully to dispense with that which we do not own and to abstain from pretending to bestow what

we never had to confer, we shall be on the high road to an individual millennium. At the foundation of all our misery is the widespread readiness to substitute sham for solidity and the show of things for the things themselves. So deadly is this infatuation that we are continually deceiving ourselves. Even in religion and reform we abandon ourselves to the delights of illusion. On one side, a church publishes a glowing account of her numbers, her activities, and her glorious benefactions, which, when explored, often turn out to be woeful though unintended exaggerations; on the other, a missionary body announces the triumph of Christianity, and points to two million heathen converts, but fails to notice that there has also been an enormous increase of heathen, the population having grown to one hundred and ninety millions more benighted creatures during the time the two millions were being saved than existed upon the earth in 1800, when the gospel began to do effective work. Enthusiastically we are assured that there are six thousand clergymen in London, and thousands of lay workers, but the sad statement is not often made that seven-eighths of its population never enter a house of worship—a condition of things paralleled elsewhere. Moreover, we are informed by temperance advocates that the cause they represent is on the eve of sweeping everything before it; and yet we are expending annually in America on intoxicating drinks of various kinds one billion two hundred million dollars, to which may be added as an expense account resulting from crime, pauperism, and loss of productive capital, a

sum sufficient to bring the total up to two billions of dollars—nearly three hundred million dollars more money than the entire circulating medium—gold, silver, or paper—in this land of freedom. Ought we not to look facts in the face? Ought we not to abandon forever the habit of palming off on ourselves and others, as truth, the fictions we desire to have true? Failure to do so involves individuals and communities in all the evils sketched in this Message, and retards indefinitely social and personal advancement. Better far the spirit inculcated by a quaint old poet, who commends contentment and the hearty enjoyment of earthly possessions, untainted by the diseased desire for more than can reasonably be used, or more than will cheerfully be bestowed:

> Some have too much, yet still do crave;
> I little have and seek no more;
> They are but poor though much they have,
> And I am rich with little store;
> They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
> They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.[1]

[1] Quoted by Rev. R. F. Horton, M. A., in "Expositor's Bible," Vol. Proverbs, p. 356.

VIII

ACHIEVING WORLDLY SUCCESS

Honest fame is to me a joy;
I wish to be a man
Whose heart the poison of passion
Is powerless to corrupt;
Whom neither gain can blind,
Nor rank, nor hate, nor the glitter of wealth;
Whose only teacher is truth;
Who, loving himself, loves all the world,
With a wise, enlightened love
That is not slothful in good works.

IN exploring some of the attractive by-paths of Russian literature, my eyes were arrested by the lines just quoted from the pen of Derzhavén; and, though the connection may not be very clear to the reader, I was straightway impelled to meditate on worldly success. Perhaps the relation between the verse and the homily may be made manifest as I proceed, but if not, it must remain, with other singular associations of ideas, unaccounted for and unexplained.

Boys are fond of carving their names on trees, benches, and even on elegant articles of furniture; and multitudes of older people imitate their examples and cut and hew some recollections of themselves in the stone or wood of famous buildings. Ascend the narrow stairway leading to the roof of the great Milan Cathedral, and the eye

cannot fail to rest on inscriptions recording the momentous fact that Jones visited this spot on a certain date, that Smith followed him at another date, and that Jack Robinson also had immortalized himself at a still later day by climbing the innumerable steps. Other edifices reveal the same singular craving for recognition. On the walls of Heidelberg Castle, on the glass in windows of historic palaces, and even on the porches of ancient tombs, unknown men and women have left traces of themselves. Who shall account for this idiosyncrasy? At first we instinctively ascribe it to vanity. Probably this weakness is in some measure responsible. It has often been observed that individuals who have never done anything memorable themselves seem to imagine that in some mysterious way they share the glory of the deed if they can stand on the spot where it was performed or shake hands with some one who saw it wrought.

Being entertained by some venerable dames on the seacoast of Massachusetts, I was impressed by their desire for distinction and by the grounds on which it rested. One of them assured me that her husband blew the whistle of the steamer "Monohansett" when the news arrived of Richmond's surrender to Grant, and did so in a manner to suggest that that whistle-blowing was in some vital sense as necessary to the triumphant close of the Civil War as the successes of the Union army. But the other old lady, with a look of self-satisfaction, declared that her spouse, though he had not blown that victorious whistle, enjoyed the enviable honor of *having heard it.* And here were these octo-

genarian women boasting, in turn, not of what they had done, but of what their husbands had performed and heard, and which were but as the faintest echoes of glorious events wherewith they were not in the remotest degree connected.

Shall we deride this folly? Shall we scoff at this silly vanity? Far from it; for while in one sense it is pitiable, in another it is pathetic and suggestive. It reveals not only the stupendous egotism of the average man, but discloses his inordinate ambition to leave upon the world some mark of his having dwelt within its borders. He feels that he is here to stamp himself on something, and cannot be satisfied unless he is able to affix his signature on an enduring monument. Hence, if he can do nothing else, and before he is qualified to do anything else, he carves his name on schoolhouse door, on beech or birch tree, or traces it in various places where heroes have fought or martyrs suffered. But there are many young people who are fitted and gifted to gratify this desire in a more practical and creditable way. They can, if they will, imprint their names upon the age and leave behind them "footprints on the sands of time." And I am convinced that the very longing I have briefly touched on is the spring of the persistent efforts put forth by thousands to achieve worldly success. They would hew themselves into civilization rather than into ancient churches, and they would make themselves felt in contemporaneous history rather than leave a poor record of themselves in some album, or on some perishable shrine reared to commemorate another's greatness.

That a youth should seriously determine to get on and get up is in every way commendable. I am afraid, however, that not a few ardent souls have only imagined that they have so purposed. They desire, but they do not will. When they declare that they mean to press on until they find a fortune, they either mean nothing, or, at most, that they are perfectly willing to be found of fortune. They lack energy and perseverance to hunt success, but are resigned to their fate if success will only hunt them. We cannot liken them to the rushing stream that whirls the mighty mill-wheel, but to the empty reservoir prepared to welcome and treasure up any amount of incoming waters. They are sponges ready to absorb indefinitely; but they do not seem to appreciate the qualities of a stone which grinds obstructions into powder. Dreamily they await the favoring breezes, but have not the least idea of getting up steam on their own account. Their intentions are excellent and their resolves are admirable, but not much can be said of their staying qualities. Infirm of purpose, vacillating, shifting, and fickle, they stumble on, notwithstanding various personal graces, toward inevitable failure. But there are others, and a goodly company at that, who are not the slaves of idle and inoperative wishes. Not only have they a settled object, but they drive toward it with resolute, all-conquering energy. Thomas Carlyle reminds his readers that Grimm, the German antiquary, interprets the name Odin, of the Norse divinities, to mean "movement," whereon he founds, in various essays, his constant

admonition that men should be "movers"—men who bring something to pass. The spirit of these exhortatious has been felt by youngsters entering upon life who have vowed that they will achieve, and who, by their energetic action, are echoing anew the sentiment of Cato:

> 'Tis not in mortals to command success;
> But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.

If any class is entitled to a helping hand it is this class. They surely deserve that the wisdom of the ages, as exemplified in the men who have conducted life without disaster, should be condensed and presented for their benefit; and that especially the conditions of earthly prosperity and victory, as illustrated in the nineteenth century, should be brought to their attention. Hence, this Message on Achieving Worldly Success.

My young friends, if you have made up your minds to succeed, begin to do so at once, for you have no time to lose. It has been reported to the credit of a great sailor that, when he was asked by the government at what time he could take command of the fleet, replied, "Now—at once." Likewise, if a youth is anxious to know when he ought to commence his career, my answer is, Immediately—without delay. There are persons who think otherwise. They encourage the idea that earlier years should be given to ease and to entire oblivion concerning the stern realities of existence. Even school and college they would have conducted as a pleasure field, and would put off as long as possible the decisive day when the student addresses

himself to the serious side of his vocation. In harmony with this misguided policy the sentimental Schiller mournfully sings:

> Oh ! tell me,
> What is the need and purpose of the toil,
> The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
> Left me a heart unsoul'd and solitary,
> A spirit uninformed, unornamented ?

If the poet merely deplores the perversion of a young life, crushing it beneath the burdens of hard poverty, I sympathize with his lamentation; but if he bewails, according to the custom of genius, that responsibilities had to be met, duties rendered, and discipline recognized in the formative period of existence, then I dissent from him absolutely. Of course, I do not insist that boys should set out at once to be bankers, preachers, lawyers. My contention is that they should begin as soon as possible to prepare for their calling, and to be as earnest in preparing as they must be in prosecuting their calling when they have formally entered on its duties. The one should be as much a business matter as the other; they should, indeed, be considered but as parts of the same business, and be taken up with the same spirit of ardor. Civilization is to-day so complex and refined, the mechanical arts so comprehensive and intricate, the learned professions so exceedingly learned, that recognized leadership in any department calls for the most untiring and intelligent devotion. Delays in beginning almost necessarily mean failure. So much has to be mastered before the most modest of posi-

tions can be attained that the sooner a commencement is made the better. Young man, the nineteenth century writes on the commission of modern life the word "urgency." If you succeed in commerce, your success must compare with that of Vanderbilt or Rockefeller; if you win the prize in poetry, your verses must stand the test of Tennyson's and Browning's triumphs; if you gain renown as a scholar, you must not lag behind Max Müller and Driver; and if you would secure a notable place as a scientist, statesman, orator, or inventor, you must at least make some show of equaling Darwin, Gladstone, Sumner, and Edison. A task, this, of Herculean proportions, and one that cannot, with safety, be delayed. "The king's business requires haste" is the statement recorded in Holy Writ; and to be king in any calling at this period of human progress demands haste also. The number of our years is not sufficiently great for the earlier ones to be frittered away, and the difficulties of ascent are too enormous for the beginning of the climb to be postponed.

Dean Stanley, when speaking of the English general, Sir James Outram, described on his memorial tablet in Westminster as the "Bayard of India," recalled the fact that the knightly Bayard was only thirteen years of age when he entered on his first service. And in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, there is a monument in honor of Capt. George Westcott, who was killed in the battle of the Nile, and who joined his first ship as a cabin boy, rising from that humble station to the quarter-deck. Chevalier and commander certainly lost no time in

getting down to work, and therefore were in a position to improve every opportunity that promised to advance their fortunes. And, it should be remembered, favoring opportunities do not occur so frequently that any one can afford not to push ahead and welcome them as they approach. The Persians relate a fable of a nightingale and an ant. Each found a home close to the other—the bird in a fragrant bush and the ant at its root. While the latter was industriously engaged, the former occupied itself with its own sweet voice and in whispering melodious secrets to the rose. The ant could not but admire the coquettish airs of the flower and the gay blandishments of the king of song; and yet dubiously it reflected: "Time alone can disclose what may be the end of this frivolity and talk." Well, as was surmised, this thing could not last forever. The winter came, and with it desolation. There was no food above ground, and only thorns on the once fragrant bush. Wing-weary and cold, the nightingale returned to the scene of his revels and, famished, appealed to his neighbor, the ant, for relief; but to his entreaty that shrewd economist replied: "Thou wast day and night occupied in idle talk and I in attending to the needful; one moment thou wast taken up with the fresh blandishments of the rose, and the next busy in admiring the blossoming spring. Wast thou not aware that every summer has its fall and every road an end?"

And another fable to the same effect tells how a grasshopper came to the ant for part of her winter store: "Tell me," she said, "what you did in the

summer." "I sang," replied the grasshopper. "Indeed," rejoined the ant, "then you may dance and keep yourself warm during the winter." [1] The old story of neglected opportunities is thus brought home to our consciences and common sense. Often has it been said that "delays are dangerous," and there is none more presumptuously perilous than that of youth postponing serious effort until manhood. The poet has beautifully sung:

> I would wear out like that morn
> Which wasted not a sunbeam.

And so the morn of life should be carefully improved, that it may grow into resplendent noon.

I do not say that great things are impossible to aged people. We have instances to the contrary recorded in these pages; but I claim that the rule still holds good that the earlier we begin, the greater will be the probabilities of large and permanent success. The young gentleman of whom I read the other day as donning spectacles because he had worn his eyes out looking for a nice, easy job, is not likely to startle the world by the magnitude of his operations or the abundance of his wealth. There must be a disposition to take hold at once on whatever presents, even though it may be disagreeable, and though it may be far from remunerative. Remember that Alexander and Napoleon were both considerably below the snow-line of age when they were acknowledged the military chiefs of their times; and, to quote from a recent

[1] See "Flowers from a Persian Garden."

article on the triumphs of youth: "Newton made his greatest discovery in the realm of natural forces before he was twenty-five. Bacon had conceived his dislike for the philosophy of Aristotle and had started out on his own philosophical lines of thought while not yet twenty. Watt had the principles of the steam-engine clearly in mind before he was thirty, after years of thinking in that direction. Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe, gave evidence of their poetic genius while yet young, and their greatest works bore evidence of the inspirations of their youth and early manhood. Raphael died at thirty-seven, having long been the world's greatest painter. Mozart was not thirty-seven when he died, as great among the greatest musicians. Michael Angelo was only twenty-three when he executed his 'Pieta'—a work that indicated his completest knowledge of design and anatomy, and his fullest power of expression in sculpture. Luther proclaimed his position in conflict with the current theology of the Church of Rome when he was twenty-nine, and Calvin was only twenty-seven when he published his 'Institutes of the Christian Religion,' which is still looked to by so many wise and venerable men as an authoritative statement of doctrines that ought to be believed by all."

There are likewise very few of the great scientists or merchants who did not begin their illustrious careers before they had attained their majority. Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell University, as a boy was remarkable for his sagacity and intelligent devotion to work. He was the son of a

farmer, who also labored at the trade of a potter. While he was given to sports, he was never idle. Sometimes he devised new instruments for his father, and he and his brother actually planned and built a frame house for the family. There was no looking for an easy berth, and no disposition to commit to an uncertain future what was clamoring to be done at once. John Wanamaker, likewise, the merchant prince of Philadelphia, began active life by turning bricks for his father before school hours, earning two cents a day. Afterward he entered a bookstore, where he received the wage of one dollar and twenty-five cents a week, and each day walked eight miles between his home and his place of business. It is told of Edison, the "Wizard of Menlo Park," that he started for himself while yet a lad, selling papers and peanuts. But even then he did not waste his spare moments. Whenever he had or could make leisure, he gave himself to the reading of history and science; and it was this diligent preparation that enabled him to repair some deranged machinery in a telegraph office which no one else understood. His success in this instance determined his career and opened the way to fame and fortune. Sir Humphry Davy received an application from a boy for employment at the Royal Institution. "What can he do?" inquired one of the officers. "Let him wash bottles," replied Sir Humphry; "if there is any stuff in him, he will do it thoroughly." With this understanding Michael Faraday was engaged and, in due course of time, himself became one of the brilliant lecturers at the institution.

These examples are sufficient to show that every one at the earliest possible moment should commence his career. The longer the delay, the greater the difficulty of adaptation to any particular pursuit. We must all surely admit that the drudgery of a profession or of business is exceedingly onerous and unpleasant to one who has passed juvenility and who imagines that his latent merit, not his developed worth, entitles him, at the very outset, to a leading part in the world's play without subjecting him, even at first, to the duties of a supernumerary. There is in our day a deplorable ambition to occupy the highest places before the lower ones have been adequately occupied. Preliminary training by not a few immature minds is not deemed absolutely requisite to important stations. They take for granted that at any moment they would prove equal to the handling of a bank, or of a mammoth business, or of a political party, or of a nation; and that they are not called to such trusts they attribute to partial fate or the malignity of evil men. The result is society is thronged with incapables, who complain that they have been slighted, and who pose as the victims of a system, instead of recognizing the fact that they are the victims of abnormal self-conceit. These palpable failures fill the community with their discordant reproaches and threats, whereas, if they had only gone resolutely to work at the beginning their condition would be far more desirable, and at least they would have learned to recognize the sterling qualities of many whose increase in capital is far greater than their own.

If success is to be achieved, I must urge on young men the importance of adopting a definite and worthy aim; for too many pursuits, and those which are base, inevitably lead to failure. I am not here writing of the means employed, but of the end desired. There have been and there are many persons who have their eyes on the prizes to be won—the purses, stations, dignities—and not on the greater grandeur of the work which ought to be valued more highly than the rewards. He who fixes his thought supremely on remuneration will fall far short of deserving it, though by some trick it may come into his possession. To succeed in the brewery business, in gambling, or in forging coin or bank paper, however prosperity may attend such enterprises, is not success at all. But then, in addition, it ought to be remembered that there are some vocations in which the acquisition of worldly gains is not a primary or leading object, but far otherwise. A man may be a renowned scholar and yet his purse be slender. He may secure the applause of all ages and still continue as impoverished in estate as Richter, Goldsmith, or Rousseau. When Abelard decided on the student's life, he said that he knew he was choosing the life of poverty. He realized that money was not everything, and that it must be sacrificed in the interests of the nobler callings. We likewise, even in this sordid age, entertain similar sentiments. The success of poets, preachers, philosophers, and even of physicians and lawyers, is not measured at the close of this mercenary nineteenth century by their pecuniary earnings and their bank accounts. In-

deed, we are somewhat suspicious of their loyalty to their missions and of their eminence therein if they seem to have had an eye to what the worldly wise describe as "the main chance." Perhaps in no pursuit ought cash to be the real aim; but certainly where it is avowedly sought by men who profess better things, at least we have a right to be disappointed. In trade and commerce the money feature must always be exceedingly prominent, and it must be more than ordinarily difficult to escape from its thralldom; but when it rules and tyrannizes in the more spiritual domains, there is something humiliating in the spectacle.

Now from these reflections we may infer that financial increment is not indispensable to success; that in some engagements such increment is rather a sign of failure, and that the highest callings are those in which such increment is not sought as the principal thing. Many eminent men have fully appreciated the soundness of these conclusions and have acted on them to their own happiness and to the advantage of society. From this class I select one instance, not only on account of its singular appositeness to the subject in hand, but because it confirms the principle I desire to inculcate—that the profession which has least to expect from this world in the way of affluence and social elevation is the one most worthy of adoption. During my early manhood I became acquainted with one of the foremost preachers of the South, Dr. Richard Fuller. He was a devout, lovable, eloquent servant of Christ, whose story is worth repeating. Born of an aristocratic family, a graduate of Har-

vard, he settled as a lawyer in Beaufort, S. C. His exceptional ability excited the warmest eulogies and the liveliest expectations. No distinction was beyond his reach, and friends predicted triumphs for him at the bar and in Congress. But suddenly every prospect was blighted. A humble minister of the gospel appeared in Beaufort—one of the wandering evangelists to whom our country owes so much and to whom so little honor is paid. The community became profoundly interested on the subject of religion. Richard Fuller, to the surprise of all, not only avowed himself a convert, but declared his purpose to enter on the work of the ministry. "Wherefore this waste?" cried the wealthy planters, the traders, and the gold worshipers; "why should such talents be perverted, why should they be alienated from the field of earthly ambition?" A protest arose against the fancied sacrifice and efforts were made to shake his decision. Friends remonstrated with him, but in vain. The Hon. William C. Preston, United States Senator, a representative statesman and brilliant speaker, came to Beaufort in the hope of influencing him to reconsider his action, and the following interesting account of the interview has been preserved:

"Calling at his office, Mr. Preston began to speak with great warmth. 'Fuller,' said he, 'what does this mean that I hear? Are you crazy? Have you become a fanatic? Giving up your prospects at the bar and in public life to become a preacher? It seems impossible. Let me persuade you to act rationally and give up this singular and, it seems to me, morbid purpose.'

"Mr. Fuller listened quietly, and then said: 'Preston, I was living a selfish life, eager only to win success and have a great name among men. Religion never entered my thoughts, and I was negligent of all duty to God. Suddenly my eyes opened. I discovered God's great love. I saw that Jesus Christ had left heaven and come to earth and died to win my love. This act has so impressed me that, as a man of honor, I can do nothing else but love him in return, and put my life at his service. It does not seem to me that this is irrational.'

"Mr. Preston was a man of tender feelings. The earnest words touched him. The conversation continued for some time, and in leaving Preston grasped his friend's hand and said with utterance half choked, 'Fuller, I think you are right. You are the rational man, and we are all irrational.'"

This impressive scene hardly calls for comment; but the final words of the senator are intensely significant and may be profitably pondered. Who are the rational? or, in other words, What is the highest aim in life? Is it the material or the spiritual? Does it consist in striving for the accumulation of wealth, or in something else, and in something very different? According to Mr. Preston, this man who turned his back on fortune and who was destined to die poor, was acting more wisely than himself and consequently would achieve success, if at all successful, immeasurable by stocks and bonds or by credit on the marts of trade.

A definite career should be chosen as early in

life as possible, and should be tenaciously followed. This, I admit, is not always feasible. Mr. Gladstone had decided preferences for the church in his youth, while Frederick Robertson was strongly impelled by his tastes toward the army. And yet the former became a religious statesman, and the latter a soldierly priest. Aptitudes are not always discoverable at the outset. They may reveal themselves slowly, and may only be drawn out by peculiar circumstances. But making due allowance for these contingencies, the principle yet holds that one vocation ought to be adopted at the beginning and be held to vigorously and unwaveringly. Hesitancy, vacillation, variableness, fickleness, are fatal to ascendency in any pursuit. He who tries to do many varieties of things, who attempts contradictory *rôles*, who undertakes one part and then another in life's busy drama, will in the long run discover that he has made a mistake. Never will he reach the highest rank in any of his endeavors. Respectable mediocrity may be attained in one thing or another, but nothing very remarkable, and very probably he will be a disastrous failure in everything he essays.

Some one has written about "the fatal gift of beauty"; but the gift of "smartness" is equally fatal. When a lad has an ear for music, a taste for drawing, with a facility for execution; and when he is, in addition, endowed with a good memory and considerable fluency of speech, he has so many aptitudes that he will be in danger of dabbling here and there, and of winding up as a *dilettante*, a faddist, or as something else equally flimsy and unsatisfactory. Better not be "smart," my young

friend, if you cannot curb yourself and apply yourself to the performance of a specific task. Be on your guard. Your very brightness may dazzle you and lead you to destruction. He who tries every road in a forest will scarcely ever find his way through the woods. He who continually varies his course most likely will be wrecked through his own indecision. I would much rather take the chances of that stolid, plodding, persevering youth than I would yours, my brilliant chameleon. He is not smart. He knows it; and therefore realizes that, if he succeeds at all, he must stick to one calling. Who is he that he should presume to try more than one? Possibly, by dint of hard work, he may present a passable appearance in his chosen profession; not much more, he thinks. And yet in thirty years he may be chief justice; and you, my clever fellow? Well, unless you turn over a new leaf, you will be a little of many things and not much of anything.

Another suggestion: Young men, you must not allow yourselves to be dismayed or deterred by early disadvantages. However serious they may be, you should not permit them to weigh too heavily on your mind and energies. Do not forget that difficulty is only another name for discipline, and that discipline ought always to mean development. President Garfield is reported to have said: "In nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a youth is for him to be tossed overboard and be compelled to sink or swim. In all my acquaintance I have never known a man to be drowned who was worth saving." It will be found

that as many persons have accomplished great things and built up enormous properties in the face of adverse circumstances as have achieved similar results under favorable conditions. The immortal hymn, "*Veni Sancte Spiritus*," which has comforted millions of believers and to have composed which was a work demanding the highest gifts of thought and expression, though attributed to King Robert II., Pope Innocent III., and to other notable personages, was written in the eleventh century by a poor cripple, Hermannus Contractus, of Reichenau. This unfortunate man only lived forty-one years. He was hump-backed, lame, was partially paralyzed from his birth, and was never entirely free from pain. And yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, he became a reliable historian, a fine musician, and was equally at home in philosophy, theology, mathematics, and astronomy.

Another lifelong cripple, Mary Webb, of Boston, overcame her natural disabilities. She moved about in a perambulator, started the first Sunday-school and the first mission society in her city, and was to multitudes an angel of goodness. Who could have supposed that the now famous Metzer, who has treated more royal personages than any other physician in Europe, had moved up to his present exalted rank from a butcher's stall? Nevertheless such is the fact. He was born in Holland, the son of parents who belonged to the lower classes, and was apprenticed to a dealer in meat. Being thoughtfully disposed, he applied himself to the study of the anatomy of the animals he cut up for customers. He especially investigated the structure, locality, and

functions of the muscular system; and when he had saved money enough to pursue his education, attended school, and since then has made a specialty of what at the first so powerfully charmed him. In his department he is probably without a peer; but he never could have attained his present eminence if he had been daunted by the obstacles in his way at the beginning, or had even paused to measure their extent. Neither could Faraday, to whom I have already referred, have excelled if he had not been contented in his wretched surroundings. But he knew that Sir Humphry Davy was of lowly origin, was self-taught and self-made, and had conquered for himself his place in the scientific world. What the renowned chemist had done the boy felt he could do, and he tried. While apprenticed to a bookbinder he devoted himself to reading, and declined to share his spare hours with his fellow-workmen, who indulged in smoking and card-playing. In these times of trial and perplexity he prepared himself, in no small degree, for the future by constructing an electrical machine which arrested the attention of a member of the Royal Society and became the means of his obtaining a position there as a washer of bottles. He had throughout to overcome impediments of the most appalling nature,—ignorance, poverty, social obscurity, and even physical infirmities,—but he succeeded.

It may be said that these are exceptional cases. Individuals are prone to assume that, as many blossoms perish and few are changed to fruit, in spite of energy and earnestness there are not many lives in which these high qualities can possibly be set

into the fruit of large prosperity. I cannot concede what this representation implies. The path may be barred by stupendous difficulties, but I have yet to be convinced that honest determination to press forward at any cost has failed of its reward. The story of Dodsley, weaver's apprentice and footman, who became a famous playwright and prosperous publisher; and that of Edward Bird, who, by his own energy, rose from being a tea-tray painter to a foremost place among modern artists; and that of Josiah Wedgwood, a lame, uneducated, and neglected potter boy, who increased not only in goods, but exalted his trade almost to the level of a fine art; and that of Thomas Brassey, who began life breaking stones by the roadside, but contrived to make a fortune and to be made a baron—all run in the same key and have the same moral, namely, that there is really nothing impossible to the indomitable worker.

I have not cited illustrious examples of this truth from among Americans; for the fact is it would be difficult to make a choice where, in nearly every case, the successful man has been compelled to rely on himself and has had enormous hindrances to contend against. Here and there our leaders may have enjoyed family advantages, but the large majority have had to blaze their own way through the tangled wilderness to the open plains beyond. The Lincolns, the Garfields, the Johnsons, the Vanderbilts, the Stewarts, the Rockefellers, the Armours, and hosts of others were of humble origin, and were to all intents and purposes friendless. So numerous have been our self-made men that there

is almost a prejudice against those who are made in any other way. An average American, I think, would have more doubts as to the success of a boy born and reared in the aristocratic circles of our cities than he would have of a lad reared on the prairies of Illinois or among the "White Hills" of New Hampshire. This sort of class bias may be carried altogether too far, and do manifest injustice to many noble souls who have had the misfortune to be born rich; but as an indication, it is worth something. It is a protest against weaklings and a logical and robust declaration that there are no mountains impassable to the fearless climber, and no height inaccessible to the heroic toiler. He who does not realize this will be alarmed at molehills, and, yielding to what appears unpropitious circumstances, will be defeated in advance of any genuine difficulty or trial.

My youthful friends, if you are to succeed, make up your minds that it shall be only through the use of legitimate and honorable methods. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton has left behind him, in a few words, a statement of the only course that ought to be followed in business. He says: "I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness. But a change took place and I became a youth of steady habits, of application, and of irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and I found those things impossible to my idleness possible to my industry; and much of my happiness and all of my prosperity is due to the change I made." "This is the way; walk ye in it." Herein we have a rebuke of those individuals who

imagine that they can achieve by accident and acquire by hazard.

A capital story is told of Sir Christopher North, that illustrates this singular confidence in the favorable outcome of the fortuitous and casual. He had spent nearly all day fishing in a Highland tarn. Toward evening a shepherd and his dog appeared on the scene and pensively watched him. "Ye'll not have taken any trout, sir?" respectfully inquired the shepherd. "No, I have had no sport at all, not a nibble," replied the lone fisherman. "I say No," continued the keeper of sheep, "for it is well known there never was any trout in that water from the beginning of creation." When one goes after fish, it is well, first of all, to ascertain whether there are any fish to go after; and when one is about to engage in any pursuit, it is well to consider its promise of remuneration in advance, and, what is of equal moment, our own fitness to follow it up to an advantageous conclusion.

An indispensable condition to true success is thoroughness. Details must not be neglected and veneering must not be tolerated.

> Drive deep the furrow in the sluggish soil,
> E'en to the rock force in the laboring share;
> Earth, that with starveling ears mocks niggard toil,
> To pain and strife will golden harvests bear.

And what is true of the field is equally true of the conduct of life. The class described by Gibbon, as "well remembering the salary to be received, but always forgetting the duty to be performed,"

is foreordained to disaster and defeat. Hon. Chauncey M. Depew relates the story of a visit he paid the mechanical department of Cornell University, which, with an editorial comment,[1] may be taken as an illustration of the better way the historian Gibbon had in mind when he penned his note of warning: "He found at the head of it Professor Morris, who claimed him as a superior officer, giving as a reason that he was an old-time worker on the New York Central Railroad. 'How did you get here?' asked Depew. 'I fired on the New York Central. I stood on the footboard as an engineer on the Central. While a locomotive engineer I made up my mind to get an education. I studied at night, and fitted myself for Union College, running all the time with my locomotive. I procured books, and attended as far as possible the lectures and recitations. I kept up with my class, and on the day of graduation I left my locomotive, washed up, put on the gown and cap, delivered my thesis, and received my diploma, put the gown and cap in the closet, put on my working shirt, got on my engine, and made my usual run that day.' 'Then,' says Depew, 'I knew how he became Professor Morris.' That spirit will cause a man to rise anywhere and in any calling. It is ambition, but it is ambition wisely directed, aiming not at the goal—for such an ambition produces envy, scheming, discontent, and weakness—but bravely and cheerily aiming at one's self, seeking to make one's self fitted for

[1] "Commonwealth," Phila.

higher work. When this is accomplished the opportunity for higher work is sure to come."

A boy was on one occasion employed to keep the gate of meadow land closed that the grass might not be injured by the troop of transgressing horses. As he stood guard, the Duke of Wellington, who had been hunting, rode up and requested a passage. "I cannot," replied the young sentry; "my master has ordered me not to let any one go through the gate." "But perhaps you don't know who I am. I am the Duke of Wellington." Nothing abashed, the lad responded, "I don't mind who you are, sir, my duty is to keep the gate shut." "Bravo!" exclaimed the soldier, "such faithfulness deserves a reward;" and handing the peasant half a sovereign, he rode on another way. Exactness and attention to minute matters are elements in the thoroughness that not only commands admiration, but almost commands fortune. How apparent is this in the career of notable men! The autobiography of General Butler, recently published, is remarkably full and instructive on this point. We have here the story of a New England boy setting out with the odds against him and overcoming by the force of an invincible will and by constant and careful consideration of the things needful to be done. The hero is not indebted to genius for what he has made of himself, but to shrewd, hard, practical common sense. He is no trifler, no whiffler, no dauber with untempered mortar, and he is too profoundly in earnest to be superficial in his methods. No one can read this life without being filled with enthusiasm, at least

for thoroughness, even if some of its details excite something other than admiration. We are also moved to warmest satisfaction when we find in a contemporary journal this encomium on an American boy who could, had he so willed, have gone into life without any particular preparation for its duties: "All honor to that son of a millionaire who followed up a successful college course with training in the machine shop, then took his place as fireman on a locomotive, then learned to run an engine. It is safe to say that there will be fewer strikes on the railroad in which the family have a large interest, that there will be more intelligent sympathy between employers and employed, and that the returns in money will not be lessened. The young man does honor to the name of the father whose memorial is the well-known Pratt Institute, of Brooklyn, N. Y."

A similar feeling comes to us as we study the biographies of Professor William Cullen, of Edinburgh University, and of the famous brothers, William and John Hunter. These three remarkable men influenced each other while they were yet youths. The first named managed to get a start in an apothecary's shop in Hamilton and, while struggling in that community, became acquainted with a divinity student, William Hunter. This friendship led Hunter to study medicine. The young men formed a partnership, and one waited on the shop while the other studied. Thus alternating and by wise frugality they made their way in the world. From these small beginnings Cullen attained to one of the foremost lectureships in Edin-

burgh, while Hunter acquired deserved celebrity as a physician. John, the brother of the famous London doctor, had a similar battle to wage against poverty and various disabilities, and yet he became the greatest surgeon in England, and his discoveries are said to have elevated what was little better than a mechanical art to the rank of science. But such remarkable results would not have followed had there not been downright honesty both of purpose and method. This seeking after perfection is, at heart, genuinely ethical. Integrity is its governing genius. Slovenly, slipshod, superficial ways of attending to business are repugnant to high-minded men because they indicate a low moral sense, an essentially dishonest basis of character. All tricks, frauds, cheats in trade, are merely devices more or less skillful to avoid doing completely and sincerely what we profess to be doing. It shows the thievish spirit as much to slight your work as to give short measure or to adulterate food. When, therefore, I urge thoroughness as the main and legitimate condition of success, I necessarily include in it uprightness in all transactions and transparent rectitude in all plans and enterprises.

But probably I shall be reminded that many persons have secured the golden reward for which men strive, whose honesty, judged by an adequate standard, is not beyond criticism. Instances practically endless could be adduced to show that by dark ways and by unworthy tricks large fortunes have been amassed. The facts I do not question, but the influence I challenge. The reality of success is not to be determined solely by the total

value of the possession, but by the means of acquisition as well. Suppose a man retires to Canada with a million dollars purloined from a confiding and frugal public, will he be entitled to rank as a success among honorable men? Far from it. We think of him as a ruined man and as a failure, though he has carried off a prize. Suppose I climb Mont Blanc and exhaust my vitality as I reach the summit. Well, I am at the top, but I am dead. What kind of success is that, I should like to know? Were I entrusted with the command of an ocean steamer and in crossing the Atlantic, to lighten the leaky vessel I threw the cargo overboard and the passengers one by one, would I rank high as a navigator, even though I did manage to bring the ship to port? What opinion would be formed of my success? Would you not vote me a disastrous failure? So we judge men who have grown rich by foul means. They have gained the harbor; they have reached the summit; they are at the top; but to attain their position they have expended all the spiritual vitality they ever had. They have thrown overboard honesty, truthfulness, and fair dealing. I think of them as I do of balloons that go up rapidly in proportion as the ballast is cast out. Just in proportion as the solid virtues of character have been sacrificed these gentlemen have ascended; but let them not disguise the fact that they have no foundation under them at all and, in a moral universe, are in imminent peril of collapse. Alas, for the failures that dress with the best and feed with the most delicate, and that are toasted at banquets as those who de-

serve the laurel and the bays of fortune wherewith they have crowned themselves, and who yet know deep down in their own hearts what lamentable bankrupts they are in all high and noble things.

How did Napoleon III. feel when he went forth from Paris on that ever-memorable march toward irretrievable disaster? Emperor, chief of a great nation, head of a glorious army, everywhere recognized as the most wonderful political success of the century, had he not in the very center of his being a crushing sense of his own impotence—the result of bloody and traitorous means employed to win a throne, and of equally pernicious expedients to maintain its glory? Not a real king, this one; rather a "thing of shreds and patches," a phantasmagoria of royalty, whose simulacrum was proclaimed to the veracious universe at Sedan. The lesson had to be taught—not yet learned by the age, unhappily—that the glitter, coronations, palaces, thrones, and highest places among the magnates of the earth, when achieved by fraud, are only tokens of a stupendous failure—a failure that shall inevitably be exposed—as the disastrous career of the emperor, disastrous to himself and others, has found terribly faithful chronicles in the "History of a Crime," by Victor Hugo, and in the "Downfall," or more literally, the "Smash-up," by Emile Zola.

But if the emotions of a modern prince whose mind and policy were, to all intents and purposes, patterned after the "Prince" portrayed by Machiavelli, are too subtle for a bourgeois age to fathom, what of the agitation experienced by a leading

business house, when its foremost representative is deposed for crooked ways from a Board of Trade? Could the feelings of the firm be appreciated when the exposure came, which in reality compromised its own standing and which might have resulted more seriously had not a scapegoat been at hand? All parties concerned in the revelation, and all persons remotely or otherwise connected with the blameworthy transaction, and all the members of the firm, however individually clear of complicity, must surely have indulged in some wholesome reflections on the subject of success. They may have inquired whether, after all, enormous trade and immoderate receipts are signs of triumphant achievement, if back of them and necessary to them are schemes and processes that will not bear the light of day and which are offensive to every upright soul? It may have occurred to them that men may be ruined in character and honor when seeking success in business; and in view of the chasm suddenly opened before them, and which threatened to engulf the material prosperity they have been striving for, they may have perceived the everlasting truth that no fortune is good fortune that entails the misfortune of a bankrupt reputation.

But in addition to all this, men of to-morrow, if you have made up your minds to succeed, you ought to realize that the greatness of the success will be impaired should you by it be spoiled or deluded. When you have achieved, what then? Admitting that the weapons you have employed in the conflict have not been explosive bullets or

poisoned arrows, but such as are allowed in honorable warfare, what effort has your victory had upon yourself and to what use are you devoting its trophies? Have your triumphs made of you—excuse the bluntness—a fool? Here may again be read with advantage the lines of Derzhavén; for if your prosperity has blinded, and if the glitter of rank and wealth has destroyed in you "wise enlightened love," and "made you slothful in good works," then you have fallen into a pitiable plight for which there is no compensation in plethoric money-bags. Have you ever heard the clever epigram?—

> When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
> Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf;
> You wonder that he don't remember me?
> Why, don't you see, Jack has forgot himself.

The story[1] is told of a gentleman who had been promoted at court, and who, on a friend's approaching to congratulate him, haughtily inquired, "Who are you, and why do you come here?" To this superciliousness the visitor replied, "Do you not know me then? I am your old friend, and I have come to condole with you, *having heard that you had lately lost your sight.*" It is perhaps not altogether strange that prosperous people should lose their heads and be completely dazzled when they behold society bowing before them as idols full of what Carlyle terms "preciosities." They are treated so frequently as creatures of superior clay that they overlook their native affinity with dust. To amass

[1] "Flowers from a Persian Garden."

a fortune by genuine methods is undoubtedly proof of capacity and of personal worth; but believe me, it does not qualify a man to teach others law, medicine, or divinity. Yet with what slavish deference are the opinions of rich magnates received, and how frequently these nabobs conclude that skill in manipulating stocks or in cornering bacon and lard has somehow imparted to them the right of speaking with authority on the most intricate questions in diplomacy, sociology, and theology. Where do manhood and dignity go when we become parties to this sycophantic adulation of wealth, and where is our intelligence in hanging on the opinions of those who are as ignorant as they are purse-proud? Millionaires are not, then, altogether blamable for their too common self-conceit and presumption. They breathe an atmosphere impregnated with flattery, and thousands are anxious "for thrift to follow fawning," and consequently "bend the hinges of the knee." When Hotspur complains of the faithlessness of Henry IV., his own account of the praises lavished on the youth who came to gain his own as Duke of Lancaster readily explains how success might have blinded the victorious prince to the merits of his adherents and opened his eyes to his own pre-eminent virtue :

> The more and less came in with cap and knee,
> Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
> Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
> Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths
> . . . . .
>
> He presently, as greatness knows itself,
> Steps me a little higher than his vow

Made to my father, when his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg.

. . . . . .

In short time after he depos'd the king ;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life.

. . . . . .

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety.

This is very fine as an address and the only illogical part is the conclusion. Why take up arms against an insufferable assumption, when it proceeded from his and his father's foolish flattery and almost abject subserviency? These Percys fill this Lancastrian prince with notions of superexcellence, and when he treats them accordingly, they fall out with him and rush into bloody rebellion. As we condemn them, let us not exonerate ourselves from blame when, through our obsequiousness and cringing capitulation to the opinions of the affluent we lead them to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think. Sometimes when I meet with wealthy, arrogant, and vulgar nobodies, I recall a vigorous type of Western humanity who seemed to take a ghoulish delight in reminding his *parvenu* associates of their decidedly plebeian origin. I have heard him in a crowded room, during a fashionable reception, greet a haughty dame with the remark: "Well, Nancy, this is something better than taking boarders, or driving a hack. Those old days were pretty hard. Let us forget them." Then the old gentleman would chuckle as he saw

dismay depicted on the face of Nancy, who in her own esteem was equal to a duchess at least.

Of course, we do not approve this ill-breeding; but I presume there are times when even rude means may be tolerated if they only make prosperous upstarts realize their true level. If you, my young friends, grow into riches, do not, I pray you, forget the less successful acquaintances of your earlier years. Let your conduct rather be patterned after the example of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. Mr. Childs said, as published in the "Boston Journal": "When I was a boy I have often stood on the sidewalk in front of the store, resting my tired hand on my broomstick, and I have seen Mr. Graham, the famous publisher, drive up to his business house in his carriage, and I have wondered whether I should ever reach such a point in my struggle for existence." The article continues the interesting narrative in the following words: "Mr. Graham's Philadelphia home was the Mecca for all famous literary visitors to town, and there he entertained in sumptuous style the greatest literary lights which American literature has ever known. And to-day? Lying in a hospital in the interior of New Jersey is the once successful publisher of 'Graham's Magazine,' and the friend and entertainer of his great contemporaries. Sick and nearly blind, he is almost entirely forgotten by the world, which hears nothing of him. And the boy who stood with his hand on his broom on the curb envying his lot? But for the generosity of George W. Childs, sad indeed would be the lot of the forgotten publisher. All his bills are paid by

Mr. Childs, every comfort is given him—all met from the purse of him who was a poor boy when Graham was a great publisher and editor! Talk about the ups and downs of a literary life!"

The moral of this pathetic story lies in the evidence it directly affords, that a man need not be spoiled by success. Mr. Childs was not. He continued as he began—simple, straightforward, and sincere. Never did he give himself airs because of his extraordinary success, but was to the last modest, unobtrusive, manly, and yet childlike. Of him may be written what was penned by one famous Frenchman of another: "*Et monté sur le faite, il aspire à descendre*" ("Standing on the summit, he aspired to descend"). How different the spirit revealed in this sentence from that of the first Napoleon, who, on receiving a letter while in Egypt from a member of the Institute, beginning, "*Mon cher Collègue*," crushed it impatiently in his hand and scornfully exclaimed, "*Mon cher Collègue, quel style!*" Had he, also, aspired to descend, he might not have felt so lonely at St. Helena; and had he worn his laurels with more meekness, he might have submitted to the thorns with more dignified and composed heroism.

The question has been asked more than once, What is the use of rich men? and the ordinary answers have not been complimentary and have had in them something of the dynamite explosiveness which brought Russell Sage to a dim consciousness that his existence was not deemed by every person imperatively necessary to the welfare of the community. Without entering into this interest-

ing controversy, except to observe that the poorest use to which they can be put is to kill them, I would impress on my youthful readers, now presumably without large worldly estates, that when they shall have accumulated much, society will expect much from them. If a man succeeds as a doctor, lawyer, teacher, or writer, the world brings its blind, halt, and lame, and lays them at his feet, and demands that he shall heal them without money and without price. He must pay in gratuitous service rendered to the unfortunate for the dignity and standing he enjoys, and what he does is often passed without recognition. If the minister gives hours in helping the strangers who have no real claims on him, or if the doctor spends half a day in succoring unremunerative patients, and if they and others give much of time and strength to the cause of philanthropy—while they may be commended as amiable, individually, their services are never valued so highly by the general public, nor spoken of in such eulogistic phrases as is the cash bestowed by the millionaire on the needy. His benefactions are duly published and extolled, while theirs is prized mainly by the recipients, and not always by them. No person, whether a professional or business man, ever attained notable success without the aid of the community—aid, of course, not always consciously or voluntarily rendered. If he invests in property, the general industry of the community adds to its value; and if he wins fame through his literary work, it is due to the taste and patronage of the people at large; hence, when he is placed beyond the reach of

want, he is bound to make some adequate return. While the obligation thus created is binding on professional men, it ought to be recognized by affluent merchants and traders. They receive louder applause for whatever benefits they confer, and they certainly ought to be ready to do in proportion to their resources. Dr. Johnson, contemplating the treasures accumulated by Garrick, exclaimed with a sigh: "Ah, Davie, Davie, these are the things that make a death-bed terrible." And old Herrick, in the "Hesperides," commenting on the fading loveliness of nature, impressively sings:

> But you are lovely leaves, where we
> May read, how soon things have
> Their end, tho' ne'er so brave;
> And after they have shown their pride,
> Like you, awhile, they glide
> Into the grave.

They who do not understand this, and who are not concerned to turn their riches to the account of the needy and unfortunate, are only miserable failures. They are like men who have graduated in medicine, but who will not consent to heal a patient; like men who are expert navigators, but who refuse to steer a belated, captainless vessel to the desired haven; or like a soldier who has won his general's commission and renown, and who, in the crisis of a grave campaign, like the unhappy Baratieri in Africa, abandons his troops, withholding from them the benefit of his skill and courage. It should ever be remembered that money brings with it responsibility, as well as intelligence, genius,

or rank. Better remain poor than not employ acquired wealth wisely and humanely. Lord Clarendon wrote over the door of an Elizabethan castle, "*Bene vixit qui latuit*" (he has lived well who has escaped notice); which, in a sense, may be true enough; but it is better to be "noticed" and still to live well. Prosperity in business renders a man conspicuous. It cannot be otherwise.

Happy, then, is the millionaire if he knows how to use his gilded prominence in making the world purer and nobler. And it is a source of gratification that one of the most valuable lessons being taught the twentieth century by the nineteenth is just this. During the past fifty years innumerable examples have been presented of wealth consecrated to the public weal. The names of Peabody, Shaftesbury, Baron Hirsch, George W. Childs, Montefiore, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Elisha S. Converse, Felix Potin, Madame Boucicault, and a host of others, will occur to the reader, and at least suggest the gradual awakening of successful business men to the greatness of their opportunity and the solemnity of their obligation. If the present quickening shall continue, and if conscience and compassion shall continue to untie the purse-strings of the affluent, then it may come to pass that the gains won from society in the course of trade shall return to society again in the course of wise and generous philanthropy; and what has been received in the form of cash, bonds, and mortgages be restored in the shape of schools, universities, art collections, libraries, and in the hundred and more sweet charities which beautify and exalt existence.

There is near Naples a place called the *Grotta della Cava*,—"Grotto of the cave,"—remarkable for its poisonous atmosphere. Various descriptions have been given of this spot, and from one of these I gather that the danger arises from the prevalence of carbonic acid gas. But the cave can be visited with safety if its conditions are understood; for the gas being heavier than the air, only rises some three feet above the ground; consequently, if an explorer will only stand upright, no serious harm will befall him; but should he be foolish enough to lie down, death would be the immediate penalty. He is safe so long as he keeps his head above the deadly sea through which he walks; but if he sinks he is lost indeed. Such an atmosphere as this surrounds success, both in the seeking and in the using, and only he who walks straight, with his head toward the stars, can escape asphyxiation. Earthly pursuits are cursed with strata of penetrating poison, and the greatest care is imperative if the evil is to be evaded. Ennobling ideals, spiritual aspirations, and lofty purposes, are requisite if the worker is not to be dragged down and his diviner nature stifled in him. Therefore, if any man covets worldly success—the success I have attempted to sketch in these pages—let me commend to him the religion of Jesus Christ. That will be found the truest and worthiest of helpers. It will not only stimulate to attempt, but it will restrain from acquiring improperly, and it will prompt to such chivalrous employment of wealth as must tend to the well-being of mankind. The poet thus hymns my thought:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long ;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

But never forget that the music has been composed for this "sweet song" by Christ and his apostles ; and that you must follow this self-same time and take the keynote from their example, if its gracious melody is to thrill the air with gladness, and linger, when you are no more, to charm the weary toiler on to true and high achievement.

IX

ON KEEPING BAD COMPANY

I've heard that poison-sprinkled flowers
Are sweeter in perfume
Than when, untouched by deadly dew,
They opened in their bloom.
I've heard that with the witches' song,
Though harsh and rude it be,
There blends a wild, mysterious strain
Of weirdest harmony;
So that the list'ner far away
Must needs approach the ring,
Where, on the savage Lapland moors,
The demon chorus sing.
And I believe the devil's voice
Sinks deeper in the ear
Than any whispers sent from heaven,
However soft and clear.

I ALSO have heard all that Aytoun had heard in his day; and if I cannot go so far as he in his mournful strains, I am still as fully persuaded that there is a fascination in the voice of evil, especially when it proceeds from an attractive personality that is well-nigh irresistible. The moral of which is: Be careful in the choice of companions, and do not yield to that which chimes in with your moods and tastes and which charms your eye and ear without challenge and serious consideration. Remember that like answers like, and that if vice attracts more strongly than virtue there are reasons to suspect an indwelling affinity for the former.

No human being really stands alone. While, as in the case of certain flowering parasites, each individual grows from his roots, he needs support as they do and instinctively cleaves to living organisms. Samuel Smiles has well said that every man "is a component part of a system of mutual dependencies, and by his several acts he either increases or diminishes the sum of good now and forever." He "is a fruit formed and ripened by the culture of all the foregoing centuries. Generations six thousand years deep stand behind us, each laying its hands upon its successor's shoulders, and the living generation continues the magnetic current of action and example destined to bind the remotest past with the most distant future." This thought renders intelligible the saying of Cicero, that "friends, though dead, are alive"; and which he illustrates by reference to one of the noblest of Roman heroes: "To me, indeed, Scipio still lives, and will always live; for I love the virtue of that man, and his worth is not yet extinguished." Yes; even as John Sterling wrote:

> Ever their phantoms rise before us,
> Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
> By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
> With looks of beauty and words of good.

But while it is true that we are related to all the ages, and while the extraordinary personages of the past tower above us and entrance us as the snow summits of mountain ranges, we should not forget that we are as vitally allied to our contemporaries. We may affect an independence of others not jus-

tified by the facts of our position in the world and to give it emphasis we may profess a passion for solitude. But what is the latent assumption beneath this craving for self-isolation? Obviously, the person considers himself self-sufficient and regards the gregarious instinct as annihilative of his individuality. Was it a suspicion of this egoism that prompted the old Greek assertion that one who lives alone is either a god or a wild beast—ἢ θεὸς ἢ θηρίον. Very likely the astute Hellenist discerned the weakness of those who assumed to scorn their fellowmen and withdrew from their society. Not but that it is of value to retire for study and meditation and for occasional communion with one's own soul; for, as Sir Thomas Browne remarks, "unthinking heads who have not learnt to be alone are a prison to themselves if they be not with others; whereas, on the contrary, those whose thoughts are in a fair and hurry within are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of the crowd of themselves." But while it is wholesome to escape from the turmoil and rush of the clamorous and contending multitudes for a few hours of sacred loneliness among the hills or by ocean's forsaken beach, we ought not to delude ourselves with the idle fancy that we can get along as well without our fellowbeings as with them; or that we can in reality and effectually evade the law of solidarity which unites their interests with our own. It is next to impossible for any one to live in entire seclusion, and fatal consequences have often followed where so unnatural a condition has been forced upon a human being. Solitary confinement has more than

once crazed the unfortunate prisoner. In England many lunatics have been from the rural districts, and it has been alleged by physicians that their disease may be traced to lack of intimacies and intercourse. It is also believed that the distempered imagination of the anchorites that peopled deserts with angels and devils was caused by their separation from the world; and it has been suggested that, as the soul yearns for fellowships, the pious fanatics who would not welcome those that were real, necessarily, by a law of their being, created those that were fantastic and visionary. Even the supposition that the Almighty may be compelled by the grandeur of his own being to dwell by himself apart fills the mind of George MacDonald with pitying solicitude; and feeling acutely what such desolateness must mean, he tells us in pathetic verse how he proposed to bring relief to his Creator:

> I do remember how one time I thought
> God must be lonely—oh, so lonely lone!
> I will be very good to him—ah, naught
> Can reach the heart of his great loneliness!
> My whole heart I will bring him, with a moan
> That I may not come nearer! I will lie prone
> Before the awful loneliness in loneliness' excess.
> . . . . .
> A God must have a God for company,
> And lo! thou hast the Son-God to thy friend.

While companionships are natural to us all, the young gravitate toward them more readily and easily than the old. As years multiply, our best

known friends diminish, and we are followed by the memories of dead comrades whose absence from us leads our thoughts to heaven. With youth, however, it is otherwise. With them existence is a fresh gift, and it is full of charms which they are anxious to explore and of sweets they are solicitous to taste. Among these strange delights are those which arise from contact with the thoughts, emotions, and ambitions of others, and from the possession of confidences and of partnerships in mutual hopes and fears. Acquaintances are very easily made in boyhood, and the facility with which they are formed and their sincerity and strength explain how it comes to pass that often the careful training of the home is counteracted or neutralized by the associations of the streets. And, indeed, throughout the entire adolescent period and before ingenuousness and unsuspicion have been betrayed, the peril of entering into undesirable and injurious alliances is extreme. Vicious and corrupt characters find it then not a difficult thing to impose on the inexperienced, especially as young men are often proud of their supposed penetration and knowledge of human nature, and have a vague though very stubborn conviction that in some way excess of depravity is necessary to fullness of life. I am more than desirous, as far as my influence extends, to avert disaster that springs from the unwise selection of companions. Matthew Arnold, in a poem entitled, "Servants of God," likens mankind to an army marching over mountains to the City of God and which has become ensnared, entangled, and in danger of perishing entirely in the

desert. Then he appeals to the servants of God to join themselves to the dispirited host and to bring the succor of friendship :

> Languor is not in your heart,
> Weakness is not in your word,
> Weariness not on your brow.
> Eyes rekindling, and prayers
> Follow your steps as ye go.
> Ye fill up the gaps in our file,
> Strengthen the wavering line,
> Stablish, continue our march—
> On, to the bound of the waste—
> On, to the City of God.

Happy indeed the generation of young people who welcome such souls as Arnold describes to places of love and confidence in their hearts. They will prove to them good geniuses and inspiring counselors. But I am not sanguine that naturally the youth of our times will seek for and prefer such associates.

Is there not a general—I do not say universal—predisposition on the part of young men to mingle with bad company? The historians of all great cities feelingly relate how commonly the junior members of great and aristocratic families have made themselves a terror by their lawless impudence and by their midnight revels. Toward them have gravitated crowds of their own age not, however, equally endowed with wealth or social influence, who have even gone beyond their superiors in noisy bacchanalian demonstrations and in defiance of civic authority. And who is there that does not know that in all ages there has been a

still wider circle, fascinated by what the wilder spirits are doing, restrained by some twinges of conscience or some memory of moral teachings or some tender reminiscences of a mother's touch, not daring to go so far as others, and yet desiring the excitation and, alas! oftentimes yielding to the fatal spell? Why have mothers been anxious when their sons have departed for college, or when they have entered into business relations, or have joined the army, or gone to sea? Parents have always been solicitous, and they are in these last days of the present century.

But wherefore? Perhaps no amount of apparent goodness and no professions of piety on the part of their children ever prove altogether reassuring. Why? Why this constant dread? The answer is not far to find. It is suggested in remarks from an editorial pen on certain phases of university life:

> So long as our centers of learning are centers of temptation to the impressionable youths who go there to be prepared for the battle and duties of life, the fountain of well-being in educated society will be fouled and disastrous consequences must follow. The career of a man is largely determined by the habits he forms at college and the thoughts among which he lives. Even if he survives the sudden ruin in which the career of so many freshmen ends, the habit of gambling enervates and debauches his whole nature and makes him unfit to meet the demands of any high career. When we contemplate the higher question of spiritual consequences, it is unspeakably sad to think of the numbers of young souls who are ruined in this way. It is time the evil were faced resolutely and finally by the authorities at our universities. Judicial ignorance of such a state of things is little better than a crime.

Fathers and mothers know—perhaps even from their own experience—that reckless, gay, conscienceless people, in schools and out, by their wit and abandon, and by their festive moods, have about them a charm which frequently no amount of good resolutions and carefully matured principles can withstand. Young men, and even maidens, who have been piously nurtured in school and college, will be drawn to them; and in business they will very probably succumb to their influence. The guardians of youth realize this peril. They also know that kings and prime ministers and ecclesiastics as well have consorted in private with courtesans, gamblers, and the glittering scoundrelism of their times; and how, in this age, princes of the blood have attained unenviable notoriety by association with *baccarat* players, and how their only claim to special distinction has resulted from the winning of the Derby or a boat race. How can any one then escape from the inference—an inference strengthened by the enormous sums expended annually on vices, one alone, drunkenness, costing more each year than religion and philanthropy—that humanity, by some fatal affinity, is more likely to seek out and keep bad company than to desire and prize that which is good and refining?

The danger being so apparent, I address this Message to the men of to-morrow, trusting that it may induce them to reflect before it is too late.

Bad company cannot fail to prove prejudicial to the reputation. The old saying, "Birds of a feather flock together," may have exceptions in the gre-

garious life of humanity, but society fails to recognize them, and swiftly concludes that he who mingles familiarly with the idle or profane cannot far exceed them in moral worth. It was objected to Jesus that he ate and drank with publicans and sinners, it being next to impossible for the Pharisees to understand how even he could "touch pitch without being defiled." We have solved the difficulty by maintaining that his divinity necessarily guarded him from moral contagion; but we are not convinced that even well-meaning persons of lower rank can afford to expose themselves to its deadly influence. Hence the prejudice, if prejudice it is, that insists on judging a youth by the company he keeps. It is well known to merchants and to others who have much to do with determining public opinion, that the miscarriage of innumerable careers can be traced to unfortunate and cherished acquaintanceships, and they are not prepared to admit that such relations can ever have any other issue; and certainly it strengthens their position to find inspiration affirming that he who "walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

I am aware how all this is answered by headstrong and self-opinionated youth—that these insinuations are unfair; that no such sequence is necessary as that which is set forth by cynical critics; that virtue surely ought to try and reclaim vice, and that silent contempt and utter indifference are the only treatment conscious blamelessness can deign to bestow on cruel suspicion. This heroism of course is, in a sense, very much to be

admired as creditable to the hearts of sanguine and enthusiastic young people. But, my dear fellows, of what avail your championship of the wayward, your chivalrous devotion, and your disregard of the views of your seniors, if you sacrifice your own good name? As Shakespeare intimates, this last is not a "commodity" that can easily be bought; and he is only serving you as a friend when he exhorts: "Call all your senses to you: Defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life forever."

I would not dampen your ardor, if you really feel any; neither would I curb your independence, provided you do not mean, like an unruly steed that in his effort to be free dashes over a precipice, to make general shipwreck of your opportunities and prospects. Look at the cold facts. It can be demonstrated by a melancholy induction, that evil company is courted in the overwhelming majority of instances because it is evil, and because it loosens restraints, gratifies appetites, and not for purposes of piety or philanthropy; and further, it can be shown by a multitude of sad examples, that the usual heroic defiance of public sentiment springs rather from a spirit of self-justification than from any deep conviction that the attitude assumed is just and reasonable. I know you will by and by, after reflection, pardon the seeming discourtesy in my saying these things; and in saying, further, that you have no right to trifle with your reputation, and that you ought to show some little regard for convictions that have been matured by the experiences of many generations, running

through many centuries. Remember that "a good name is more precious than ointment," and is "rather to be chosen than great riches."

It still may not be clear to the average youth how his companions can possibly injure him in this respect. To his eyes they are generally fair and harmless—not, of course, precisionists of the Puritan type, but, at the same time, not monsters of depravity and not assuredly much worse than himself. If this last supposition is correct, then there is sufficient reason why they should continue no longer together; for sticks burn more fiercely in partnership than singly and alone. But allowing for modesty, it yet remains to convince the misguided that very likely they have not discerned the real worthlessness of the associates they cling to so tenaciously, and do not realize in any perceptible degree their real influence over themselves. I have said that evil companions ought to be avoided because they jeopardize reputation, and I now desire to add that they thus impair reputations because they have been found to corrupt and damage the character.

Mr. Tyndall assures us that "there is no body in nature absolutely cold, and every body not absolutely cold emits rays of heat." Thermal radiation seems to be in some degree common to everything God has made. The various complex or simple, organic or inorganic, forms that diversify and enter into the structure of the globe, as well as the sun, and the thermometrical state of the space occupied by the planetary system, contribute directly to its calidity. In many instances we may

not be sensible of its emission, as the temperature of our bodies may be equal or superior to it; but it flows forth just the same, regularly, continuously, though at times imperceptibly. We inhabit a world of heat. It is borne to us in the wavelike motion of the atmosphere; it streams toward us and embathes us in its genial floods; and silently, unostentatiously, in billows that leave no scar and that echo no thunderous roar, it overwhelms and suffuses us with the gifts of health and joy.

What is true of the physical is also true of the spiritual. We do not see the Almighty, but we can hardly fail to feel him. There flows from his presence that which asserts the reality of his existence—a something comparable to heat, a radiation of character, a subtle efflux of being that profoundly affects his creatures. It may be described as the divine influence, as the shadow cast by the reality, as the halo shed by the glory. But whatever it is, of its potency there can be no question. Undoubtedly, you have sometimes realized the inadequacy of argument and of formal proof when seeking to establish the certainty of theism. How inconclusive our reasoning, how unsatisfactory our logic, when dealing with this, the most vital of all issues! How like mere logomachy, sophistry, Jesuitry, and evasion, do all our boasted demonstrations of the Divine existence read! And yet, while confessing their feeble, flimsy, trashy, and trivial character, we are not in the least shaken in our faith. We believe in God, even when the evidences on which we rely to justify our conviction appear to us woefully insufficient. The reason for

this is to be found in the penetrativeness of the Divine influence, and the permeability of the human soul. A virtue constantly goes out from God, which witnesses for him, and which does what argumentation can never accomplish. It cures our atheism, awakens our reverence, and stimulates our devotion.

Mrs. Browning has written impressively of something similar in the relations of human beings:

> Each creature holds an insular point in space;
> Yet what man stirs a finger, breathes a sound,
> But all the multitudinous beings round,
> In all the countless worlds, with time and place
> For their conditions, down to the central base,
> Thrill, haply, in vibrations and rebound,
> Life answering life across the vast profound
> In full antiphony.

You must at times have had clear discernment of this law of spiritual contagion—this blessed or malefic power that a man possesses and exercises whether he will or no and by which he imparts himself to others. From what you have read and from what you have observed you must believe that there is something in oratory that is distinct both from words and ideas, that lays hold upon the hearer and serves as a channel of communication for both thoughts and language; and you must acknowledge that similarly there is consummate generalship and statesmanship that cannot be measured, but which is distinct from what they do, and which is indispensable to the doing of it. We call this mysterious gift by various names, such as "magnetism," or "genius"; but however we may

be perplexed in regard to its true nature, we do not doubt that it is inherent in the man, and is the supreme disclosure of what he is in contradistinction to what he does. You have I suppose, met with persons whose very presence chilled and depressed you; for them you entertained at the outset a strong dislike, which even subsequent acquaintanceship could not quite overcome. They may have appeared upright, moral, even pious, but your unaccountable impressions have created between you an impassable gulf. Contact with them has been like the meeting of molten iron with ice—an occasion for vapors. Clouds have come over you; you have been on your guard, have veiled yourself, and tried to escape from the harsh judgments you could not but form.

And just as glowing metal experiences a perceptible diminution of heat when touching an object charged through and through with frost, so you have felt a sensible decline in your own morality when forced into association with the vicious. Virtue went out from you, and you left your companions sadly weakened in spiritual vigor. Your generousness, your truthfulness, your genuineness, your temperateness, or some other ennobling quality, had endured a grievous shock, and had suffered at least temporary loss. Volney traces various types of religion to local peculiarities. Ruskin reminds us that we take on the character of natural scenery and other circumstances which surround us in childhood, and scientists show that insects and birds and fishes borrow color and habit from their environments—thus susceptible are all

creatures. They readily assimilate and reproduce in themselves the prevailing tone of their associations. It is this fact which renders so much force to the Scripture warning against evil companionships. As the mercury rises or falls in the glass according to the state of the atmosphere, so virtue ascends or descends in the soul in proportion to the purity or impurity of the air it is forced to breathe. It is not necessary for a man to work wickedness to be wicked; he need only expose himself to wickedness. Let any one form the habit of mingling with corrupt people, frequenting their resorts and observing their ways, and gradually corruption will become less hideous and very likely will acquire the mastery. A young man engaging in business with an atheist or a reprobate is exposed to great peril; for, although his employer may abstain from saying or doing anything disreputable, the moral radiation of the man cannot be evaded. It will stream forth in spite of him, and will debase the character of the youth who is subjected to its power.

On the other hand, you have, unless you have been exceedingly unfortunate, met with men and women whose influence has been equally potent for good. Their appearance, their look, their bearing, as well as their words, purified your thought, curbed your passions, and refined your entire being. In their presence you felt an awe, a holy restraint; your ribaldry was hushed and your haughty look subdued. While with them you breathed a heavenly atmosphere, inhaled a sweeter fragrance, and caught, in the rustling of their robes, the sound of

angel wings. They may not have honored you with a recognition; they may have uttered no homily for your benefit; they may not have devoted themselves, as far as you know, to any great philanthropy; but the moral magnetism of their souls has drawn you to them and held you spell-bound. You dared think no atheism while they were near; you could not indulge in skeptical ideas regarding the possibility and reality of virtue; you were incapable of objecting to the certainty of immortality; for in them you perceived that these high matters were vindicated and verified. To you they were as messengers from another world—the shadow of God, the radiance of heaven, the reflection of a light whose glory fills eternity. Thus Mrs. Browning sings of such a character:

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown—
My Kate.

None knelt at her feet, confessed lovers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all;
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went—
My Kate.

And just as you have felt a virtue go out from you when the wicked have been in contact with you, so in the presence of such a soul you have been conscious of a virtue entering your innermost nature. Like the woman who experienced healing as she touched the hem of the Master's robe, so you will

ever realize the incoming of new moral vigor when you reverently put forth your hand to touch exalted human goodness.

It is said of Sir Peter Lely that he would never look upon a bad picture if he could avoid it, as the defect might impart itself to his pencil; and an eminent Englishman was in the habit of declaring that "he would have good company or none." And Goethe's Tasso sings of noble characters what is equally true of the ignoble:

> As with mysterious power the magnet binds
> Iron with iron, so do kindred aims
> Unite the souls.

I suppose that books come next to human beings in their molding influence, for they are, in a very real sense, the impersonation of their author. A volume is something more than a story, or a treatise, or a history; it is an imprisoned individuality appealing to the reader through the cold iron types—like prison bars—and imprinting itself on the receptive mind. What the printed page may do in determining thought, conscience, conduct, the next living acquaintance you make may effect with equal facility. John Stuart Mill recommends novel readers, when they are charmed by some conception of exalted manhood or womanhood, to carry the conception with them, and in doubtful circumstances inquire how their hero would act were he situated as they are. There is, however, this objection to so fantastic and elaborate a process, that if a profound impression has been received, it will act itself out without studious effort to follow an example.

The suicides that succeeded the publication of Goethe's "Werther" were impelled to self-murder by the mis-educating force of the book and not by a conscious desire to do just as some one else had done. A man who took his own life in New York was found with a copy of Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit" open at the page describing the suicide of Jonas; and while in this case the victim may have been prompted by a pattern of self-destruction to immediate decision, I am satisfied that long before the fatal hour he had come under the influence of a spell that at the last prevented deliberation. He had the character of a self-murderer before he had the guilt of one, and this had been derived from books or personal intercourse, as some recent suicides have simply been impelled onward to the grave by the utterances of an infidel lecturer. We are not always conscious when we are acted on, and we may receive impressions for good or evil unknowingly and unresistingly, as the earth does the sunlight, or the fertilizing rains, or withering and blighting frost. A man listens to a brilliant orator who eulogizes the ancient philosophers and great captains who found a way through the open door of death from the persecutions of enemies or the defeats of fortune. He is fascinated by the discourse. Not unlikely he confuses the various representations and concludes that self-murder is not only a means of escape, but a sign of greatness. He is ready for the perpetration of the crime. No intention to commit it has yet been formed, nor is he conscious that any change has taken place in his feelings on the subject of death; but, notwith-

standing, the poison works. A crisis comes. Next day the papers chronicle that a disappointed and crushed soul has violently ended his earthly career. How could he have done such a thing? What a mystery! No; not such a mystery as the public supposes. He has been keeping very bad company, has been assimilated to its theories regarding death, and more heroic than his teacher, he has put them into execution.

May it not further assist the young man setting out in life, if we sketch several of the more despicable types of character with which he will likely associate, and thus assist him to determine what must be the total effect of their influence on him? It is suggested that probably he will consort with such as my pen can readily draw; for they exist almost everywhere and are singularly able to ingratiate themselves into the favor of the unsuspecting. They appear in every community like some forms of ever-recurring diseases, or like certain parasites which are sure to develop wherever they find congenial soil and adequate support. The present is pretty much as the past in its human products.

There is to-day the aimless idler whose sole business in life is to lounge. To him the world is a weariness and he is ceaselessly fatigued. Each day is greeted with a yawn and is closed with a sigh of relief. He lives in the "Castle of Indolence," and has inscribed on his escutcheon the somnolent motto, *Quieta non movere.* It is his chief delight that he has nothing to do and inanely to suggest that there is really nothing worth doing. The presence of such a youth is an anodyne, a lenitive,

and charges the social atmosphere with nepenthe and exhausts it of ozone. To touch him is equal to a sleeping draught, and to associate with him is to court lethargy and enduring coma. He is as chloroform to the intellect and as a deadening anæsthetic to the moral nature. To imagine that you can make such a one a friend and retain your wakefulness and activity, is as absurd as to imagine that you can inject morphine under the skin and not feel its tranquilizing influence. It will be found that his unspeakable laziness and his unutterable *insouciance* are more stupefying than all the preparations of the poppy, and that they penetrate deeper than the surface—even to the very heart. Sir Horace Vere is reported to have said that his brother "died of having nothing to do"; and General Epinola is reported to have made reply, "Alas! that is enough to kill any general of us all."

But what is worse than this mortality among idlers and fashionable *lazzaroni* is, that they are not content with killing themselves—a fault we could well pardon—but they become the means of killing other people. Say what we may, there is a charm and fascination to many youthful minds about these leisurely and reposeful individuals, who stand aloof from the bustle and fussiness of business. They unconsciously hypnotize nearly all who come within their sphere of attraction, and most of their victims return to them as steadily as slaves of the morphine habit to their drug. We cannot, therefore, too constantly warn against their companionship, and entreat the young to avoid them as they would a vapor of death. Only by

entire separation from them can interest be maintained in the world's great workshop, where every honest man will find a task awaiting his hand. An elderly Bostonian has described a visit to Scribner's headquarters in New York. He was anxious to meet a representative of the great publishing house as old as himself; but such a one could not be discovered in the establishment. The head of the advertisement department, Mr. Bok, was only twenty-five years of age; the manager of the education department, Mr. Moffatt, only twenty-four; the business chief of the magazine, Mr. Doubleday, twenty-six; the general traveler, Mr. Brewer, twenty-seven; the junior partner, Mr. Scribner, twenty-six; and Mr. Charles Scribner himself turned out to be only thirty-five. The surprise of the venerable Bostonian can readily be pictured at the prominence of these boys; but it may safely be said that not one among the group achieved his position by affiliation with idlers, or by skulking from duty.

But if do-nothings are to be shunned, loud, profane, and braggart talkers are to be treated in like manner; for they are usually weaklings and not overgifted with tact and discernment. They are in love with their own speech and know no sound so sweet as their own voices. While the first order of imbeciles fold their hands, the second merely unfold their tongues. It is unnecessary for them to sing, "If I were a voice, I would fly, I would fly"; for, like the mythical female, in reality that is all they are—only they don't fly, but stay and bore every poor creature who will listen to their chatter.

Enlightened conversation is a precious boon. Liszt declared of George Eliot that, ugly though she was, she knew how to charm by her speech and her silence, just as Madame de Staël did before her; and Carlyle, though grim and at times unapproachable, was one of the most fascinating, as he was one of the most tireless talkers, and could hold men like Lord Holland, John Stuart Mill, and Sterling spellbound through successive hours. But then, language in these instances was the medium of thought and stimulated thought in others. Far otherwise is it on the lips of those whose ceaseless babble should be sternly rebuked. Disgraceful is it to our civilization and intelligence that so many persons exist who can perceive no nobler use for speech than to make it a common sewer of oaths, ribald jests, and covert indecencies. The notion that has obtained among some people, that there is no more harm in uttering vicious sentiments than there is in thinking them, is entirely misleading. A cannon charged with gunpowder and ball is a very inoffensive object, and will so continue to be until an explosion is caused. When that takes place the ball getting outside the great gun may wound and kill, and the very recoil of the gun may injure the man who fired it. So blasphemy and swearing and impure imaginings, while they remain unspoken, are comparatively innoxious. The damage they then work is accomplished within the mind exclusively; but once they are given freedom they hurt all who hear, and increase by speech the mischief done to those who gave them hospitality. Vile language vitiates the atmosphere.

None of us can afford to breathe it; and he who employs it is unfit for society, as he generally has no convictions and no reverence, and but little respect either for God or man.

Neither is it advisable to consort with those who are lying braggarts and who seem to find it difficult to tell the truth. And not a few of such talkers boast, like Justice Shallow, of what should bring to their cheeks the blush of shame, and like young mud-turtles wallow in defilement. Probably they are not guilty of one-half of the iniquity they parade, and certainly when they relate their prowess by flood and field, a great deal may be subtracted from the achievement as reported by its hero. The eagle shot on the wing probably was only a harmless, fluttering barnyard goose; the lion wounded near the jungle probably was a gentle, unsuspecting calf; and the mighty bison, only a poor donkey; and the great, great fish caught with so much extraordinary skill, could one get at the facts, would most likely prove to be only a fatuous gudgeon.

We are, perhaps, inclined only to smile at these mendacious companions, whereas they ought to be dreaded. Especially in youth, when we are individually molded into the image of our associates, and when we ascend and descend with strange facility from good to bad and experience many a metamorphosis, we need to be careful lest we finally become fixed in the latter rather than in the former. It is particularly hard at that age when we are ambitious and impatient of superiority to hear others romance about themselves without

attempting to excel them. The temptation to outlie the liar is tremendous; and many a lad, by nature ingenuous, has through such unworthy endeavors fixed on himself a dastardly habit that has fatally dimmed the brightness of his career.

Equally pernicious is the influence of others who are coarse in their minds, gross in their habits, suspicious and skeptical in their judgments, and who seem to have been fashioned without any of the finer sensibilities of humanity—like a harp without strings. Tell them that King Humbert stood among the ruins of a house in Rome trying to rescue some of his buried subjects, and that too at the risk of his own life; or that the Emperor of Austria followed the remains of one of his people who had died of cholera to the grave, because the relatives had not courage to do so; or that the peasant who, when the arches of the bridge at Verona had been washed away, refused money for rescuing a family at imminent peril to himself, in these terms: "I do not sell my life; give the money to the poor ones saved from a watery grave"—and they will laugh an unbelieving chuckle, and straightway challenge the genuineness of the stories or impute to these heroes all kinds of base and improbable motives. They cannot credit good or noble deeds, unselfish and generous sacrifices of any one; and they continually seek to bring into dispute everything religious, from the Founder of Christianity down to his most self-denying disciple. To their diseased souls—if souls they have—honesty is a lost virtue, and indeed, virtue itself to them is merely a name. Mock-

ingly they declare that every man has his price, and every woman too; and they can quote sentimental authors and brilliant so-called scientists in support of their views. What! have not essayists written that morality is merely a product of evolution and not of conscience, and that it has been determined in its precepts by "environment," "natural selection," and the "inevitable struggle for existence," and not by divine revelation? And consequently they argue that, as environment changes and the conflict deepens, morality must also change. Right and wrong, they are quick to point out, according to this theory can have no fixed character, but must share in the general fluidity of things; and thus, in the end, those whom the church brands as the social villains of to-day may become the virtuous of to-morrow; even as the infidels of yesterday—the Paines, Voltaires, and Tolands—if the present clerical undermining of Bible supernaturalism continues, will turn out to be the saints of the day after. This is what is being said by the bull-necked, bloated, and dropsical frequenters of bar-rooms and jockey clubs and gambling-hells; and with lachrymose pathos, diversified by a few eloquent hiccoughs, they are beginning to express the hope that the future will do them the justice denied by this pharisaical century. Need I say that the company of such men is undesirable, that it must tend to breed distrust in every one and in everything, and must finally leave the lad who is fascinated by their sneers without landmarks in a wilderness, and without latitude or longitude in mid-ocean.

I cannot refrain from likening these corrupters of youth to a sagacious but conscienceless steer that achieved considerable notoriety during the year 1887, or thereabouts, in the Chicago stockyards. He was owned by one of the "Big Four," and was himself evidently a "foxy" dealer in flesh. Having in some mysterious manner escaped the shambles, he made it his sole business to lead others there, and then as quickly as possible to get out of the way of the knife. It was a scene worthy the attention of ruminating philosophers to see the huge bovine reprobate wheel into position each day at the head of the drove destined to slaughter, as though to assure each member of the herd that any suspicions he might possibly entertain were unfounded; that no evil awaited him at the top of the dubious looking passageway and through the foul-smelling entrance, and that to prove it he would go first. Impressive to observe him trot on a little in advance, followed by the victims of his guile, and then when he had them secure enough, to notice him, with a wicked switch of his tail, not unlike for significance to the wink of some men's eyes, turn suddenly around and hurriedly retrace his steps to the pens. So with as little feeling for the suffering caused, these coarse creatures of whom I have written mislead the unsuspecting and then abandon them to the baneful consequences of their unwise confidence.

Nor are these consequences avoidable if this evil companionship is continued. I sometimes wonder whether we do not always deteriorate below the level of our vicious associates. Why may

not this be the rule? Is it not probable that in our desire to resemble our friends we may unwittingly go beyond them, even as the arrow, when drawn to hit a mark, will fly far beyond if the mark is missed? This is an eventuality rarely contemplated. The youth, fascinated by tippler, gamester, idler, boaster, would like to excel his ideal just a trifle; but he has no thought of going to extremes. He sees, or imagines that he sees, a pit before him, yawning, ugly, to be sedulously avoided. Of course he will avoid it. Why not? And yet, as the poor bird from the branch of the tree looks down on the serpent's gleaming eyes, and may be conceived as chirping to itself, "I am near enough; I will go no nearer," and yet already is on fluttering wing, circling round and round the cruel mouth waiting for the silly prey, so our poor, infatuated boy comes into closer proximity with the disgusting possibility he has observed coiled in his pathway and yields when he is fluttering the hardest to escape.

It is the constant illusion of all ages that, while others may be assimilated to their ideals and reap all the bitter effects of their folly, they—the particularly favored, the elect—will surely be delivered. Each man, in his own opinion, is the exception to all the rules governing the moral and social history of humanity. Vanity, inordinate self-esteem, lend their aid to blind him, and he dreams that Providence will surely open to him a back door by which he may withdraw from the ills attending vile companionships and their sins. But remember the Supreme Judge is not partial. He

is not like that pope who, when urged to condemn Benvenuto Cellini on account of his enormities, replied: "Yes, all that you say is well enough; but if he is executed, where am I to get another Cellini?" Rest assured the Almighty is not deterred by your wonderful ability, your skill, your genius; and though you are as extraordinarily versatile in your gifts as the illustrious Florentine, he will trip you up in your wrong-doing and bring down your arrogance; for he always knows where to place his hand on another Cellini.

In confirmation of this conviction, contemplate two pictures drawn from life; the first of a man, the second of a woman; and the first of one of the most highly endowed of the race, and the second of one of the most popular, giddy, and unprincipled of her sex. Dr. James Alexander writes: "I have been looking into a dreadful book, Moore's 'Life of Byron'—the life of one debauchee, written by another. It is the most instructive comment I ever read on the divine word, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.' Voluptuary as he was, ever sighing after some new pleasure and drinking to its depth the cup of worldly and sensual enjoyment, Byron seems to have experienced little less than a hell upon earth. Here I read in awful colors the tormenting power of uncontrolled selfishness. Remorse without repentance and self-contempt without amendment are dreadful scourges. From country to country he fled, but he carried the scorpions with him." Pitiable beyond expression is the verse that cannot truly be called a song, but is rather a dirge:

Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though pleasures fill the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still.
Aye, but to die, and go, alas!
Where all have gone and all must go;
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe.

In the volume to which Dr. Alexander refers, we have the account of a scene that occurred the night before Bellingham was hanged. Lord Byron, seeing an unfortunate woman lying on the steps of a door, with some expression of compassion offered her a few shillings; but instead of accepting them, she violently pushed away his hand and, starting up with a yell of laughter, began to mimic the lameness of his gait. He did not utter a word, but the gentleman who accompanied him could feel his arm tremble in his own. Is there not something fearful in this encounter?—the sinning ones meeting together again in the dark, she to mock and he to slink hurriedly away, ashamed to look in her eyes. And if the genius of Byron could not save him from so shameful an exposure—an exposure that has been blazoned far and wide on the pages of biography—how can you, young man, of even less than mediocre understanding, escape from the shambles of the ox and from the correction of the stocks?

Some quarter of a century of years has passed since the loungers in Hyde Park, London, stared with intense curiosity on the splendid equipage and irreproachable liveries of a female celebrity who was not born in affluence and who ranked not

with the aristocracy. She was the daughter of the gifted soul who composed the charming ballad, "Kathleen Mavourneen," and who wrote the beautiful "Dermot Asthore." By what disreputable arts she obtained her unenviable notoriety need not be repeated here. Suffice it she moved to Paris, where she made her *début* at the *Opéra bouffes*, and after an extraordinary success became one of the most conspicuous figures among the frailer personages of the Second Empire. She was the most dazzling of creatures, and for a season she set the fashions in dress, in carriages, and in household furniture. Her apartments in the *Champs Elysées* were gorgeous and yet tasteful, and her stables were the admiration of the *beau monde*. It is said that she rode so gracefully and perfectly that she gained the title of *La Centauresse*, and that she lavished a fortune on her horses. To have seen her radiant and elegantly robed in her rooms with her marble statues, rare china, beautiful fans, costly curiosities, and her rich cabinets filled with treasures of art, one might have supposed that she had eluded the hand of fate and had even charmed the spirit of retribution into forgetfulness of her frailty. Such, however, was not the case. Even she, apparently triumphant, outlived prosperity, and in the reverses that overtook her, seemed to lose nearly every trace of her former self. Her wealth was swept away and with it went her look of distinction. Disease preyed upon her and the pallor betrayed itself under the rouge; and neglected and despised, she was often seen to stand opposite her old residence in the *Champs Elysées* mournfully con-

templating the scene of her former splendor and sinfulness. When she died, in extreme poverty, a few acquaintances joined in a subscription of scarcely one hundred dollars to meet the funeral expenses. Her remains were interred in what is called a "five-years' grave," and by this time the dust of some one else—one less notorious probably, and, let us hope, one whose life was happier—has been lowered into the same grave to mingle with all that is mortal of the courtesan of the Napoleonic restoration, whose name I have not given; for that, with her bones, had better be committed to the oblivion of decay. Companionship had much to do with these ruined lives, and neither gifts nor graces, genius nor beauty, could restrain the awful whirlwind that was set loose when the wind was sown.

While the sacrifice of reputation and the serious, and possibly fatal, wreck of character and fortune entailed by pernicious friendships ought to render our young people watchful, the mis-educating effect of such friendships, totally unfitting for higher and purer fellowships with the refined and exquisite pleasures springing therefrom, ought to determine them to be ensnared by them no longer. Continued association with the shallow and corrupt renders intercourse distasteful with those men and women who are qualified to instruct, delight, and elevate. Do you know what this deprivation means? To be incapable of understanding, appreciating, and enjoying the leaders of thought and activity, the creators of literature and the benefactors of humanity, is at once deplorable, and—may

I say it?—disgraceful. It is a mark of a nature thoroughly debased and impoverished. Socrates reminds us that "the bad are never at unity with one another nor with themselves." However they may flock together like sheep and contaminate one another they are never really united. The sweets that spring from the intermingling of souls are denied them, and are only possible where rectitude and honor prevail. When one of Shakespeare's characters declares that "friendship is full of dregs," he must have had in mind the vain attempts of the selfish, profane, and corrupt to form alliances in which the sympathies and brotherliness experienced by the virtuous may be preserved. Such people would have sweet water and bitter flow from the same fountain.

The courtiers of Frederick the Great remonstrated with him on account of his rearing for himself a tomb among the graves of his favorite animals. He answered, "I wish to be buried among the only friends I ever had who have not deceived me." But why did he feel thus isolated? Those who have read his story know very well how he cast off all who drew near to him; how brutally he treated his sister, Wilhelmine; and how he identified grandeur with heartlessness, and authority with harshness. His imperious temper, his selfishness, his arbitrariness and coarseness, repelled his most intimate acquaintances, and everything like mutual confidence and tender affection was impossible. The same law governs between men who are not great, but who are small enough and mean enough. They cannot trust; they cannot share

their joys and sorrows; and though walking side by side and clasping hands, they cannot feel that they have anything in common. No wonder that such persons rail at friendship, and that they insult their own kindred by preferring a burial place with dogs!

But there is a fellowship attainable the reverse of all this, the possession of which is an honor and a happiness to humanity. When Thirlwall, in his work on Greece, observes, "The heroic companions celebrated by Homer and others seem to have but one heart and soul, with scarcely a wish or object apart, and only to live, as they are always ready to die, for one another," we feel that we are being introduced to a kind of relationship forever beyond the reach of shallow, superficial, and demoralized young men. And when we read the stories of Achilles and Patroclus, of Pylades and Orestes, of Damon and Pythias, of Hercules and Iolaus, of Diomedes and Sthenelus, notwithstanding some exaggerations and probable fabrications, we discern in all an effort to show forth how close and precious may be the alliances between men, and how fruitful in the highest achievements, when they are grounded in personal worth and chivalrous purity. Incalculably valuable and delightful, beneficial and beautiful, the kinship of superior minds! Alcibiades used to declare that his converse with Socrates always lifted him up and improved him; and that if he knew the philosopher was in an adjoining chamber he could not but feel stronger and wiser. If Francis Horner is to be credited, his friendships did more toward his intellectual improvement than the books

he studied; and, though his position may be an extreme one, I am sure that frequent conversation with some cultivated men and women must be equal, or nearly equal, to a liberal education. Carlyle writes of a once famous preacher: "But for Irving, I had never known what communion of man with man means. He was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with." And who can estimate the preciousness of contact with such a soul? It is a discovery, a revelation, an apocalypse full of glorious wonders and full of God as well. How can he who frequents the society of fools hold communion with such a one? He has no faculties, no organs, by which he can hold commerce with a nature like Irving's, or he is rapidly benumbing them by his association with the coarse and the ribald. Writing of John Sterling, Dean Trench says: "It was impossible to come in contact with his noble nature without feeling one's self in some measure ennobled and lifted up, as I ever felt when I left him, into a higher region of objects and aims than that in which one is tempted to dwell."

But let it be understood, there is no fellowship between light and darkness, between Beelzebub and Jesus; and that, consequently, the young man renounces the possibility of being lifted into these higher regions when he chooses his comrades from among those who dwell in the marshes, fens, and the lowlands of carnal pleasures. Memorable is Lord Bacon's testimony. He declares that "no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend"; and he adds that friendship introduces "daylight in the

understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts, and maketh a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests." Of course it must, provided the friend has in himself light that he can impart and the spirit of calm that he can communicate; for human history, from the beginning, records the power of personal influence; and if the influence is good, it must be inspiring and helpful. It is said that Haydn caught the fervor for music from Handel, and that, in turn, Haydn imparted it to Scarlatti, who, it is reported, never spoke the name of his master without crossing himself. And who is it that does not know how largely Christianity owes its success in the world to the enthusiasm of one soul kindling enthusiasm in another? As it is written at the beginning of the Gospel, Andrew found his own brother, Simon; and Philip, being taught by Jesus, communicated the glad news to Nathanael; and so the leaven of the new kingdom spread. And in later times and in other communities, pastors, parents, disciples, and Sunday-school teachers, by their personal character as well as by their words, have been instrumental in transmitting the divine life to multitudes.

There is a poem by Coppée, called "*Angelus*," which suggests a fitting climax to this study, as it suggests a law which cannot be ignored without loss. The scene is laid in a tiny hamlet, built among the rocks overlooking the southern sea, and the principal characters are two venerable men, one the parish priest, and the other his servant and friend, formerly a soldier, and the third a foundling child. For years, the old *curé* and his sexton have

lived together, and time has grown heavy and life uninteresting. But one dismal winter evening, when the angelus has sounded, on their return to the parsonage they find a babe, forsaken by parents and left in the doorway. They adopt the waif, and the interest of the tale turns on their endeavors to train him for usefulness and honor. They make only indifferent nurses ; but they are supremely happy in their new employment. No women for them to care for their *protégé !* They will do everything themselves. And they did it tenderly and anxiously ; but they could not bestow what the boy needed more than anything else—a mother's love and the companionship of children. Well, the lad grew, pensive and reserved ; but there came to him an ailment his protectors did not understand. At times he was languid and would spend hours alone, and would lie upon the sandy beach as if waiting for something—what? One day, as he thus rested and seemed asleep, his protectors watched over him and discussed his future. The priest was clear that his adopted son should not enter the clerical profession, as it was a calling full of privations and disappointments ; and the veteran would not have him stained by the blood of men. As they gravely argued, the lad looked up and confessed that he had heard all their speech, and had himself determined his career. With cheek flushed and eye strangely brilliant, he said : "I will be a sailor, and visit those countries of which I have read in books, lands where the skies are always blue and birds of wondrous plumage haunt the forest. When I close my eyes, I

see everything gold-colored, and the waves, as they ripple, whisper, 'Come away!' I have had a dream. I dreamed the heavens were in sable mourning and the stars one by one dropped into the sea. Only one remained—my own star. But see! it grows fainter and fainter. It is now falling into the sea. I am cold; I am alarmed; it is night."

When the two old men bent over the form of the boy, they discovered that he was dead, and the angelus sounded on the air.

Companionship—it is indispensable. The youth perishes because the companionship necessary to his years is denied him. He was alone even in company, when the company was not such as his heart imperatively demanded. Wrong comradeship and bad comradeship are as fatal as no comradeship. The law of God is that we shall cultivate fellowship which shall meet the needs of our nature. Through these we grow strong; without them we—that is, our truer and better selves—fade away. The stars drop out of our heavens too, and night enshrouds us. Without such fellowships we may not die as did the youth in the poem, but not much will survive that is worth preserving. The fulfillment of all the possibilities in you, young men, the unfolding of your resources, the life of your lives, therefore depends on your companions. Choose them thoughtfully, prayerfully; and remember that the truest and the best are to be found in the church of Christ; and never forget that, while you may walk continually with the redeemed of the Lord, you may complete your spiritual development by walking with the Lord himself.

X

DEALING HONESTLY WITH TIME

Lord, what I once had done with youthful might,
Had I been from the first true to the truth,
Grant me, now old, to do—with better sight,
And humbler heart, if not the brain of youth;
So wilt thou, in thy gentleness and ruth,
Lead back thy old soul, by the path of pain
Round to his best—young eyes and heart and brain.

REV. JAMES MARTINEAU, in one of his latest sermons, gives utterance to a pathetic thought in these eloquent sentences:

Whoever may step out into his garden, or throw up his window, to breathe the first air of a new day or a new year, cannot fail to be struck with the insensibility of nature to our divisions of time. The greater and the lesser lights of the sky feel not the seasons of which they are appointed to be signs. No great bell of the universe tolls away the passing spirit of the year; no chimes ring out from the restless wind to greet the period newborn. The calm, eternal heavens maintain their silent steadfastness, the star slips past the meridian wire which divides century from century as though it were a vulgar moment, without pause to think or trembling to feel how awful the mark it sets afloat on the current of eternity.

But what is infinitely more pathetic, multitudes of our fellow-beings drift onward, without ever taking the "log" or the "sun"; without ever pausing to note the succeeding birthdays, or to

observe how rapidly the light is fading in the west. So long as this indifference continues the best will not be wrought either by youth or age. The country parson, in his "Recreations," represents himself as sitting on an antique flat tombstone that marked the resting-place of a former occupant of his own pulpit. As he laid his hand on the moss-grown slab a little child playing nearby ran to him and, spreading her tiny hand by his, inquired, "Was your hand ever as small as mine?" This set him thinking, Three hands; one beneath the sod, now turned to dust; the child's, pink and soft and fragile; and his own, strong and hard, midway between the two. He straightway began to meditate on growing old. An important crisis this in the life of any man! But better far had he never been oblivious to the fact that years simply multiply, and that childhood exists but for a day. When Charles I. discovered the first gray hair in his head he plucked it out and sent it with a merry jest to his queen. And yet there is something gently solemn in this first streak of frost—the presage of coming winter, the tender suggestion that the storm-doors had better be put on the house and preparations be made for kindling the fire on the hearth:

> Silent warning! silvery streak!
> Not unheeded dost thou speak.
> Not with feelings light and vain,
> Not with fond, regretful pain,
> Look I on the token sent
> To declare the day far spent.

Then it is painfully realized that there is a corpse

near-by, and that the pallid flowers of grief are needed. Young manhood is cold; maidenhood is no more. All stiff and rigid the early self, once rich in vigor, prolific in plan, buoyant in hope, abundant in promise, fertile in resource, and undaunted in courage! Dead now, dead forever, and all that remains is for the present self, in such terms as the past may warrant, to pronounce the funeral oration on the former self!

It is not to be denied that some persons become conscious of approaching decay with gloomy dissatisfaction and with remorseful apprehensions. They shiveringly speak of the period on which they are entering as the winter of life, and in their frostbitten imaginations they see stretched out before them an inhospitable season, when the rivers are ice-locked, the lakes cold and immovable, the prairies white and verdureless; when primroses never smile, nor the violets shed their perfume. Alas! we fear that in many instances the picture is fulfilled, and that sterile gloom or stormy desolation marks the closing years of life. But old age need not be thus cheerless and Siberian in its character. There are genial winters, with warm days in bleak December and flowers growing on the edge of the glacier. Moreover, even the winter has its special joys—the fall of the sunlight on the snow-fields, transforming them as the garments of our Lord were transfigured on Hermon's snowy height; the myriad sparkling crystal forms; the sharp, invigorating air; the release of rivers from noisy, bustling steamboats, and the sooty streaks that attend the progress of commerce; the soft

white shroud enwrapping the boisterous streets; the soulful glancing of the stars as they shine through an atmosphere free from foul vapors; the spectral and gaunt majesty of the giant trees; and within the cottage home or palatial retreat the ruddy glow of crackling logs, the long hours given to books and social intercourse, with the sense of warmth and comfort and safety when the sleet dashes wildly against the window-pane and the wind moans in plaintive accompaniment, and between the gusts the hoarse voice of the breakers calls forth a prayer for the "wet sea-boy on the dizzy mast." The winter of life likewise need not be all wretchedness and woe. As December has its own attractions, though they are not the garish and florid glories of July and August, so the closing years of our existence may have a charm and beauty all their own. Then a quiet dignity, a sweet tolerance, a genial forbearance, an untiring sympathy, a gentle compassion, a thoughtful reserve, combined with precious memories of days well spent and of joyous anticipations to be met in other and brighter realms, may crown the end with serenity and joy.

But such an old age as this depends in no small degree on the conduct of youth; for if time, in its last stages, is to yield a benediction, it must not in its first be turned into a curse. There must be no neglect of its opportunities, no perversion of its gifts, and no studied indifference to its significance, from which the man will be roused, when all too late, by some child's hand placed in his own, or by some silver thread in his raven locks.

It is not altogether unnatural for young people to take no thought of time, but it is exceedingly unwise. The drunkards of Israel were reproved for comforting themselves with the assurance that the to-morrow would be as the to-day and even more abundant. In a sense they were right enough; one day includes as many hours, and each hour as many minutes, and each minute as many seconds, as any other. But he who says "to-morrow will be as to-day and even more abundant," be he drunk or sober, forgets that he himself will not be the same to-morrow that he is to-day, nor so abundant, but will be, if he persists in this illusion, shriveled up in many things, without energy or ability to engage in untried ventures, and when all too late will understand Shelley's saying, that "most men spend the latter half of their lives correcting the mistakes of the preceding half." To avert the possibility of so bitter an experience, there must be a profound realization of the value of time to those who stand in the very dawning of existence. It is reported of Napoleon, who usually seized the moment in its flight and charged it through and through with the life of action that, after the passage of arms at Reichenbach, which cost him Duroc, he moodily replied to Caulaincourt's appeal for orders, "To-morrow—everything." Multitudes of young people are disposed to answer many, if not all, serious claims on them for earnest work, "To-morrow—everything," failing to perceive that they will find in "to-morrow" only what they import from to-day.

Charlotte Brontë writes: "I shall be thirty-one

next birthday. My youth is gone like a dream, and very little use I made of it." I do not pretend to judge the soundness of her criticism on herself; but I am sure that the policy of delay will inevitably lead to a repetition of Tom Hood's confession: "My forty years have been my forty thieves, for they have stolen strength, hope, and many other joys." Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his own inimitable way, illustrates the fatuity of those who are listless in the present, and who somehow imagine that the future, as though it were a personal entity endowed with millions, must surely bring wealth and honor. Among the applicants visiting the "Intelligence Office" which he describes so graphically, there is an elderly gentleman whose white hair streams in the wind, and who moves with the alacrity of a vehement purpose. He emphatically states that he is in search of to-morrow, and adds: "I have spent all my life in pursuit of it, being assured that to-morrow has some vast benefit or other in store for me. But now I am getting a little in years, and must make haste, for unless I overtake to-morrow soon, I begin to be afraid it will finally escape me." With something of pathos in his voice, the. man of intelligence answers the disheartened old gentleman: "This fugitive to-morrow, my venerable friend, is a stray child of Time and is flying from his father into the region of the infinite. Continue your pursuit, and you will doubtless come up with him; but as to the earthly gifts which you expect, he has scattered them all among a throng of yesterdays." Wise teacher! Only as minutes are valued as they

come and go will time as a whole be prolific in choice and enduring benefits. This is the moral of that famous observation made by the Emperor Titus: "I have lost a day; for on this day I have done no good thing"—a judgment which Charles Sumner sought to reverse when he declared that the Roman ruler had done a world of good in giving utterance to this memorable saying. But in the sense intended by Titus, it is indisputably true that every day is lost which is allowed to lie fallow, and which yields no precious fruit. As little Pippa sings:

O Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances
(Be they grants thou art bound to or gifts above measure),
One of thy choices or one of thy chances
(Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks of thy pleasure),
My Day, if I squander such labor or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me.

I desire, my young friends, to save you from this kind of wastefulness and its attendant shame, and to this end my present Message is dedicated. Nor can I think of any better way in which to render effective my desire than by leading you to consider time as a trust, a possession, a patrimony, for the right use of which you must render an account, and in dealing with which you should be pre-eminently honest. What I shall have to say along this line will be applicable to people of all ages: for the duties growing out of integrity are binding, without intermission, from the cradle to the grave; but if the young can only be persuaded to take

them up while they are young, they will not only escape the errors of which we have spoken, but they will assuredly render the sweet summer of life tributary to a glorious winter.

I would have you at the outset realize that, supremely, time belongs to the Almighty, and therefore, that he cannot be defrauded of his own without grievous guilt being incurred. "Will a man rob God?" was asked by an amazed and indignant prophet, and the affirmative answer out of the unseen inculpated the entire nation. In more ways than one this insulting thievery continues, and in no domain is it more painfully conspicuous than in that suggested by our present inquiry. Every year, every month, every day, hour, minute, second, belongs to the Ancient of Days; for each of these notes of duration is only a landmark, milestone, or boundary line of eternity becoming historical. When what we call "eternity" has its sunrises and sunsets, its winters and summers, its cycles and periods, its births and deaths, it is changed into "time." And surely God has property rights in it then just as valid and inalienable as when it existed without divisions. If a man shall fence in one acre from among the millions he owns, he does not thereby surrender his claim to the measured and environed land. It is his after the fence is reared as it was before. So the Divine Father has not abandoned his title to that small section of eternity which he has set aside and apportioned, or the unfolding of his own high purposes regarding man's development and destiny. Each moment then is his, and he is jealous of its preciousness

and cannot permit it to be squandered on worthless objects. To pervert, misimprove, or profane it, is enough to provoke his indignation. The race has deceived itself on this subject by assuming that certain hours in a day and a certain day of the week belong, in a peculiar and veritable sense, to God, and that, outside of these special seasons, the creature is "lord warden" over the years.

This is an entirely misleading conception, and has wrought much mischief to the religious progress of the world. The error involved does not lie in supposing some portions of time to be sacred, but in believing that there may be some time that is not sacred at all. It is comparatively easy to observe appropriately some specified season in a devout and ceremonial way, but not so easy to live devoutly at all seasons, carrying its temper into the secularities that engage man's attention. The reverence for God that sanctifies rest on Sunday ought assuredly to sanctify work on Monday; for work is as truly his ordinance as rest. There may be and doubtless are, by divine appointment, days that are to be used for definite purposes, as for refreshment, repose, and public worship; and there are others to be mainly occupied with the claims of business and of cognate interests; but why the spirit of the one should be divorced from the other, no one as yet has been able to explain. Is trade in and of itself unholy? and are engagements outside of the church to be considered as necessarily less religious than those that are transacted within? and is only one seventh of the period of human existence on earth to be regarded as worthy of heavenly recog-

nition and that alone to be devoted to the culture of those graces and the practice of those virtues that have their rootage in Christian soil? Such assumptions are monstrous, and where they have been countenanced, they have degraded six parts of the week by creating an impression that these may without serious harm be employed wholly in serving personal and selfish ends; and they have not in reality exalted the seventh, as that has been treated as an unwelcome returning visitor, whose object is to impose penances—such as listening to long sermons; or, to change the figure, as workshops, necessary though unattractive, where, after the wear and tear of six days, man's somewhat dilapidated moral nature may turn in for repairs.

The more such a view is pondered the less tenable does it appear. It belongs essentially to that strange, not to say fantastic, religionism which arrests the stroke of the assassin while the hour of prayer lasts, but does not avert it altogether and, indeed, imparts to it a kind of merit because of its pious pause. Away with it! Absurd in itself, it is the fruitful mother of absurdities. It leads to a most complicated and indefensible system of casuistry. Sunday, it is affirmed—and rightly too—is given as a day of rest and of worship, on which there ought to be release from ordinary toil and abundant opportunity for spiritual improvement. But it is assumed, as an outgrowth of confused ideas concerning what is meant by the term "sanctity," or "holy," which in reality only signifies "set apart," that family reunions, walks through

the fields of golden grain, the contemplation of nature or art, and the perusal of helpful literature, are subversive of its design and alien to its spirit. In my judgment change of day cannot change the essential rightness or wrongness of things. To work on the first day of the week is wrong, because it has been explicitly forbidden by divine authority, and because a long course of investigation has proven that body and mind need the hebdomadal rest. It would be as immoral for man to refuse his nightly sleep as it is for him to despise the law that necessitates abstinence from toil for one entire day in seven. But by what process of reasoning it can be shown that engagements which do not interfere with this provision become even mildly sinful because they are kept on Sunday does not very clearly appear. Good books, pleasant intercourse with friends, communings with nature, afford relaxation and are consistent with the true meaning of repose. If it shall be said that they interfere with the enjoyment of worship, I must beg leave to dissent. Let us remember that worship is a spirit as well as an act, and that if the act is prolonged unduly it destroys the spirit. Hence it has come to pass that the excessive Sabbatarianism of a past generation has tended to destroy respect even for a reasonable seventh-day observance in this. Too much church-going may be itself destructive of that part of the divine law which demands that we shall rest, and may result in a reaction against church-going altogether. The act of worship should be conscientiously performed, and that will doubtless deepen its spirit; but it has yet

to be shown that to the devout mind, family association, commerce with the great thinkers of the race, and contemplation of the art masters, are not conducive to the constant enlargement and refinement of this spirit.

Perhaps it will be answered that an interpretation as broad as this will encourage the profane to continue their violations of the Lord's Day. But let it be remembered that narrower interpretations have not influenced them to honor it; and I more than doubt the wisdom of proclaiming a law in such terms as to invite practical repudiation of its alleged requirements. What is more evident than that it is not kept in this latter part of the nineteenth century as some preachers imagine it should be kept? We do go out on the Sabbath, though Moses commanded otherwise; we do kindle fires in our habitations on the Sabbath; and we can buy victuals on the Sabbath, though Nehemiah condemned the custom; and we do not kill anybody, and nobody, even the most devout, would kill anybody, for gathering sticks, or for any other deviation from the letter of ancient statutes.[1] Multitudes of Christians do read the Sunday papers, do travel on the Lord's Day, do go to their offices for a few moments, and do other things which they had better leave undone in communities where the delusion prevails that the decalogue reigns supreme. In Chicago, theatres are opened on the first day of the week, and in Boston we have concerts, where even the pretense of "sacredness" is omitted; and

[1] Exod. 16 : 29; 35 : 3; Neh. 10 : 31; Exod. 31 : 14, 15; Num. 15 : 35.

in both cities—and these are only typical of others —streets are repaired and various public works are attended to as on other days of the week.

My contention is, that these mutinous acts are common in localities where Sabbatarianism of the most rigid type has been inculcated and legalized; and that, therefore, extreme views, unless they are manifestly true, are not the surest means of accomplishing a desirable end. We have lost so much under the old method that it cannot but be wise to examine anew its soundness and see whether there is not more of promise in a change. Personally, I have not hesitated to repudiate the current orthodox exposition with its untenable assumptions, which are received with "Amens" in conventions, and quietly ignored in the exigencies of real life. I once more affirm that all time is sacred, and that Sunday is not grounded in the fourth commandment, but in the teachings of the New Testament and the laws of nature, and that it is duly observed by entire and complete cessation from ordinary toil, combined with refreshing and recuperating rest and spiritual enlargement and public worship.

I presume it will not be denied that the character of engagements and of prevailing thoughts afford a fair criterion of the estimate placed on passing years. When there is no serious purpose, and when hours are a burden to be gotten rid of, or an enemy to be slain; and when Richard the Second's saying is forgotten, "I wasted time and now doth time waste me"—it is seen how little store is set by what is thus foully murdered. Jeremy Taylor writes truly: "Idleness is the greatest prod-

igality in the world; it throws away that which is invaluable in respect to its present use, and irreparable when it is past, being able to be recovered by no power of art or nature." And John Milton declares that the hours have wings and carry the news of their usage to the Great Judge. He adds: "Sure if we thought thus, we should dismiss them with better reports, and not suffer them to fly away empty or laden with dangerous intelligence. How happy is it when they carry up not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days to speak for us before his glorious throne."

In what service, my young friends, do you employ your hours? Are they sent out merely to gather amusements or pleasures, or have they been devoted entirely to mercenary tasks? Are they so occupied with the lower that they afford no opportunity for the higher? The contention between worldliness and other-worldliness need not be revived; but it ought to be realized that we can no more live the highest life here without reference to the spiritual universe than the earth we tread can attain its richest fruitfulness apart from the sun's gracious influences. And as the sun is necessary, not only one day in seven, but through the entire year, so we are able to sanctify our existence only as we keep it, through every day and hour, in conscious fellowship with the Unseen.

To remember the Creator is not merely to acknowledge coldly his being, but it is to have regard for his pleasure and concern for his glory. It is reverently to have in mind his commandments

and his revealed will in all our engagements and transactions. Whoever remembers God always will commit his ways to the divine guidance, and will avoid all undertakings, and even all recreations, on which the divine blessing cannot be invoked. It is to live gladly as in his sight; it is to walk with him; it is to commune with him unceasingly; and it is to be homed and intempled in him. As we would not have him forget us even for a moment, and in our graver moods could not contemplate such a contingency without terror, so we should never forget him whose benefits are more than the hairs of our heads. "At all times his praise shall continue to be in my mouth," may well be the purpose of every soul. When he is considered first and foremost, men will hardly dare idle away the years, nor permit them to be desecrated by corruption in business or by pollution in pleasure. They will recognize his claim to all time, and will consecrate it to his "service"—not meaning by that much-abused word merely acts of public worship, but the conduct of life in such manner as to carry out his plans and exalt his authority. Thought of him will thus come to attach weighty significance to every moment, and lead to conscientious solicitude for the wise improvement of the years. As they sweep onward they will be freighted with deeds of usefulness and benevolence; and as they return to the ocean of eternity, they will not bear on their surface the straw and stubble so vehemently deplored by Lord Bacon, but the precious and enduring. In this way, God gets his own again and with usury, and man surrenders back

that which he had received, after honorably improving the magnificent trust.

To many, all this may seem as rhapsody or transcendentalism, impossible in this world of hard practicalities. And yet I dare venture to prophesy that as society becomes increasingly religious and intelligently religious, it will leave far behind it the false and mischievous interpretation of Christianity which has exalted the letter over the spirit, and which has identified its life with observances, regulations, and special seasons. The nineteenth century has been slowly emancipating itself from the miserable legalism, ceremonialism, and misleading distinctions entailed on it by the eighteenth, and is now proclaiming to the twentieth the fair evangel that all time is holy unless profaned by thoughts of evil and deeds of shame, and that God is truly served on every day, alike in common tasks, in gentle ministries, and in heroic, saintly sacrifices. Dr. Martineau has a glimpse of this grander age in the following vivid passage :

> "What would you wish to be doing," was the question once put to a wise man, "if you knew that you were to die the next minute?" "Just what I am doing now," was his reply, though he was neither repeating the creed nor telling his religious experience, but, for aught I know, posting his accounts, or talking merry nonsense with his children round the fire. Nothing that is worthy of a living man can be unworthy of a dying one ; and whatever is shocking in the last moment, would be disgraceful in every other.

While, as I have maintained, all time is the Lord's, we are not to forget that he has committed it in trust to man, that is, to ourselves and our

neighbors. That which belongs to our brother man we should respect, as we have a right to demand that he shall respect what belongs to us. If we are not to defraud the Almighty, we ought not to despoil his steward. But I fear we often rob our neighbor of his time, and do so without serious sense of guilt. Louis XV. is quoted as having said that punctuality is the politeness of kings. But to my mind, it is more than politeness; it is honesty. When a service, lecture, or concert is set for a certain hour and a thousand or more people are present, each person having paid a suitable sum in subscription or for tickets, what shall be said of the morality of preacher, speaker, or singer who dawdles and arrives half an hour or so late? Is he not engaged in a species of wholesale robbery, depriving the good-natured people of thirty minutes each—an immense total, if the minutes of all were added together—an amount also, which, if judiciously employed, might prove of inestimable worth to its possessors? Suppose I agree to meet a banker or railroad president at ten o'clock; in what terms can I excuse myself if I deliberately, or through carelessness, keep him waiting fifteen minutes? I have no more right to take this from his life than I have to deplete his pocket of fifteen dollars. If the old saying is true, "Time is money," the two transactions sustain a most ominous resemblance to each other. They are, however, rarely if ever classed in the same category.

His sacred majesty of England was offended because a bootmaker was not on hand according to appointment. When at last he did arrive and was

ushered into the presence of King George, the irascible monarch inquired: "How many hours do you sleep, sir?" The startled maker of soles replied, "Nine hours, may it please your majesty." "Nine hours!" continued the irate ruler, "nine hours! The rule is, seven hours' sleep for a man, eight for a woman, and nine hours for a fool. Do you hear me—nine hours for a fool.' What effect this eloquence had, I know not. But the king did well to be angry. Shall the head of the State submit quietly to being robbed by one of his subjects? Is royalty to encourage this kind of petit larceny? Bad enough for republics to be plundered; kingdoms surely ought to be exempt.

Samuel Smiles, in one of his books, revives a story of Washington often told in the days of our grandfathers. He was afflicted with a very dilatory secretary, and on reproving him with that majestic sternness which became the Father of his Country, he was informed that a tardy and perverse watch was to blame; whereon the immortal George crushed the erring scribe by remarking in a soft, unimpassioned, but in a far-reaching kind of way, "You must get you a new watch, or I must procure a new secretary." What a rebuke!

But where is the embodiment of dignity, virtue, and offended exactness in these degenerated times that could deal in as lordly and effective a way with those members of society who are always late for dinner, late at church, late at bank, late at funerals, and always late in paying promissory notes? It is really astonishing how many people there are who have no faculty for calculation, unless

it be for their own ease and indulgence. Untold numbers exist in an absent-minded kind of a way. "Why, dear me, if the bells are not ringing for meeting, and I had no idea that the morning was so far gone!" This is said by housewife and husband, with a clock staring them in the face as it were reproachfully and with watches mockingly ticking in their pockets. What more can be done for such heedless persons? The sun rises in the morning and its shadows call on us all to mark the flight of time. The postman reminds us that the hour for the morning delivery has arrived and the market men ring the bell to see what we want, and yet not a few are oblivious to engagements which ought to have been kept. Cathedral bells peal in our ears, clocks strike, cuckoos out of machinery cuckoo the hour, the quarter, and every conceivable thing is done to keep us abreast of the passing day. Moreover, there are individuals whose irregularity is itself as useful as sun-dial or chronometer, and yet we do not learn exactness. The hour can always be ascertained by their tardy movements. At fifteen minutes past eight they appear at shop or office, where they should have arrived promptly at eight. Looking from the window the observer can always determine the hour by the coming on the scene of these unpunctual creatures, just as the figures marching before the face of the Strasburg clock announce the approaching chimes. The minister can tell that it is thirty minutes after eleven, for on the thirtieth minute his chief parishioner ambles down the center aisle. And yet, notwithstanding these examples

of undeviating lateness, society is far from being prompt in keeping its engagements. The Bible admonishes us not to take thought for the morrow ; but these people do not take thought for the day, and what is worse, take no thought for the day of other people.

This burglarious disposition unhappily does not end with this species of despoilment. Incomputable time is wasted by unnecessary calling and by legitimate calls unduly prolonged. Gentlemen who have no concern for their own livelihood inflict themselves on busy men who have either to work or starve, and theorists with the wildest of schemes, and agents innumerable with all kinds of articles to sell, intrude on those who are under obligations to do just so much within prescribed limits, and imagine themselves badly treated if they are not welcomed with open arms and listened to indefinitely. Especially are pastors the victims of these time-stealers. They are expected to grant prolonged audiences to every one who has a book to sell, a mission to plead, a hobby to ride, or a pious fad to advocate. If they presume to remonstrate they are reported as lacking in sympathy. Members of the congregation also join in this crusade against the clergyman's property. They not only pay unnecessary calls, but they complain that they are not visited enough in return. In some parishes it is demanded that the pastor be continually trudging from house to house, with no end in view except by euphonious chatter to entertain the fault-finding saints. In this way precious hours which should be given to study, to pulpit preparation, or to the real business

of the church, are foolishly and even wickedly squandered. And yet we are wondering at the close of this nineteenth century, that Christianity has not progressed farther and triumphed more completely. No need is there for amazement, for among other inanities is this despicable misdirection of the ministry. The underlying assumption that the clergyman is a social factor, and that he is bound to be a hanger-on at the houses of the rich, and impart a kind of social distinction by frequenting the homes of those who are struggling to be rich, and that he ought to be a winged shuttlecock between the rival battledores of his congregation, affording all delightful entertainment, is mischievous in the extreme. When such folly comes to an end, and when preachers are serious in a serious cause, and when they recognize the stern fact that Christianity, even in England and America, has not yet captured the country, and when they devote themselves to their real work—the work of seeking the lost, reclaiming the wandering, and enlightening a world still in the darkness of unbelief—then, and not till then, will our religion convince and conquer.

Letter writing has become another means by which innocent individuals are defrauded of many precious hours. I would not complain if all epistles resembled those of Seneca, of Madame de Sévigné, or of Jane Welsh Carlyle; but they do not. There are, of course, communications, however poorly penned, of affection and business, that ought to be gratefully received. But what shall be said of innumerable letters that have no earthly

motive apart from the vanity of the sender, unless we except in some instances the uncomfortable benevolence of persons who are anxious to sacrifice others to the cause they have very much at heart? Oceans of unnecessary ink deluge the philanthropic annually. Missives of every shape and size are addressed to them in the name of suffering humanity. They are cajoled in long periods of doubtful rhetoric, or are threatened in endless sentences of undoubted demagoguery, to place a liberal portion of their cash at the disposal of the writer. Editors, clergymen, politicians, and capitalists, are continually infested by epistles that often prove as worrying and torturing as sanguinary mosquitoes. These notes, communications, appeals, flutter and buzz and complacently sting and leave the helpless victim without redress.

Some correspondents desire advice. They are perhaps anxious to ascertain whether, in the judgment of the eminent man—alas, poor wretch!—they have chosen to consult, they are best fitted for the press, the pulpit, the bar, or the stage. It may be that they purpose to buy a piano, sewing machine, washer, or wringer, and sadly need the counsel of preachers who never owned a piano, or of journalists who are familiar with almost every kind of machine, especially that of politics, but not with the particular one concerning which information is requested. Theories of reform, philosophic schemes, poems, novels, are submitted to the inspection of busy people, and always with the sole expectation of approval, criticism being the last thing desired. I remember making a suggestion or two to a poetical

friend—masculine gender—who favored me with an hour and a half of metrical prose, and who professed a flattering regard for my opinion. My suggestions were offered in the spirit of modesty and deference; but his grieved expression and his testy manner proved only too conclusively that his muse was more than offended. I now have it understood that no poets need apply for "aid or comfort"; but it is impossible to characterize or set in order the vast variety of subjects that are embodied in letters or that are made the occasion for their production. At this moment millions of pens, having nothing else to do, are composing epistles that will only waste untold hours of unoffending individuals who shall be entrapped into their perusal. And yet we extol cheap postage and eulogize the memories of the men who invented this method of rendering miserable the lives of public personages; and it has been proposed, that this misery may be intensified, to reduce the price of letter postage to one cent, or a half-penny. How shall such a conspiracy as this be dealt with? How protect the few remaining moments left to prominent characters from the rapacious exactions of conscienceless correspondents? Indifference does not end the wretchedness, for the unanswered communication generally brings another, and one particularly abusive, that alleges all sorts of infamies against the hard heart that has persisted in maintaining silence. I am sadly afraid that the much-envied great must take the bitter with the sweet and amiably submit to being robbed by any scribbler who has not the fear of the eighth commandment before his eyes.

But there is a more serious aspect of the crime I am condemning that ought not to pass unnoticed. Much has been written of late regarding fewer hours of labor. It has been argued, and with reason too, that the shorter day should be generally recognized as more conducive to industrial progress and to social well-being than the longer one that has through many centuries been demanded of suffering toil. Facts are not favorable to the belief that physical exertion carried beyond a reasonable limit can prove advantageous either to the individual himself or to the community at large. Prior to 1819, women, and even children, slaved in England through fourteen hours each day, and the deterioration of the race was so manifest that these hours were reduced in number to twelve, and the physical and moral advantages of this change were so great that in 1825 there was a further reduction to eleven. Still encouraged by the salutary effects of the movement, the ten-hour law was adopted in 1847. Even this scale has been lowered in some trades, with marked benefit to both the capitalist and laborer. Instead of this partial release from toil leading to idleness and dissipation, the uniform testimony is that in proportion as it has been obtained, industrious and temperate habits have increased among the people. In Australia, from 1855, started by James Stephens, a mason, the eight-hour rule came into vogue, and its operation has justified its economic soundness. Of the population one in eight is a depositor in the savings-bank, and an American consul testifies that "the moral and physical condition of the people is sound and healthful."

The example of the antipodes may well encourage the rest of the world to adopt similar humane views. Certainly, with this instance before us, we have not an excuse, even in selfishness, for the policy that leaves the workman no time for adequate recuperation, for domestic duties, and personal improvement. Is it not immoral to take advantage of the necessities of the poor and leave them to starve or force them to such prolonged labor as must result in their deterioration? An industrial system that robs men and women of the time needed for rest, refreshment, recreation, and culture, and that brutalizes mind and body as the price of the meagerest subsistence, is fundamentally and radically false and pernicious. Every individual has inalienable rights which he cannot barter for daily bread, nor another ignore and despise without manifest guilt. To compel a woman or a man to work twelve hours because he must or perish of hunger, is on a par with the high-handed proceedings of the footpad who, pistol in hand, demands "your money or your life." Yet this crime is being perpetually committed in many lands and very few seem to realize its moral turpitude. That a portion —and that a small portion—of society may be rich and increased in goods, the larger portion must consent to be deprived of every opportunity favorable to personal happiness and must not even complain of the injustice wrought.

I protest against the entire proceeding. It is an outrage against humanity, and none would dare perpetrate it if they in reality ever remembered God, their Creator. Were employers and the cap-

tains of industry only to consider God, to consider that he is interested in the welfare of all his creatures, and to consider that their time is, in a true sense, his time as well, they would not so glibly defend the wholesale dishonesty that leaves no time either for God's worship or for man's recuperation and enjoyment. But while this species of thievery is to be condemned on the one hand, on the other that disposition frequently manifested on the part of mechanics, laborers, and helpers in almost every pursuit to waste hours that they have covenanted to devote to the service of their masters is not in any wise to be condoned or excused. There have been many instances where complaint has been warranted against workmen for idling, even when an excessive day was not exacted. In such circumstances they need not be surprised if they are dealt with summarily, and it is only reasonable to believe that such disastrous dilatoriness must tend to postpone indefinitely the hopes that are being fostered of a fairer age, when every available moment shall not be consumed in the hard struggle to maintain a pitiable and beggarly existence.

But the dishonesty I have been considering in this Message may be perpetrated in another form. A young man may prodigally squander his own time and may in this manner sin against himself as he may transgress against his neighbor. Michael Faraday, when a poor apprentice, utilized every moment, and in a letter to a boy friend he wrote: "Time is all I require. Oh, that I could purchase at a cheap rate some of our modern gents' spare hours—nay, days! I think it would be a good bar-

gain both for them and for me." He perceived the desperate folly of the youths who suffered from *ennui* because they had nothing to do. Time, as I have argued, is a possession, whether it is ours or our neighbor's, for the administration of which we shall be held accountable. It is another word for earthly opportunity, and we ought with patient diligence to turn it to the best account, both for the life that now is and for the life that is to come. Much depends on the value we instinctively attach to minutes and seconds, as to whether we make the most of our brief pilgrimage. There are multitudes who never seem to wake up to a great or promising occasion until it has passed, and who are always too late for decisive action. Of General Grant it has been said that if he was not a great soldier, at least he was always "a *nigh* man" ; that is, as Von Moltke would have expressed it, "he was always on hand at the right time and at the right place and with a superior force." The lads who are graphically characterized by the pen of an unknown contemporary, in the following story or sketch, illustrate this point admirably :

"Thirty years ago, Mr. H., a nurseryman, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather, and not the season for sales ; but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse and went into the kitchen of the farmhouse where two lads were cracking nuts.

"'Mr. H. at home?'

"'No, sir,' said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"'When will he be back?'

"'Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for a week.'

"The other boy, Jem, jumped up and followed the man out. 'The men are not here, but I can show you the stock,' he said with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examined the trees and left an order.

"'You have sold the largest lot I have had this season, Jem,' said his father, greatly pleased, on his return.

"'I'm sure,' said Joe, 'I was as willing to help as Jem, if I'd thought in time.'

"A few years afterward these two boys were left by their father's failure with but two hundred dollars and three hundred dollars each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard, and is still a poor, discontented man. Jem bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, took a place as a cattle driver for a couple of years, with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots, and he is one of the wealthiest men in the State.

"'I might have done like Jem,' his brother said lately, 'if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him.'

"'There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made,' said his wife, 'but nobody can eat it. There's not enough yeast in it.' The retort, though disagreeable, was true. The quick, wide-awake energy which acts as leaven in a character is partly natural; but it can be inculcated by

parents and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open and to act promptly and boldly in every emergency."

One of the saddest instances of the disastrous results of procrastination, of the infirmity that afflicted dilatory and drowsy Joe, was furnished during the season of 1891 on the New York Central Railroad. An accident occured to a train, and it lay in the way of other trains that were rapidly following on the same track. A brakeman was dispatched in hot haste back to a little station a mile or two away, that he might flag the St. Louis express. He arrived in season for the accomplishment of his mission, but instead of doing what he had to do promptly he entered the station just for a moment to exchange a friendly word with the master. Scarcely had he uttered his salutation when the rushing noise of a train recalled him to a sense of duty. He hurried impetuously back to the platform, only to discover that he was too late. The St. Louis express had dashed by unwarned and in a few minutes afterward had crashed into the obstructing coaches, and men and women were wounded, maimed, killed. If the unfortunate brakeman, whose guilty leisureliness caused this terrible catastrophe, survives his crime, probably, with scores of other triflers, he wonders why he has not been chosen to the presidency of a railroad company. The secret of failure, in no small number of instances, we have disclosed in this apparent fatal inability to meet the demands of a grave and momentous crisis. In politics, in religion, in business, indeed in every department of thought and

action, plans miscarry and discomfiture shames, because the golden opportunity has been frittered away by those who were not quick enough to discern its preciousness and significance.

It is Shakespeare who writes: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at its flood leads on to fortune." So also Schiller in "The Piccolomini":

> Seize, seize the hour,
> Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
> In life which is indeed sublime and mighty.

Never was there truer sentiment, Every youth will, sooner or later, be brought face to face with advantageous circumstances which, if improved, will result in manifold blessings. To employ a current expression, "every man has his chance"—his "chance" to free himself from over-mastering evil, to carve for himself a name and place in this busy world, and a "chance" to rise above the earthy temper of his spirit and approach to the heavenly purity of the saved. With a burst of virtuous indignation an English writer, contemplating the miserable lot of thousands of our fellow-beings in the world, and comparing it with what may possibly be their condition in the great hereafter, exclaims as though singular in the conviction, "I believe that God will give every man a chance." I do not question the soundness of the faith. But I think we are too much inclined to the opinion that the wretched masses of people who excite our compassion have never enjoyed the opportunity of being other than they are, or of acting differently

than they do; and that what has been denied them here ought to be afforded them in the world beyond. I do not wish to discuss in this volume the relations of the present to the future; nor is it necessary, for it is clear to my mind that every soul in the course of its earthly history is brought, perhaps more than once, under conditions favorable to its highest good.

There are few men who have made shipwreck of themselves, who have gone through a series of years from disaster to disaster, and who have been a snare and a curse to others, who cannot, on looking back, see where they have made fatal mistakes, and where if they had acted otherwise than they did the outcome would have been vastly different. Who is there that cannot recall some auspicious moment when unseen hands threw open wide the portals to success, when a competency, if not affluence, was placed within his reach; who cannot remember some precious season when the heart was moved as by invisible angels to repentance, and when aspirations to a nobler and purer life were awakened and fanned almost into a flame? Perhaps it was in early manhood, when hopes ran high, when courage was abiding, and when a proud consciousness prevailed that no enemy could daunt, no obstacle impede, that suddenly, unexpectedly, the testing hour came. As we now mournfully look back we see if, when the war broke out, when the fire raged, when the estate descended to us, when the enterprise was proposed, or when the way of retreat was opened from some questionable calling, we had only been equal to the emergency

we would be immeasurably better off in worth of character and estate than we are. It may have happened in later years that we were brought to "where two roads meet," and at their junction paused irresolute, realizing the immense importance of our decision, and now regret that we did not choose the one we then declined to tread.

That was a supreme moment in the history of Columbus when he craved a drink of water at a convent door when the good prior, drawn to him by the grandeur of his plans, supplied him with letters of introduction which opened the way for the discovery of a new world. Without this opportunity his magnificent schemes might have miscarried; but with it how many men would never have succeeded! That was a supreme moment to Martin Luther when the pope's bull was published in his German home, and when his own usefulness and happiness centered in its defiant destruction. How few would have the courage in these days to commit it, as he did, to the flames! and yet had not the Reformer done so he would have regretted it all his days. That was a supreme moment in the career of Ignatius Loyola when, on the walls of Pampeluna, the cannon-shot fractured his legs and forced him into seclusion, whence the hot-blooded Spanish soldier might have come forth a saint, but instead came forth a Jesuit. That was a supreme moment when Wallenstein halted between loyalty to the empire and his own aggrandizement. That was a supreme moment in the turbulent life of Nelson when he turned his blind eye to the signal that had been hoisted for him to retire from

before Copenhagen, and continued the fight for the honor of his country. It was then that his relation to the victory at Trafalgar was practically decided. That was a supreme moment to General Grant when he was appointed to command in the Southwest, and made it possible for him at last to receive the sword of General Lee ; and yet how many might have fought on the Cumberland who would only have demonstrated their unfitness to lead an army on the James. Such also was the moment in the life of Napoleon, when Barras proposed, in the hour of the Convention's peril, that the young general should command its meagre forces.

And thus to every one, in great degree and small, comes the favorable opportunity, the hour for which all previous hours have been made—the great divide from whose summit the traveler will rush down either into the chilly valleys of the north, or into the warm, sunny, flowery vales of the south. That is a supreme moment in life when the lad becomes distinctly conscious of the great world of nature that lies around him, and hears its merry voices sounding in winds and waves, murmuring in leaves of trees and warbling of birds, and saying : "Ask what thou wilt, and even to the half of my kingdom will I give you." That is a supreme moment too, when the youth is brought into the presence of the mighty dead, who survive forevermore in their recorded thoughts, and whose shades, bending lovingly over the inquiring mind, seem to whisper : "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." That, also, is a moment never to be forgotten when the sacred majesty of religion first sheds its holy halo on the dusty path

of life, when inspired men of God and the exalted Christ come near the soul and breathe in its inner chambers the divine messages of grace and peace. Supreme moments, each to be followed by others, in their time supreme as well; but by none whose magnitude and solemn import shall ever surpass these more familiar ones which are the common heritage of all!

Robert Browning, in "Paracelsus," sings:

> 'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels
> Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
> Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
> Who care not for their presence, muse, or sleep;
> And all at once they leave you, and you know them.

And some one has said, "We prize our blessings when they are flown," but all our regrets, weeping, and remorse will never—can never—bring them back again. The angels that once were near nevermore return to those who have slighted their presence and scorned their favor. And if these great occasions are frittered away, and if the day that dawns glorious in promise is allowed to pass unheeded and unimproved, and if all the years are dealt with improvidently, what kind of old age must inevitably follow? If the young man turns brigand and desperately plunders God, his neighbor, and himself of time, and if he puts this most precious of all commodities to no worthy use, he need not be surprised to find himself shut up to some type of an unlovely and unlovable age. It may correspond to the mental and physical condition of Polonius, whom Hamlet calls "the great

baby . . . not yet out of his swaddling clouts." Or it may recall the last sad days of Southey, when he played in a vacant way with his books; or the wretchedness of Charles V., idly fashioning puppets in his convent as he had molded statesmen and generals in the vigor of his life. What more lamentable than the sight of Dean Swift, in his decrepitude, weeping over a book he had written in his prime, and realizing that like a tree he was "withering at the top," mournfully exclaiming, "What a genius I had when I wrote that!" Is there not something humiliating in the picture drawn of the famous Marlborough, when feeble and imbecile, listening to an account of one of his own battles, and inquiring with wonder who was the commander? I do not say that this blight of the faculties, this maudlin senility, may not come when life, as a whole, has been energetically directed; but in the majority of instances they witness to abuse of God's law and indicate that time has not always been wisely employed. Cicero claims that the extreme loss of strength as the end draws nigh is due to its being wastefully expended in early years; and certainly the loss of beauty and moral dignity is due to this cause. Cato the elder entreated his contemporaries not to add the disgrace of wickedness to old age. Addison writes wisely, as he usually does, when, in the "Tatler," he advises those who are increasing the number of their years to abstain from the pleasures and gallantries of youth, adding that the infirmities attending the final stage of life would be much fewer "if we did not affect those which attend the more vigorous

and active part of our days," the ambition of some being "to be the same sort of fools they were formerly." Mournful and disgusting in the last degree the portrait of Mr. Justice Shallow, painted by the unerring brush of the great dramatist, who loved to relate salacious and lickerish stories of his student times, and to make himself out a perfect hero of debauchery. "O, the mad days that I have spent!" he exclaims to his brother justice. Was not Shallow once of Clement's Inn, where he thinks they still talk of him? He was called lusty Shallow then:

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watchword was, Hem, boys! —Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: —O, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

What can be pictured more forlorn and despicable than this driveling specimen of octogenarian humanity? Nor has the species entirely disappeared from the earth. There are still toothless monsters, vicious and lascivious, who hang around young girls with disgusting freedom. They are senile, soiled, smutty, snuffy, and sensual, and their slimy touch brings defilement and despair. I cannot but liken them to the awful glacier cliff frequently described by writers, called the "Victoria Barrier," which descends into the sea from the frozen sides of the burning volcano, Mount Erebus. In the hearts of

such old men, there rages a quenchless fire. The winter of life yet contains more than tropical heat in its bosom, and the ice of age has not cooled the passions of youth. And as from the sides of Erebus masses break away to invade the seas where sailors pursue their trade, imperiling life and cargo, so from these disreputable sinners emanate cynical and corrupting influences that desolate and destroy the unsuspecting and the innocent.

Only a trifle less forbidding the closing days on earth that are charged through and through with repinings, snarlings, and bitter complainings. There are gentlemen whose hair is white and whose forms are bent, who are critical, captious, querulous, and fault-finding, seeing no good in the present and full of forebodings regarding the future. They are not sustained by pleasant memories nor cheered by triumphant hopes. Spared by an inscrutable providence to the full limit of three-score years and ten, all they can do is to fill the residue of their days with growls, moans, wails, and dark prophesyings. They render themselves nuisances to an unoffending generation that is bound by law to endure them as long as they continue to tarry in a world they so thoroughly detest. The darkness of night rests on their nature, because they have from the beginning turned from the light, just as the earth is enveloped in blackness as it turns its bosom from the sun; and they are the unlovely witnesses of the ravages wrought by the offended years. When these decrepit and misanthropic beings hobble by and join the procession of others less reputable than themselves but equally forlorn and wretched,

they recall a wasted past and foreshadow an avenging future. To squander time entails the possibility of a bankrupt eternity. Yes; eternity takes up the cause of outraged time and terribly avenges the insults that are heaped upon it by the reckless.

Be warned, then, my young friends. Why should you ruin yourselves irretrievably? Why, by your improvidence, doom yourselves to everlasting pauperism? Hear, if not this Message, the voice of the wise jester who, as described by the eloquent Bishop Hall, has made plain the insensate conduct of those who sacrifice the "hereafter" to listlessness and viciousness in the "here."

"I remember," writes the bishop, "our witty countryman, Bromiard, tells us of a lord in his time that had a fool in his house, as many great men in those days had for their pleasure, to whom this lord gave a staff, and charged him to keep it till he should meet with one that was more fool than himself, and if he met with such a one to deliver it over to him. Not many years after, this lord fell sick, and indeed was sick unto death. His fool came to see him and was told by the sick lord that he must now shortly leave him. 'And whither wilt thou go?' said the fool. 'Into another world,' said the lord. 'And when wilt thou come again? within a month?' 'No.' 'Within a year?' 'No.' 'When then?' 'Never.' 'Never? And what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?' 'None at all.' 'No?' said the fool, 'none at all? Here, take my staff. Art thou going away forever, and hast taken no order nor care how thou shalt speed in that other world, whence thou shalt never return? Take my staff; for I am not guilty of any such folly as this.'"

XI

ON CULTIVATING A LOVE OF BOOKS

He, whose hours
Are by domestic pleasures uncaressed
And unenlivened; who exists whole years
Apart from benefits received or done
'Mid the transactions of the bustling crowd;
Who neither hears nor feels a wish to hear
Of the world's interests—such a one hath need
Of a quick fancy, and an active heart,
That, for the day's consumption, BOOKS *may yield*
A not unwholesome food, and earth and air
Supply his morbid humor with delight.

THERE is some sense, and manifestly more sense than poetry, in the following lines from England's greatest dramatist :

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks,
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
. . .
So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should :
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most.
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

Shakespeare is undoubtedly correct. There ought to be some adequate proportion between the intellectual and the practical life. To deteri-

orate in worthiness of character as knowledge is increased; to become helpless in ordinary affairs as the mind accumulates its wealth, is one of the saddest contingencies ever contemplated. Of what particular value "the authority" we may have become familiar with, if we have sacrificed the power of independent thought! And of what service the conquest of a city if it has been subdued by such methods as to render its treasures unavailable! These surely are instances of "Love's labor lost."

Against such mistakes we are warned by different authors of eminence. Carlyle writes: "It is not by books alone, nor by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all parts a man. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading." Hence Canon Kingsley expresses the sentiment, "This is the true and heroical rest which only is worthy gentlemen and sons of God." And Dr. Arnold has recorded a similar conviction: "I would rather send a boy to Van Dieman's Land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages."

The studious habit may be overdone. Culture may be too excessive for the real good of the native mental soil, and reading may degenerate into a mere diversion, withdrawing human energy from serious and imperative obligations. My first word therefore has to be one of warning against extremes and against unwisdom in the pursuit of a most laudable object.

I would have my young readers adopt as their creed the resolution governing the Ruskinian Guild

of St. George: "I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher power of duty and happiness; not in rivalship or contention with others, but for the delight and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life." And I would have them in purposing this nobly realize that, while not everything,—and, indeed, far from being everything,—familiarity with valuable books, according to the author of "Sesame and Lilies," may in no small degree conduce to its ultimate attainment. That is, reading and study are means among other means; not on the one hand to be overestimated, nor on the other to be ignored, especially in this age when, as Heine expresses it, "the intellectual dominion of the individual has ceased—the intellectual rule of the many has commenced."

I have no doubt that the Apostle Paul, when he exhorted Timothy to "give attendance to reading," had special and perhaps exclusive reference to the reading of the Scriptures. This is the view of the most eminent critics, and I see no reason for questioning its soundness. Above and before all other writings ought the Bible to be prized. Viewed simply as literature its claims are paramount; such a composition, for instance, as that of "Job" surpassing in genuine poetic spirit that of "Faust," while the magnificent flights of eloquence that fill the pages of "Isaiah" are unmatched by Wordsworth; and not even Browning, though in some respects suggesting his dramatic and metaphysical style, can compare with Jeremiah in loftiness of thought and grandeur of expression.

Readily can we comprehend the solicitude of Fryth, as set forth in his reply to Sir Thomas More: "This hath been offered you, is offered, and shall be offered. Grant that the word of God, I mean the text of Scripture, may go abroad in our English tongue, . . and my brother Tyndale and I have done, and will promise you to write no more. If you will not grant this condition, then will we be doing while we have breath, and show in few words that the Scripture doth in many, and so at least save some." [1] And with similar ardor should we make a way for the Bible in our own intellectual life, convinced that its relation to us as individuals will stimulate mental activity and refinement as it has always quickened national enlightenment and culture. As the literatures of England and Germany have their roots in this sacred soil, so should we venerate and honor it, that it may once more and forever nourish mighty trees and fragrant flowers of America's future thinkers and singers. Important and necessary is it that such a word as this should be spoken at the present time, when so many seem minded to put the Bible away. The Bible has not only been removed from the common schools in many places and prayer forbidden, but, as Mulford says in his book, "The Nation," it has been "removed from the course of study in universities and from academies, and has no place, corresponding simply as a history and literature to the history and literature of Greece and Rome."

That Bible whose composition appealed to the

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[1] "Doctrine of the Sacrament."

refined taste of Matthew Arnold; that Bible whose dignity and sublimity aroused the soul of Heine so that he regarded the volume as a breath of paradise; that Bible whose prose the skeptical Frederic Harrison extols so highly; that Bible which George Eliot read daily at Witely, and which was to her a very precious and sacred book; yea, that Bible which even Diderot, while rejecting, commended to his child as her best guide in morals and purity; that Bible the cross-roads statesmen who acquire so remarkable an influence in our State legislatures will not permit so much as to be named in the secular halls of learning which they have voted to rear. And it is clear to me, if the present tendency is not checked, we shall find in this country, especially in the Northwest, that the only schools where religion is taught will be those of the Roman Catholic faith, which means in the long run a Roman Catholic population, or what is worse, an atheistical and anarchical one.

While Paul's admonition centers in the duty of the minister to know and interpret revelation, it is not to be so construed as to preclude or prohibit the perusal of other volumes. Let us not forget that he who addressed Timothy was himself a scholar. Not only does he quote, in his famous speech on Mars Hill, the Greek poets, Cleanthes and Aratus, but, as Dr. Lightfoot has shown at length and with considerable ingenuity, evinces familiar acquaintance with the teachings of his contemporary, Seneca the Stoic.

Paul assures us that "the God who made the world and all things therein . . . dwelleth not in

temples made with hands," and Seneca writes: "Temples must not be built to God of stones piled on high: he must be consecrated in the heart of man." Moreover, the apostle declares that God is "not far from every one of us"; while the philosopher says, "God is near thee; he is with thee; he is within." Other parallels might be noted, but these are sufficient for our purpose.[1]

These agreements, if nothing more, indicate the breadth and varied character of Paul's attainments, and fully warrant the inference that while he would at all times give the first place to the Scriptures, he would not be so understood as to deter ministers or laymen from familiar companionship with uninspired authors. I therefore feel at perfect liberty to enlarge the scope of his words to the measure of his enlightened spirit, and to urge on my young friends to honor their youth by giving themselves to reading in every distinctive field throughout the glorious "Republic of Letters."

It is not, however, to be concealed that the wisdom of thus countenancing and encouraging the studious perusal of volumes outside of those which comprise what Jerome termed "The Divine Library" (*Bibliotheca Divina*) has been seriously questioned in the past, and is not uniformly conceded in the present. In the so-called "Apostolical Constitutions," heathen books are condemned; "for what hast thou to do with such foreign discourses, or laws, or false prophets which subvert the faith of the unstable?" Gregory the Great (A. D. 544–604)

[1] See Lightfoot on "Philippians."

forbade ecclesiastics of the highest as well as of the lowest rank to study heathen literature, and reproved the Bishop of Vienna for teaching the clergy grammar, which necessitated some degree of familiarity with the works of uninspired writers.

While these extreme views are no longer held among enlightened leaders, occasionally an ambitious layman or an obscure preacher renders himself conspicuous by denouncing the acquisition of secular knowledge. Sometimes a business man, "a baker or candlestick maker," whose monetary success has abnormally developed his self-assurance, undertakes to lecture the meek and long-suffering pastors of pious flocks on the impropriety, not to say the manifest wickedness, of presuming to read anything but the Bible. That they should dip into science; that they should treasure in their memories the flummeries of the rhetoricians; that they should acquaint themselves with the principles of art or the abstruse abstractions of philosophy, especially as they are living in a world fast hastening to endless perdition—are iniquitous gratifications incomprehensible to the indignant critic. It is not, of course, to be supposed that this horrified layman is representative of a very large constituency, but his type unhappily makes up in virulence and acrimony what it lacks in extent and intelligence.

It is of little use to argue with such men. They are entrenched in intolerance and ignorance, and the world must patiently await their slow extinction through the operation of that most precious law which, in the long run, exterminates what is

unfit to survive. Useless it were to remind them that Moses was learned in the lore of the Egyptians, and that Solomon was wise in all kinds of wisdom, and that John was evidently taught in the philosophy of Alexandria, and that Paul was not indifferent to the claims of heathen classics. In some way satisfactory to themselves they dispose of all such cases, and with an amusing air of infallibility repeat and reaffirm an *Index Expurgatorius* so impartially all-exclusive as to excite the envy of the Vatican authorities.

While these incorrigibles may be left severely alone, it may not be amiss to address a few words of remonstrance to members of the younger generation who, unhappily, are not altogether beyond the reach of their contracted and contracting opinions.

I would have them realize how impossible it would have been for them to have had any New Testament at all had it not been for the Greek language, which was developed and perfected by a long line of Greek authors, who enriched all ages with their poetry, eloquence, and philosophy. Cicero has remarked, in his treatise on "The Nature of the Gods," that various Romans, deeply skilled in the Greek tongue, were unable to communicate the ideas it had imparted to them in the Latin speech, so inadequate was the latter medium in the days of Julius Cæsar for spiritual and metaphysical discussion. Nor should it be forgotten that the primitive statements of Christian doctrine and their logical coherence were due to the copious and flexible vocabulary of a people who had been

taught by Homer, Plato, Socrates, Pericles, and Demosthenes. But if the Gospels and Epistles of the Bible could not have been penned had there been no Hellenic literature, how are they to be understood apart from some knowledge of that literature, either through originals or translations? Helps, moreover, are constantly demanded for the interpretation of Holy Writ, that are derived from antiquarians, lexicographers, and historians; and it is impossible to appreciate the significance and beauty of many of its passages if the light of contemporaneous scholarship is withdrawn.

Even general literature of the first class, if not absolutely indispensable to its exposition, is of great service in furnishing analogies and illustrations that tend to illuminate its meaning. Whatever familiarizes the student with human nature, with its genius, its resources, its weaknesses, its achievements, its ambitions, its aspirations, must prove helpful to him as he seeks to determine the force of the Divine Message. Only as he perceives earthly needs can he appreciate the character and the sufficiency of the heavenly supply; and therefore, while in all respects it may not be well for him to imitate Foxcar's hero, he may yet learn a lesson of wisdom from his example, as set forth in the quaint verse:

> That from all books the Book of books may gain,
> He mingle-mangles sacred and profane;
> Quotes Swift with Daniel; Byron with Saint Peter;
> Ezekiel with the English Opium-eater;
> Hood with Habakkuk; Crabbe with Zechariah;
> Landor with Job, and Lamb with Jeremiah;

The prophet Samuel with his namesake Pepys ;
Bunyan and Jean Paul with th' Apocalypse ;
King Solomon with Shakespeare, Scott, Racine ;
Esther with Edmund Spenser's "Faerie Queene" ;
With Moses, Dryden, Dante, Doctor Donne ;
Accomplish'd St. John with Divine Saint John.

But if it be objected that the mind ought to restrict itself to the reading of the Bible in the interest of its own purity, or at least ought not to venture beyond religious books that tend to foster its instructions, I must answer that if so inclined, if seeking contamination, such a mind can find enough for its defilement even on the sacred page. But all such caviling proceeds on an entirely wrong assumption concerning the function and character of literature, whether inspired or uninspired. It is somehow taken for granted that as the Scriptures are from God, everything contained therein must be holy, and that writings not from him, however elevated, must have in them debasing elements. I am not acquainted with any wiser reply to these misconceptions than that which was penned by John Henry Newman in 1889, equally applicable to works sacred and profane, and which may be taken as a final and a sufficient reason for not discouraging and condemning the widest reading:

Some one will say to me, perhaps our youth shall not be corrupted. We will dispense with all general or national literature whatever, if it be so exceptional ; we will have a Christian literature of our own, as pure, as true as the Jewish. You cannot have it. . . From the nature of the case, if literature is to be made a study of human nature, you cannot have a Christian literature. It is a contradiction in terms to attempt a sinless literature of sinful men. You

may gather together something very great and high, something higher than any literature ever was; and when you have done so, you will find that it is not literature at all. You will simply have left the delineation of man, as such, and have substituted for it, as far as you have had anything to substitute, that of man, as he is or might be, under special advantages. Give up the study of man, as such, if so it must be; but say you do so. Do not say you are studying him, his history, his mind, and his heart, when you are studying something else. Man is a being of genius, passion, intellect, conscience, power. He exercises his great gifts in various ways—in great deeds, in great thoughts, in heroic acts, in hateful crimes. . . Literature records them all to the life.[1]

Much has been written in praise of books, both in poetry and prose. The oldest library of which we have any memorial had inscribed over the gateway the words, "Medicine for the Mind"; and without committing one's self for or against the no-drug theory of our Christian Scientists, it may be assumed that the contents of such a library are the true nostrums of the mind-healer's art. Lord Bacon summed up the value of various kinds of volumes in this way: "Histories make men wise; poets, witty; mathematics, subtle; natural science, deep; moral philosophy, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to debate." These surely are curative virtues not to be despised by a race that suffers intensely from the maladies of foolishness, silliness, superficiality, frivolity, irreverence, and sophistry.

Mrs. Barbauld says that "books are perpetual censors on men and manners; they judge without partiality, and reprove without fear or affection."

[1] "Scope and Nature of University Education."

As an English bishop quaintly wrote: "These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them they are asleep, . . . if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you." Carlyle has described a collection of them as a real university, and Cicero has compared a room where there are none as a body without a soul.

"Books," according to Jeremy Collier, "are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude and keep us from being a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things; compose our cares and our passions; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation."

"I have friends," remarks Petrarch, "whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company and dismiss them whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some by their vivacity drive away my cares and exhilarate

my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires and to depend wholly on myself."

> All round the room my silent servants wait—
> My friends in every season, bright and dim,
> Angels and seraphim
> Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
> And spirits of the skies all come and go
> Early and late.

Since the invention of printing these servants and friends have marvelously multiplied, and unhappily with their increase there has been noticeable some deterioration of character. Appalling is the number of books, and still "of making them there is no end." Alas! calamitous fatality! And here is another, just to fulfill the ominous prognostic, I suppose, of the wise king. It is computed that since the origin of movable types, ten million volumes have been published, and that if we allow three hundred to an edition, the total is three thousand million volumes. The greatest activity in this vast output has prevailed during the last century, which has not only given to us some of our most delightful authors, such as Goethe, Schiller, Hugo, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Whyte Melville, George Meredith, and William Black, but has cheapened in price and brought within the reach of the people the masterpieces of literature. The books highest in character are lowest in price. As the fairest things in nature—the stars, the fields, the seas—are the most familiar, and as the most in-

dispensable kinds of food are the most abundant, so it has been ordered that the noblest works of human genius shall be the easiest to procure. They are everywhere. The Shakespeares, Miltons, Dantes, Racines, and their companions in greatness, can be purchased for a trifle, or they can be consulted and enjoyed in libraries without cost.

To form an idea of the multitude of books in the world one ought sometimes to contemplate the bewildering array of over a million on the shelves of the British Museum, or to study the publishers' lists, both of Europe and America, the mere perusal of which will indicate the enormous growth of literature. If Milton could have foreseen this fecundity he doubtless would have modified the views he expressed in the "Areopagitica" concerning the sanctity of book life. An ingenious writer in the "Saturday Review" (June 22, 1878) has this delicious estimate of the situation—an estimate I cannot abridge without spoiling. Having alluded to the author of "Paradise Lost," he proceeds in this entertaining style:

> There are, we are told, causes which operate to prevent our being over-peopled, but we can see nothing to save us from being over-booked. It was a superstition with our grandfathers that the butterman, the grocer, and the trunk-maker, helped to protect society from the inundation of printed matter; but even if the idea was ever anything more than a poetic fable, such auxiliaries would be as unavailing against the tide of literature nowadays as Mrs. Partington's besom against the Atlantic. Something indeed might be hoped from a commercial treaty with Japan; for the sagacious people of that country have a way of keeping literature within bounds which our boasted Western inven-

tion never thought of. In Japan there is no such thing as waste paper. A book that has ceased to be read, or that never has had readers, is not allowed by the practical Japanese to cumber the earth, take up space uselessly, or worse still, furnish matter for some writer of "padding" articles. It is transmuted into some useful form—an umbrella, or hat, or great-coat. Nay, so manifold are the applications of *papier-mâché* in that ingenious country, household furniture, and even houses, so travelers tell us, are made of it. However large our annual output of literature might be, the Japanese, with such endless uses for paper, would no doubt be ready to relieve us of any quantity, and as commercial relations extended, might perhaps return us some portions manufactured into practical shapes, just as we send cotton back to the growers in the form of shirting. Thus the novelist might come to be sheltered by his own romances, and an epic molded into a hat protect the head within which it was born as a poem.

From these amusing suggestions we are warranted in inferring what indeed must be apparent to gods and men, that this over-swollen stream—this inundation, so to speak—is not an unqualified blessing. Like Artemus Ward's seventeen Mormon widows who proposed to him, it is the "muchness" that discourages and depresses. It is this very abundance that gives point to Schopenhauer's cynical emphasis on "the paramount importance of acquiring the art not to read," and it is this excess that enables us to sympathize with Atterbury in the doleful views he expressed to Pope in a letter written in 1731:

How many books have come out of late in your parts which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them. The catalogue I believe will not cost you much trouble. They must be good ones indeed to challenge any part of

my time, now I have so little of it left. I who squandered whole days heretofore now husband hours when the glass begins to run low, and care not to spend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation.

De Quincey likewise declared it to be "one of the misfortunes of life that one must read thousands of books only to discover that one need not have read them." This painful experience recalls the story of the Oriental magnate whose library was so vast as to require a thousand dromedaries to transport it. With judicious elimination of the useless and trashy, it was reduced to the carrying power of some thirty beasts of burden, and it might doubtless have been diminished still more. A similar process, if we only knew how to perform it, would unquestionably reduce the literature of the world to a limit compassable in a diligent lifetime. The absolute necessity for discrimination is vigorously set forth by Ruskin in "Fors Clavigera." He declares that

the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the gabble of its fools and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all time past inaudible. The first necessity for our mental government is to extricate from among the noise the few books and words that are divine. And this has been my main work from my youth up, not caring to speak my own words but to discern, whether in painting or sculpture, what is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly what is worthless and venomous. So that now, being old and thoroughly practised in this trade, I know either of a picture, a book, or a speech, quite securely whether it is good or not, as a cheesemonger knows cheese.

And further, in "Sesame and Lilies," he writes:

> Life being very short and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books, and that valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one, printed in excellent form for a just price, but not in any vile, vulgar, or, by reason of smallness of type, physically injurious form at a vile price. For we none of us need many books, and those we need ought to be clearly printed on the best paper and strongly bound.

Thomas Carlyle[1] also is eminently entitled to be heard on this point. When addressing the students of Edinburgh University, he said:

> I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of a subject in most departments of books—in all books, if you take it in a wide sense—you will find that there is a division of good books and bad books—there is a good kind of a book and a bad kind of a book. I am not to assume that you are all ill acquainted with this, but I may remind you that it is a very important consideration at present. It casts aside altogether the idea that people have that if they are reading any book, that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I entirely call that in question. I even venture to deny it. It would be much safer and better would he have no concern with books at all than with some of them.

I have no doubt that these reflections are sound and entirely worthy of consideration, and that, in view of them, it must be the duty of pastors, who presumably are students, to assist their people—

[1] "On the Choice of Books."

especially those of youthful years—to a wise selection of the best and purest in literature. In some measurable degree I am seeking to meet this obligation in this Message; and while I know others are better qualified for the pleasant task I must, to be clear in my own conscience, attempt its performance to the best of my ability.

A leading educator several years ago remarked in my hearing that poetry and philosophy were more closely allied than many persons supposed and that he was persuaded the study of the former was more necessary, not to say more advantageous, than the study of the latter. Since then I have thought considerably on the subject, and I am convinced that we gain a clearer insight into the causes and motives of human action, and a truer knowledge of the soul and its workings from the muses than from the metaphysicians. Probably this will be considered heresy by the admirers of the objective and subjective, the conditional and unconditional, the absolute and the relative. But is it not apparent that Homer and Hesiod, supplemented by Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, must give us a more comprehensive idea of Greek society and of the peculiarities and susceptibilities of Greek genius than can be derived from the "Dialogues" of Plato? The "*Nibelungenlied*," "*Morte d'Arthur*," "The Canterbury Tales," and similar classics, can hardly fail to disclose the profoundest principles that govern the actions of individuals and nations. They not only reproduce the times, or the legends of the times, of which they wrote, but they show the innermost depths of the nature common

to the race in all ages. We certainly learn more of man from Goethe than from Kant, more from Molière than Descartes, more from Burns than Dugald Stewart, and immeasurably more from Shakespeare than from Locke, Berkeley, and Lewes.

A Scotch blacksmith thus describes "metaphysics": "Twa folk disputin' thegither; he that's listenin' disna ken what he that's speakin' means, and he that's speakin' disna ken what he means himsel'."

This of course is hardly a fair representation; but at least it shows that in popular esteem philosophy is not always the most effective teacher, even of itself. I do not say this to create the impression that there is any real rivalry between philosophy and poetry—far from it. They are allies, not enemies, and their mission is co-ordinate, not antagonistic; and it is the peculiar merit of Robert Browning that, in his works we behold the two in actual fellowship. The great charm of this wonderful author is that, without advertising his intention he enshrines philosophy in poetry, and offers poetry as a precious sacrifice on the altar of philosophy. As he has united them in his productions we ought not to divorce them in our reading. Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Edmund Spenser, Dryden, Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, Schiller, and Racine, in addition to poets already named, ought to keep company with Socrates, Aristotle, Spinoza, Cousin, Hamilton, Hegel, Fichte, Coleridge, and Emerson. This is a goodly fellowship and, like all other true fellowships, mutually helpful.

Probably it will be suggested that both classes of

writers are beyond the level of ordinary readers and that it were better to recommend more elementary works. M. Jules Simon, the eminent Frenchman, when conferring the prizes of the Philotechnic Society, had to meet this objection; and he did so in a very satisfactory manner. I give a brief extract from his speech:

> You are learning to read poetry; the simpler it is the finer, and a fine poem will always make an impression on the public. You can see a demonstration of this in the free performances which are given once a year at the Paris theatre. I was once asked to select the programme. It was desired to give plays which might be accessible to the intellect of those who have not advanced in education. What is the best thing with which to entertain the masses? Take what is greatest in literature, and you will find that the greatest conceptions of the world's best minds will scarcely be great enough for this universal public. If you take three or four persons singly and give them Corneille and Racine, they may possibly not understand. But the people—the masses—will always understand. It is the difference between man and mankind. The greatest effort that man can make is to represent humanity.

I agree entirely with him. Observation running through many years has taught me that it will not do to presume on the ignorance of the public. The multitudes whom the cultured view as of ordinary intelligence are those who cannot be satisfied with shallowness and mediocrity. Consequently I recommend only the highest, the loftiest, the best in literature; for that which is the grandest and noblest will be more profoundly in harmony with human nature, and what is most in accord with human nature, that nature will, even when comparatively

untaught, be able to comprehend most readily. Nor can this fellowship with the highest be overvalued. It means a great deal, not only to readers themselves, but to the cause of literature itself, creating as it does a taste for what is refined and eminently spiritual. Witness the dawn of hope in France, that at last the old school of naturalism appears to be on the wane. Tolstoi's dictum that "soul is a necessity," both in man and in the universe of things, is coming to be understood among men of letters in Paris, and is causing unusual sensations of joy; for it is being apprehended that the correction of public taste will bring with it a purer literature. Levisse Faquet, and especially Desjardins, are prominently representative of this movement, concerning which Madame de Berry writes in the "Contemporary": "The tendency toward the spiritualization of thought in France is rapidly becoming universal; her men of action, in common with the men of thought, are hailing with enthusiasm the union of labor with science, of science with imagination, and of all with each in the true and hearty love of 'humanity.'"

Delille also, in the "Nineteenth Century," is equally confident. He says: "Psychologists, symbolists, occultists, though widely divided on other points, are all united in proclaiming the downfall of naturalism." The revolt against materialism seems to be pronounced, and with it a reaction from the dominance of base ideals and erotic fantasies. To prevent the possibility of the coming generation lapsing into the quagmire from which Frenchmen are seeking to deliver themselves,

teachers of youth must persistently maintain the prior claims the master minds have on the attention of mankind.

And it would be well if, in this connection, the real merit of Thomas Carlyle were clearly stated, and at least a few of his books commended to the thoughtful student. What the "Christian Commonwealth" has set forth regarding his genius and work cannot be too frequently repeated:

> It was moral, not physical, force he really worshiped. He held that "the set of the universe is just," that good will prevail over evil. And his teaching, so different to that of his day, has certainly helped to mold English thought. In this his humor was an important agent. The two greatest curses of England, he said, were "drink and stump oratory." With much that is exaggerated and unwise in his writings, they will ever, as Mr. Lecky says, be distinguished from almost all others by the stress they lay on the fact that "*the moral element*" is the deepest and most important part of our being, deeper and stronger than all intellectual conditions.

Therefore, as an educator of the taste, Carlyle will always prove invaluable. I am not here referring to style. Macaulay and Ruskin outrank him in all that pertains to the grace of composition; but in the cultivation of the taste for all that is genuine, sincere, and thoroughly honest in the realm of letters, he is, in my opinion, unmatched. Contact with his thought seems to arouse a new love for truth, and the grandeur of his own veraciousness renders every form of deceitfulness, even the most alluring, unutterably despicable. The whole trend of his influence is against the super-

ficial, the mediocre, and the pernicious in books; and the uniformity and vigor of his testimony on this subject are such as to indicate the vast importance of young readers being encouraged to seek acquaintance with the highest and the noblest.

It is well known that not a few serious persons entertain the most uncompromising antipathy toward works of fiction. Romances, novels, and the like, to them, are little short of "the abomination that maketh desolate." They are unwilling to tolerate any such productions beneath their roofs, and if they have children, they are solemnly warned not even to be on speaking terms with "The Seven Champions of Christendom," "The Scottish Chiefs," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," or "Robinson Crusoe." Such creations of unsanctified imagination are not to be admitted for a moment into respectable society, especially into company that professes to be godly. And yet, with significant invariableness, as these innocent offenders are debarred from entering at the front door, childish hands surreptitiously let down the chain and welcome them at the back gate.

Boys and girls, as a rule, do not read fewer stories because of parental prohibition, but they come to pay too dear a price for liberty they exercise without permission—they sacrifice their ingenuousness. Moreover, indiscriminate condemnation not merely fosters deceitfulness, but frequently leads to another appalling possibility. Left to themselves and their wayward appetites, children are as likely to acquire the habit of reading trashy, corrupting, and infamous romances as they are to form a taste

for those that are good and elevating ; perhaps more so. Such books are an unmitigated curse and ought to be suppressed. They have created criminals, have saturated the mind with unpurgible filthiness, and have led to unspeakable orgies and vices. Penitentiaries and insane asylums witness to the fatal power of these devilish agencies, published in flaring colors, with flashy titles, and for trifling charges. They are at times displayed with painted candies in small stores, and make up part of the poisoned commodities retailed to the unsuspecting. Teachers occasionally find them secreted in desks at school ; and parents, after the lapse of years, will often discover them carefully hidden in lumber closets or behind heavy articles of furniture —the tardy explanation of willfulness, waywardness, and downright wickedness. To avert so serious a calamity, it is far better for the guardians of youth to tolerate, if nothing more, the stories of Goldsmith, Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Count Tolstoi—some of them—Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Thackeray, Walter Scott, and others of similar excellence. By such wholesome food, the taste for carrion may happily be aborted.

It may be, however, that some scrupulously conscientious people will object that they ought not to do even modified evil that a greater evil may be prevented ; for it is not to be denied that in some instances the opposition lies directly against fiction as fiction, whatever may be its character. I am not sure that any words of mine would influence these inveterate conservatives ; but in the interest

of the young who may peruse these pages, their misconception ought to be exposed and the weakness of their position made apparent. Evidently these haters of novel reading assume that all fiction is necessarily false. That is the meaning they attach to the word, and they do not take pains to ascertain whether they are correct in their interpretation or not. Well, the truth of the matter is that the word "fiction" is derived from the Latin verb *fingo*, and primarily signifies "to touch," "to handle," and so "to frame or to fashion." It is not denied that, in the secondary sense, the word denotes what is imagined or feigned; but it does not invariably or necessarily suggest that which is unreal, or unnatural, or untrue. And this leads me to a very important question, and opens a fresh department of our general subject.

The friends who strenuously denounce novels are usually equally strenuous in advocating historical studies. But is history always veracious? If fiction should not be read because it contains more imagination than fact, is it possible consistently to defend the reading of history? And if it is, whose history is thus entitled to our confidence? Shall we follow Froude, or his uncompromising critic, Freeman? Hume, it is said, wrote for the Whigs and the skeptics, and Macaulay for the present era; and it is asserted by candid reviewers that both were unable to escape from their bias and prejudice. Green's "History of the English People," is a notable volume; but how can we believe what he has written, if such an author as Dr. Lingard, who was quite an authority forty years ago, is to be cred-

ited? Take an account of the Reformation penned by a Romanist, and another account by a Protestant, and one would hardly suppose that the same period and the same events were described by these writers. When the court of Queen Mary is set forth as a model for any Christian princess, while that of Elizabeth is portrayed as a den of wickedness; and when Milton is referred to as a bad man, and Benjamin Franklin as "a great instigator of rebellion," is the book that contains these misrepresentations to be considered as more entitled to our attention and less pernicious than Swift's "Gulliver's Travels"?[1] I have no desire to destroy the respect of my young friends for historians; but, in justice to them, I must impress on their minds the fact that all so-called history is not true, and all fiction is not false. Wherever humanity is reproduced as it really is, and wherever its aims, motives, laws are disclosed in action, though the framework, scheme, or plot may be imaginary, the heart and substance of the book are true. "*Les Misérables*" and "Ninety-three," by Victor Hugo, and "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia," by Kingsley, are more essentially veracious than Dickens' "History of England," or even Michelet's "History of France," excellent and inspiring as the latter volume undoubtedly is.

Sir Philip Sidney admirably expresses the purpose and value of that class of literature which has been dealt with so unreasonably by extreme religionists:

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[1] See Rev. J. M. Neale's "History for Children."

> The dealer in fiction cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner; and pretending no more doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue, even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such as have a pleasant taste; which, if one tell them the nature of the aloes and the *rhubarbarum* they should receive, they would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouths.

This is a fair statement of the case.

The highest fiction—that which deserves to be read—is merely an attractive and sufficient medium for the transmission of truth, just as the subtle ether is affirmed by certain scientists to be the medium for the transmission of light from the sun to our globe. As such, it is not to be condemned in wholesale fashion, neither ought it to be withheld from those who can be directly benefited by its manifold charms.

From what has been said, it will doubtless have been inferred that history and fiction are not much farther apart than philosophy and poetry. While, in a sense, they certainly are not entire strangers to each other, history, with all of its faults, outranks fiction, and is worthy of the most ardent endeavors to master its content. No man's education is complete without the careful reading of Herodotus, Xenophon, Thucydides, Tacitus, Grote's "Greece," Gibbon's "Rome," Guizot's "France," Bancroft's "United States," and the other volumes already mentioned in this connection. Nor ought such books as Schlegel's "Philosophy of History," and Hegel's work under the same title, to be neglected by any person who desires to understand

the principles underlying what Carlyle terms "the record of remarkable actions." It is not probable that discussions so profound as those last named will have any special attractions for beginners. I have referred to them rather as a kind of climax to such studies than as an introduction. Indeed, my own opinion is that it is better, so to speak, for the youth to wade from the present up the stream of time to its source, instead of beginning his labors at the alleged fountain head in the garden of Eden. Let him, first of all, read the history of his own country, say for a hundred years, and then read that of contemporaneous nations during the same period. Then let him inquire, How came this age to be as it is? The question will carry him back to the preceding century for its answer; and so on, seeking in scientific fashion for an explanation of every epoch and era, until he reaches the dawn of history. His philosophy will likely grow with his knowledge, and in the end he may come to realize with Froude that "the world is somehow built on moral foundations; that in the long run it is well with the good, in the long run it is ill with the wicked."

I desire likewise to recommend, "The History of America," by Justin Winsor, and by the same author also, "Christopher Columbus"; "The Discovery of America," by John Fiske; and "The Constitutional and Political History of the United States," by Dr. H. Von Holst.

An important means of comprehending the significance of the annals of the race is supplied by biography. I have now for many years associated

each division of history with the life of some prominent personage, and have grouped around him all the facts I could gather; and in this way the mention of his name recalls all that I know of his times and environment. Dates, I find, are more easily remembered by connecting them with the career of a famous leader than by any other process familiar to me. What varied panoramas of events, for instance, follow the mere introduction of the illustrious individuals whom Taine brings together in a single paragraph, though they were separated from each other by many years and by differing circumstances!

"Augustus," he says, "divided the world with Lepidus and Anthony, then killed Anthony to have it all his own. Charlemagne placed his brother Carloman in a cloister, and to destroy Witikind cut off the head of all Saxons longer than his sword. Louis XI. revolted against his father to dethrone him, and made Charles VII. so dread poison that he died of starvation. Richelieu formed plots and had them executed at the block in the *Place de Greve*. Mazarin signed a treaty with the Protector and drove Charles II. from France. These are noted rulers, and yet betrayers of the right."

Each of these great chieftains suggests at once the civilizations, movements, conspiracies, and conflicts with which he was related, and the restoration of his features in some degree necessitates the reconstruction of his age.

But independent of its value as a key to history, biography has a worth all its own as an exposition of human nature and as an inspiration to the highest achievements. Who can forget the impression made on his mind by the reading of Plutarch's

"Lives," a book of the largest information and of the most stimulating qualities? It not only deals with ancient heroes, but it has made heroes. I have no doubt that other volumes of a similar kind have been the real parents of many of the noblest characters that have appeared on the stage of time. It is impossible to compute the influence of Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell," or even Boswell's "Johnson," a very different book indeed and with a very different hero. Such works place us on terms of fellowship with giant minds and gentle hearts, and at once humble and exalt us. They humble by making sadly apparent our own deficiencies, and they exalt by reminding us that we belong to the race which is continually producing men of glorious genius.

Froude laments that, with the decline of the Roman Catholic Church, worthy biographies are becoming rare and may become impossible. This he attributes to the change in the world's ruling ideal, self-sacrifice being supplanted by a spirit altogether too mercenary for successful biography. I dissent fundamentally from his views. The "Lives of the Saints"—to which he alludes in illustration of what he deplores—is, in my opinion, too fanciful, too artificial and absurd in its portraitures for it to be of any real value. Its very unnaturalness rules it out, to a great degree, from the sphere of practical utility. I would as soon recommend the life of Aladdin or of Sinbad the Sailor as a model of biography, as I would that of St. Patrick or of St. Bridget, as revised and edited and authorized by an infallible church. To show that Mr. Froude is

not justified in his grief, I may be allowed to mention Köstlin's "Luther," Lockhart's "Walter Scott," Mrs. Oliphant's "Edward Irving," and various stimulating volumes on Livingstone, Carey, and Judson, not forgetting several autobiographies like those from the pen of Goethe, Hugh Miller, and General Grant. These and similar books are a rebuke to the mediævalism of Mr. Froude, and their perusal must convince that all ages, and ours none the less than others, are about equally prolific in men of varying types of personal greatness.

Essays and lectures are to be particularly prized when they contribute to this impression. While I esteem articles on various other subjects, I cannot but feel a peculiar interest in those which are devoted to celebrated characters. In my judgment, they must always possess an overmastering charm for youthful readers. Take as samples Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," also his essays on Goethe, Novalis, Richter, and Burns; likewise what Macaulay has written on Milton and Bunyan, and what James Sterling has penned on Douglas Jerrold, Tennyson, and Elliott, and Edmond Scherer on John Stuart Mill, Laurence Sterne, and Wordsworth. These papers are comparatively brief, and bring us at once into touch with the genius of their subjects and into sympathy with them in their vicissitudes. We become familiar with their moods, their ambitions, and disappointments; and in the eloquent words of an obscure author, we hear them as "they beat up the thunder from the hard highway," and we listen to their "melodies which drop down into the soul like the tears of music."

Of Ebenezer Elliott, it was written by Searle: "He would utter the finest things one after another with the throat of Ætna, scattering them about in blasts of fire and thunder. He was a sort of walking earthquake, clad in flowers and rainbows; one of the most beautiful and terrible of men." By the aid of biography we recognize our brotherhood with such serene and tempestuous characters, and storm with them, and smile with them, and learn from them innumerable lessons of perseverance and patience; and at last, when tired and worn as they were with the conflict, still inspired by their example, we come softly to sing:

Brothers, I have done my best;
I am weary, let me rest,
Let me rest, but lay me low,
Where the hedgeside roses blow;
Where the winds a-Maying go,
Where the little daisies grow.

It is usually supposed that religion and science have so little in common that books on these respective themes must be rather antagonistic than supplemental to each other. Such, however, is not necessarily the case. There are volumes on religious subjects that are eminently scientific in method and treatment, and there are volumes on science that are surprisingly religious in spirit and reverence. Messengers, these, that seem to call us

To that cathedral boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds waves and, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

As a matter of fact, are not the two domains very intimately allied—almost as closely, indeed, as the water and the atmosphere in nature? "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork . . . and the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." He has embodied his thought in the splendid symbolism of the stars, and in the hieroglyphics of the rocks and hills, as well as in letters, words, and sentences.

The inquirer must ever fall short of anything like adequate knowledge of God, who is neglectful of either divinely appointed repository of truth; and the literature that assists him to penetrate both must be equally welcome and must be equally entitled to consideration.

It is hardly necessary to say that there are volumes devoted to the exposition of the physical universe, whose violent opposition to Christianity constitutes a most fatal defect. Such books are scientific in their treatment of everything except religion. They deal with that as though it were an idle fabrication, or, at best, as an overgrown child that has reached the proportions of a giant with only the intellect of a simpleton. It is not necessary that I mention the titles of these one-sided treatises. They are pretty thoroughly advertised, and I prefer not to give them further publicity. But it is perhaps fair that I should say that I do not include in the list Darwin or Tyndall; for while there is on the part of neither an acceptance of Christian truths, and particularly on the part of the latter at times something like mocking hostility, they are both so manifestly honest, so thoughtful

and eloquent, that, in spite of specific denials, they carry us into a region higher and sublimer than that of mere physics. Especially those passages in the "Origin of Species" where the great evolutionist concedes that his theory does not supersede the necessity for the Divine Being to give the primal forms or form whence this varied universe has sprung, and those in "Scientific Materialism" that confess "the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness" to be "unthinkable," and that declare "molecular groupings and molecular motions" to be very far from explaining anything—both in letter and spirit tend to reverence, awe, and devoutness in the mind of the reader.

Mr. George Lewes, in "The Fortnightly," complained that there were men of culture who regard science with a vague dread which expresses itself in a dislike, sometimes sharpened into hatred. There is no accounting at times for prejudices. It is reported of Arnold, of Rugby, that he could not endure Livy, and that, having accidentally visited the birthplace of the Roman, he congratulated himself on his escape from an atmosphere which he had breathed. Christian people are not always above such singular aversions. But they ought to be overcome. They are fruitful of no blessings. There is good in everything. Even in the Indian jungle rare and delicate plants are found. Much more is this true of science. It is prolific in benefits, even though there may be much of the swamp and the miasma about it. Let the religious Demosthenes warn the church, if he must, against the

encroachments of this stern Philip; but let him deal more fairly by Philip than the Athenians did. The world is large enough; there is room enough for both, and they can be sufficiently helpful to each other for them to be mutually respectful and sympathetic. It is related of one Leo, of Byzantium, that when at Athens he said to the people, though his wife was a small woman, the city where they lived was not big enough to contain the two. Alas for Leo! Alas for Mrs. Leo! Thus the advocates of science sometimes sneer at religion, disparaging its moral magnitude; and they, in their turn, are treated in a similar way by the devotees of faith. Byzantium, consequently, is straitened to contain them. But it will be otherwise if they will only learn justice, candor, and charity. Then they will revere each other, and, though differing, will appreciate each other's labors in behalf of human advancement.

But if some scientific works are unfavorable to religion, there are some religious books, or at least books so called, that are equally disastrous to the cause they aim to interpret and defend. Christianity may well pray to be delivered from some of its professed friends in type. Trashy sentimentalism, unnatural precocious piety, superstitious scrupulousness, ascetic and withal superficial casuistry, combined with gross, carnal, and almost melodramatic conceptions of redemption, make up very unwholesome pabulum on which to nourish the spiritual life.

An extreme example of this style of literature is furnished in an old work especially designed for

children, entitled "Virtue and Vice; or, The History of Charles Careful and Harry Heedless." The learned author designs his heroes to act respectively as illustrations of the proverbial good and bad boys. Of course, the former youth always sought advice; imitated his seniors; never climbed trees, nor fell in ditches, nor hunted birds' nests; never made mud pies; never hallooed on the streets; never coasted down a hill; and loved sermons, gave his pocket money to beggars, and occasioned no one any solicitude or anxiety—an angelic, though wingless lad. Naturally he became very rich, and rode in his own carriage. They always do—these denizens of paradise. Why not?

Is it necessary to say that Master Heedless was just the opposite of this paragon? He was untamably and incorrigibly wicked. He *did* climb trees, tear his garments, fall in muddy ditches, run away from school, and act in a wildly tempestuous manner; and properly enough lost his money and had to be saved from penury by the hand of Charles Careful. Both characters, as they are portrayed, seem to me equally preposterous and impossible, and the moral of the story vicious and misleading; for it merely extols the huckstering virtues that are akin to vices, and once more converts the temple of God into a den of thieves.

Other specimens of this precious literature I could easily give, but am deterred by the fact that their contents cannot be described without appearing to border on the profane. But as I recall what my vocation has unhappily compelled me to examine, with John Stuart Mill I regard such volumes

as a poor substitute for old romances, whether of chivalry or fairy, which, if not veritable pictures of actual life, were not false ones, but far better, since they filled the youthful imagination with ideals of heroic men and heroic women.

No one can afford to waste time on publications issued in the name of Christ, if they are of doubtful value. If he is to be spiritually benefited, he must seek the best; and I am grateful to say that the list of the best is too long for it to be given here. All I can do is to call attention to some works without which a religious library is incomplete—not to furnish a catalogue comprehensive and exhaustive. Among the most important, I place Butler's "Analogy of Religion," Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural," Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," Rogers' "Superhuman Origin of the Bible," Geikie's "Hours with the Bible," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," Luther's "Table Talk," Pascal's "*Pensées*," Pusey's "Augustine," Wake's "Apostolic Fathers," Epictetus' "*Enchiridion*," Aristotle's "Ethics," Keble's "Christian Year," Heine's "Religion and Philosophy in Germany," James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," Arnold's "Light of Asia" and "Light of the World," Wilkinson's "Epic of Saul," Vaughan's "Mystics," and last, though not least, Ruskin's "Lives of the Painters."[1]

Concerning the last it may be said that it is not

[1] Add to the above "The Argument for Christianity," Lorimer. [Ed.]

a work on religion and should not be classed with books of that character. I know well enough its scope, and have classed it as I have, because of the devout and thoroughly religious temper by which it is distinguished. Mr. Ruskin has been termed "the homilist of art"; and of him it has been declared that he "preaches a sermon on every page and preaches without knowing it." Likewise, "it is asserted that Henry Ward Beecher saturated his mind with Mr. Ruskin's writings; and that the mixture of classical erudition with positive adoration of the Bible gives to his art of criticism a sublimity which is altogether unapproached by others." One, therefore, who masters his marvelous productions will find himself not only enriched in the knowledge of art, but in spiritual experiences as well.

As it is of the gravest moment, life being as short as it is, that only religious classics should be read, it is also important that second-rate works on science should be avoided. Technical books I do not refer to in this department, as I have not spoken of them in any other, and as I am not recommending text-books, but only those suitable for general, though accurate, information. Among them I name some of those I am myself familiar with, such as Humboldt's "Cosmos" and "Travels," Bacon's "*Novum Organum*," Wallace's "Natural Selection," Mivart's "Lessons from Nature," Gray's "Natural Science and Religion," Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks," Winchell's "Sketches of Creation," Youman's "Correlation and Conservation of Forces," and the various volumes from the pens of Darwin and Haeckel.

Up to the present, I have narrowed the application of the term "science." I have restricted it thus far exclusively to the interpretations of nature and of natural laws; but it embraces a wider range. There is a science of society as well as of the universe, and as exact in its principles as any other, were our induction of facts comprehensive enough for us to determine their real bearing and significance. Moreover, in this special field of inquiry, it is not easy to say where sociology ends and theology begins; and indeed, it is growing more and more difficult to permanently divorce them from each other. They are mutual helps.

The business of religion is to perfect society; and the business of sociology, practically if not theoretically, is to furnish the best conditions for the advancement of religion. Poverty, distress, outrage, oppression, and chronic wretchedness and despair have always impeded the progress of Christianity; and apart from Christianity, these evils are stubborn and ineradicable. Of late more attention has been given in communities to the amelioration of humanity than ever in the past, and leaders are beginning to believe what Epictetus said to his own age in the dusty past: "You will do the greatest service to the State if you shall raise, not the roofs of the houses, but the souls of the citizens: for it is better that great souls should dwell in small houses rather than for mean slaves to lurk in great houses."

Unless I greatly mistake the signs of the times, we are on the eve of a social revolution, and the men of to-morrow will undoubtedly determine its

scope and its spirit. How imperative, then, is it that the youth of to-day should not be ignorant of what is being said or written about existing evils and the proposed organization of industry! Most earnestly do I commend Herbert Spencer's "Study in Sociology" and "Man *versus* the State," Mill's "Principles of Political Economy," Rogers' "Economic Interpretation of History," Mallock's "Inequalities of Society," Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," Bellamy's "Looking Backward," Bryce's "American Commonwealth," Thomas H. Benton's "Thirty Years in United States Senate," James G. Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress," George Jacob Holyoake's "Co-operation," and the "Fabian Essays." These are only a few of the books now pouring forth like a cataract on the world that reveal something of the drift and dangers of the present hour, and that directly or indirectly disclose the functions and limitations of government, and suggest plans for the permanent improvement and betterment of society; and these should be carefully perused and a thorough acquaintance with the problems and the legislation of our times be earnestly sought. The present spasm of anarchy in Europe, which is causing so much anxiety, cannot in the nature of things effect any beneficial changes. Not dynamite, but intelligence, is the hope of the world; not brutality, but reason, shall determine the reforms of the future. Books are more potent than bullets in righting wrongs and slaying oppressions. Only as they are understood, and only as they create a large view of humanity and its needs, and only as they shall

inspire in the direction of peaceful and practical endeavors, will the new generation thrill to the voice of the poet as he calls :

> Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
> The faithless coldness of the times ;
> Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
> Ring in redress to all mankind.

Lord Brougham is reported to have said that "it is well to read everything of something, and something of everything." But to do this the taste must be cultivated, and the inestimable worth of literature must be duly appreciated. Dick Steele wrote in the "Tatler," 147 : "Reading should be to the mind what exercise is to the body, bringing pleasure with health and strength." The pleasure is an important element. If we have not so corrected our crude desires as to find more delight in good and instructive volumes than in the lust of the eye and the pride of life, we shall profit but little by the wisdom either of ancients or moderns. Macaulay is reported to have found more enjoyment in the company of Sterne, Fielding, Horace Walpole, and Boswell, than in the society of the greatest living wits of his day. Gibbon has been heard to say that he would not exchange his love of reading for all the treasures of India; and Sir John Hershel placed on record these stirring sentiments on the same subject:

> If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the

world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books.

To realize the desire of the famous astronomer, and to so discipline and refine the mind that it shall readily discern what is worthy in the world of letters, it is important that due attention be given to works more or less expository and critical in their scope. Familiarity with the history of literature; a knowledge of the rank attained by particular men of genius; an idea of the estimate in which they are held by cultured and competent judges; and some conception of what passages in their writings are generally admitted to be gems and masterpieces—are elements of an education incomparably valuable and dignified. Helps in this direction are numerous, and I refer only to a few of those that have been of service to me in my intellectual life, especially during my later years, and which cannot be studied without distinct advantage on the part of all who desire to acquire the ability of intelligently discriminating in the choice of books. I am personally indebted to Sismondi's "Literature of Europe," to Schlegel's "Æsthetics," Schiller's "Essays," Fenton's "Greece," Taine's "English Literature," and to Van Laun's "French Literature." Likewise I have read with profit "Literary Workers," by Har-

greaves, "The Story of some Famous Books," by Saunders, "The Pleasures of Literature"—English volume, but author's name forgotten, a clerical book-borrower, who preaches "Thou shalt not steal" having failed to return it—ah me! "On Shakespeare," by Gervinus, "Origin and Philosophy of Language," by John Walsh, and an "English Literature" by the same pen. These productions, thoughtfully perused, can hardly fail to develop a taste for what is best in prose and poetry. And if further assistance be craved, I refer the inquirer to the bibliography contained in Sir John Lubbock's "Pleasures of Life"— a useful, though only a sketchy, book; and to the bibliography published in "A Club of One" by A. P. Russell—a witty and clever production in every way, and one that has furnished several of the references incorporated in the present treatise. Even the mere names of the authors cited in these lists and catalogues are of value to the student, as revealing to him who the master minds are at whose feet he is to sit, and from whose lips he is to learn wisdom. They indicate at least what he should admire and what he should shun; and with the aid of such helps, drilled in the appreciation of true genius, he may hope to be capable of enjoying the grandest and worthiest achievements of the mind. This, however, is not the work of a day or of a mere nodding acquaintance with leading writers.

But assuming that, in some slight degree, this taste has been created, there arises the very practical question,—not easily answered either,—How

shall it be satisfied and yet grow on what it feeds? In other words, How shall we read? What method is the best? What rules are most entitled to our confidence? Goethe says that for eighteen years he had tried to define and acquire this art and had not been remarkably successful. And Richter, in similar perplexity, inquires, "Does more depend on the order in which the meats follow each other or on the digestion of them?" Who can tell? Even in the assimilation of food, ice-cream logically seems to follow soup and meats, and, if taken at too early a stage in the proceedings, might interfere with the enjoyment of the repast as well as seriously disturb the functions of nature.

Authoritative directions are manifestly difficult to frame, especially as minds differ and stubbornly refuse to be worked in each other's harness. Trifling suggestions are numerous and harmless enough, but less valuable than their authors suppose. In my own case, I usually read the table of contents first, then the preface, and then the last chapter of the book, especially if it is a novel or from an unknown pen; for what is the use of going all through the volume if the climax is stupid, foolish, or impossible? If the writer buries all his heroes at the close, why should I burden my brain with the wearisome task of following fortunes that lead to so obvious and funereal an end? Then I generally mark passages in the books I read, express my opinion in marginal notes of the style and sentiments, in a manner highly creditable to my candor if not to my charity. Moreover, I frequently make an index of my own on the blank

pages with which the publishers conveniently line the covers, and, by consulting it, can easily refresh my mind as to what I regard as brilliant and worth remembering. I likewise aim to distribute my reading, by a mental process, pigeon-holing it, so to speak, assigning what pertains to the department of poetry, or philosophy, or religion, or science, or history, as the case may require. But I am all too conscious of the defects of my own system, if system it may be called, to enjoin it on others. What assists me might hinder my neighbors, and my neighbors' plans might prove a fatal stumbling-block to me. Every one must carefully feel his way to his own method, and if he is in earnest, he will ultimately evolve one that will at least serve him as a pair of crutches, even if it cannot do duty as wings.

But though I am diffident as to the formulating of specific rules, there are several precautions I venture to make, and the first is, Avoid aimlessness and irreverence in reading. Be sure to have a purpose, and let it be approached with becoming gravity. Machiavelli, when visiting in the country, writes to Vittori as to his pursuits in field and garden, and then adds :

> When evening comes I return home, and shut myself up in my study. Before I make my appearance in it, I take off my rustic garb, soiled with mud and dirt, and put on a dress adapted for courts or cities ; thus fitly habited I enter the antique resorts of the ancients ; where being received, I feed on that food which alone is mine, and for which I was born. For an interval of four hours I feel no annoyance. I forget every grief, I neither fear poverty nor death, but am totally immersed.

In this adorning of the outward person, there is a fine touch of respect for the authors he desires to meet, and a just recognition of the worthy benefits they confer. While, of course, it would be absurd to recommend my young friends to put on full dress when they hold fellowship with books, it is not too much to urge on them a suitable preparation of mind for the interview. The body may be in rags, but the mind should be in courtier garb; the head may be covered, but the soul should be in an attitude of homage. To read profitably, one needs something of the gentle tolerance of Sainte-Beuve, something of the intuition of Hazlitt, something of the sympathy of Lamb, something of the analytic power of Spencer, and, above all, much of the profound veneration that distinguishes Ruskin and Carlyle. There are many persons who are strangers to such feelings. They would take off their hats on entering a mortuary chapel and show due respect to a vault where rests the mighty dead, but no kindred emotion is kindled in the presence of what remains entombed in noble volumes of the genius that thrilled and delighted other ages. And yet, reverence is as surely becoming in the one case as in the other. Nevertheless, in a multitude of instances, the book is taken up carelessly, perused in flippant mood and without any particular aim or purpose, unless that be called purpose which merely seeks an hour's diversion. It is as though you were to saunter into the drawing room of a cultivated lady, trifle with the bric-a-brac, and at last say to your hostess that you did not call to see her, have no

particular or remote interest in her, and rejoice that you may now be happily released from her uninteresting presence.

To correct this deplorable defect, it is necessary that the young man form an adequate idea of the true value of reading ; that he keep steadily before him what its real object is, and never lose sight of it when he settles himself down to work in his modest library. Montaigne says : "The principal use of reading to me is that, by various objects, it rouses my reason, it employs my judgment, not my memory." But though it does not tax the memory at the time, it will enrich it if there is serious attention—that is, reverence for the business in hand. Some one has declared that "the chief end of all reading in a world like this should be action." Probably he is correct, though I hold another opinion, or rather a modification of this opinion. While undoubtedly it should equip us, and show us how to do things, and inspire us to the doing, it should nourish our intellectual life, and preserve us from mental sloth and degeneracy.

Wholesome reading is a kind of gymnasium for the generation of strength, an armory for the exercise of arms, and a royal banquet for the assimilation of choicest viands. At times, it must be confessed, these ends are lost sight of, and books serve a purpose similar to that which is attained by the use of tobacco and opium. They are not employed for purposes of nutrition, but rather for excitement or for the enjoyment of intellectual drunkenness. This species of smoking is going on all around us. It induces oblivion, and produces

neither enlightenment nor energy. This literary opium habit is fatal to truthfulness, honesty, and to other qualities indispensable to high mental attainments, and is precursor to the entire prostration of memory and the power of reflection. Without reverence or seriousness, how can it be otherwise than that there should be aimlessness, or, even what is worse, a mere morbid craving for condiments and stimulants? And in such sad examples, we have an illustration of the truth of Milton's reproach:

> The man who reads
> Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
> A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
> (And what he brings why need he elsewhere seek?)
> Uncertain and unsettled still remains.
> Deep versed in books, but shallow in himself,
> Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
> And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
> As children gather pebbles by the shore.

I suggest another precaution: Avoid immoderateness and superficialness in reading. Be careful not to go too fast nor attempt too much. Remember that excess of fuel will sometimes extinguish the fire, and that the flame of our own thoughts may be smothered and quenched by too great avidity to receive the thoughts of others. The more extended the landscape, as a rule, the less distinct its particular features and the wider our survey of literature, the less likely shall we be to note its individual charms. "I have been round the world with Captain Cook," said an intelligent sailor to an expectant company that had gathered

to hear his marvels of travel, "and all that I saw was the sky above me and the water beneath me." Those two expanses were so vast that they dwarfed into invisibility every other object. The eye was so pained by the effort to compass these boundaries that it was blind to many minor attractions that came within its range.

Let us be on our guard, or we may miss possession of substantial wealth by our unwise rapaciousness. The danger is great. Time was when this was a bookless globe, but nowadays we have literature, such as it is, in abundance. Multitudes of newspapers print each morning the good and bad things said and done the day before, and tracts, pamphlets, and magazines, are multiplied beyond calculation. What may fittingly be termed "railway literature," that which can be disposed of at a steam-engine's rate of speed, and which condenses a science, a biography, a philosophy, within the narrow limits of a magazine article, has grown immeasurably. These publications "make mincemeat of leviathan, and distribute soup to the indigent, made of the bones and sinews of behemoth. They hash up with sippets and sauce, to suit the taste of the indolent, the bodies of the old giants of history." [1]

The mischief of the present tendency is, that the public obtains a smattering of many things and rarely has accurate knowledge of anything, and has come to entertain a very fallacious belief in its own omniscience. Though information is gained in

[1] See "Minor Moralities."

many instances from reviews, or from sources certainly not original,—higher criticism having been gleaned second-hand from "Robert Elsmere," and history having been derived from Sir Walter Scott, Miss Muloch, or Alexandre Dumas,—there is an affectation of culture that would be ridiculous were it not for the evident sincerity of the individuals who have so completely deceived themselves.

But if magazines are in part responsible for the prevailing shallowness, some of our popular reading clubs are not entirely clear of blame. These institutions are usually designed to promote more thorough study of various authors, such as Shakespeare, Browning, and Dante, and, in not a few instances, are remarkably useful; but they are not unalloyed blessings. Frequently they attempt too much and work too superficially. In a city that shall be nameless, a lady called on me to assist her in preparing a paper on Egyptian animal worship. The conversation led me naturally to interrogate her as to the aims of her club, and finally elicited from her a statement of what the members attempted at a single meeting. The programme, running through an hour-and-a-half, embraced a ten-minutes' review of the origin of Greek art, a five-minutes' talk on the genius of Michael Angelo, fifteen minutes to Egyptian worship, with the rest of the time divided between socialism, Emerson, and Froebel.

This hodge-podge, this *olla podrida* of literature, like some *table d'hôte* dinners in Europe, may be excellent for diversion, but must prove altogether too scrappy for nourishment. This probably is an

extreme case of club cramming; but it opens up the question concerning the real value of guilds and associations for purposes of reading. Subtract the time necessary to go and to come from such gatherings, and the time spent in ordinary social proprieties, and then determine whether the gain derived from the speakers is such as greatly to outweigh the gain you would receive from the same number of hours spent by yourself alone with your books. This will doubtless depend on the character of the gentlemen who are the leading interpreters of the authors studied. If they are of the mental calibre of Professor W. T. Harris, or Professor D. Snyder, or Professor Davidson, or Mr. Frothingham, the compensation received will doubtless be adequate; but if they are ordinary men—men of platitude, meagre in genius and mediocre in scholarship—the return will certainly not pay for the investment.

Moreover, there is a danger that the *habitué* of such reading circles will come to lose his own individuality and his ability to judge for himself. Deferring to the opinions of others, especially of men eminent in letters, he may come to question his right to an opinion of his own. What was sought at first as a help may become a hindrance; what was desired as an aid to thoroughness may, in the end, prove a temptation to superficiality. If our so-called helpers unfit us to form an independent estimate of what we read, and if we must have everything interpreted for us before we presume to understand anything, then we have sold ourselves into bondage, and I am afraid—to use a Scripture

statement—that our "last estate is worse than the first."

Permit me likewise to remind you that the end of reading is to obtain a thorough insight into an author's meaning, into his motive, and almost into his very soul. The mind must be concentrated on the page; it must dive into it and not skim over it, and—if I may dare pursue the image farther—bathe in it and be immersed and overwhelmed. There must be receptiveness, meditation, and assimilation. There are books that should be read line by line, with a settled determination to obtain from each a clear impression and a definite conception. They ought to be mastered slowly, as slowly and painfully as a great work of art is produced by the brush or chisel. What such painstaking and plodding devotion to excellence means is happily illustrated by an incident in the life of a remarkable man, related in a current periodical:

When Samuel F. B. Morse, afterward famous as the inventor of the electric telegraph, was a young painter studying in London, he made a drawing from a small cast of the Farnese Hercules, intending to offer it to Benjamin West as an example of his work. Being very anxious for the favorable opinion of the master, he spent a fortnight upon the drawing, and thought he had made it perfect.

When Mr. West saw the drawing, he examined it critically, commended it in this and that particular, then handed it back, saying: "Very well, sir, very well; go on and finish it."

"But it is finished," said the young artist.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. West; "look here, and here, and here," and he put his finger upon various unfinished places.

Mr. Morse saw the defects now that they were pointed out to him, and devoted another week to remedying them.

Then he carried the drawing again to the master. Mr, West was evidently much pleased, and lavished praises upon the work ; but at the end he handed it back and said, as before : "Very well, indeed, sir ; go on and finish it."

"Is it not finished?" asked Mr. Morse, by this time all but discouraged.

"Not yet ; you have not marked that muscle, nor the articulations of the finger-joints."

The student once more took the drawing home and spent several days in retouching it. He would have it done this time. But the critic was not yet satisfied. The work was good, "very good, indeed ; remarkably clever" ; but it needed to be "finished."

"I cannot finish it," said Mr. Morse, in despair.

"Well," answered Mr. West, "I have tried you long enough. You have learned more by this drawing than you would have accomplished in double the time by a dozen half-finished drawings. It is not numerous drawings, but the character of one that makes a thorough draughtsman. *Finish* one picture, sir, and you are a painter."

Read a masterpiece of literature in this spirit, constantly returning to it like sunbeams returning, after the brief eclipse of clouds, to the flowers, still dissatisfied and still seeking new beauties, and it is wonderful how much of charm will reward persistence. Return to the beginning when you have reached the end. Think your way through it, like Stanley "blazing" a path through the forests of darkest Africa, and then retraverse the highway you have already trodden. Let this be repeated until one great book has been made your own, and the conquest of the second will be none the less complete, but it will be accomplished with more facility ; and, a worthy habit being thus established, you will be able to compass the fair fields of literature with ever-increasing ease and profit.

A passage from the "Excursion," by Wordsworth, with elevated and stately measure, emphasizes and illuminates the view to which I have here given expression:

> So passed the time; yet to the nearest town
> He daily went with what small overplus
> His earnings might supply, and brought away
> The book that most had tempted his desires
> While at the stall he read. Among the hills
> He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,
> The divine Milton.
>
> . . . .
>
> So the foundations of his mind were laid
> In such communion, not from terror free.
> While yet a child, and long before his time,
> Had he perceived the presence and the power
> Of greatness; and deep feelings had impressed
> Great objects in his mind, with portraiture
> And color so distinct, that in his mind
> They lay like substances, and almost seemed
> To haunt the bodily sense. He had received
> A precious gift; for as he grew in years
> With these impressions, he would still compare
> All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms;
> And being still unsatisfied with aught
> Of dimmer character, he thence attained
> An active power to fasten images
> Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines
> Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
> The liveliness of dreams.

Some men of genius have been described as deriving their inspiration from one great author in particular. Their triumphs have been credited to the wonderful influence exerted over them by writers like Homer, Kant, or Adam Smith. In these cases, like Wordsworth's hero, they have sur-

rendered the mind unreservedly and intently to a supreme and overmastering intellect. They have scarcely admitted a rival to their love and admiration. They have pored over his pages, analyzed his forms of speech, noted his peculiarities of composition, and pondered his habits of thought, until they have been joined to him as in spiritual marriage, and from the union there have sprung new children of the soul to enlighten and bless mankind. But whether the effect of such concentration on the charms and virtues of a single author prove in any degree prolific in fresh creations or not, the advantage of it in the way of mental discipline cannot be overestimated. Conquer the volume in hand, subdue it, make it tributary to your own growth, and the time and labor thus bestowed will never be regretted. Remember that a few good books, thoroughly and understandingly read, must yield more real profit and genuine intellectual increment than a multitude pursued in desultory fashion; and yet I would not have this generally conceded rule so interpreted as to narrow the range of inquiry to one special department. It is not intended to encourage partisanship in books, to advocate exclusive attention to science, metaphysics, political economy, biography, or *belles-lettres*. Far from it. Each of these subjects has its appropriate place and its legitimate claims, and should, as far as possible, be dealt with fairly and on its merits. The point made is not that the mind should confine itself to a contracted and uniform class of works, but that it should establish the habit of making haste slowly by thinking its

way carefully from cover to cover through such publications as it considers entitled to serious attention.

Bias in literature is not wholesome. A clergyman who, in former days, bitterly denounced novels, confessed that he had never perused one. Being criticised and ridiculed on his evident bigotry, and realizing that the point made against him was well taken, as it was hardly reasonable that he could judge intelligently unless he had examined for himself, he determined to look into the stories of Sir Walter Scott. For weeks—so runs the legend—he secluded himself, neglected his parish, repeated on Sunday old sermons, and was almost entirely alienated from his meals. At the end of his experiment, he astonished his rapt auditors by telling them from the pulpit that he had found novels as pernicious as he had always supposed they were; that for three months he had done nothing but read them; and that they had so fascinated and interested him that he had been unable to write any discourses, or devote himself to his religious duties. His people smiled and were not convinced; for his method had been transparently and amusingly irrational. What business had he to give his days and nights to romances? Such dissipation would naturally exhaust his vitality and unfit him for ordinary work. No one in his senses would recommend such absurd devotion, and no one could expect any other sequence than a certain kind of revulsion following excess. It would have been very different with our parson if he had been moderate in his joys. If he had taken the

novel as a refreshing or composing draught, as a stimulant or sedative, and had then consecrated his recuperated energies to more serious business, he would have been wiser and stronger for his indulgence.

His mistake has frequently been repeated in graver departments of reading. Some men have abandoned themselves to the seductions of science, and have become so infatuated with material things that no other study could possibly charm them. They have come to doubt the reality of everything outside of their special domain, particularly to question the reality of the spiritual and supernatural. Metaphysicians have at times rivaled them in exclusivism. To many teachers of intellectual philosophy there is nothing worthy of inquiry save man, and nothing in man of any importance save mind ; and to all such, the labors of enthusiastic physicists are incomprehensible and delusive. The thoroughgoing mathematician is usually credited with indifference, if not antipathy, to poetry ; and poets are not supposed to be capable of appreciating the excellence of mathematics ; and the worshiper at the shrine of the *literæ humaniores* has often been incurably blind to the altar of the *literæ divinæ*. They have been so completely absorbed in their sole idol as to have no eyes for the varied grandeurs of the literary Pantheon.

In this way one-sided men are fashioned—narrow, hard, dogmatic, intolerant of others' opinions, and disqualified by their unhappy bias for friendly co-operation with those who differ from them. It

is, perhaps, not unfair to compare these partisans with the famous Ferrara geese, the magnitude of whose livers was fatal to their harmonious development. What was gained by one organ exhausted and impoverished the vitality of other organs. Like their present wretched successors of Strasburg, they were good for a preparation resembling the modern *pâté de foie gras*, on which a Heliogabalus might feed, but beyond such a dignity they were not fitted to rise. Abnormal attachment to one department of enlightment must similarly tend to unnatural cultivation of a particular faculty, and consequently to a species of intellectual deformity. By this process not only is the character warped, but the possibilities of usefulness are circumscribed. It may afford some degree of nourishment and comfort to the gourmand who hungers for a special diet, but it can never yield fullness of happiness or of mental life to its subject.

As wide as human interest should be the circle of human reading. A library, in a sense, should represent the universe, and the student should be on terms of correspondence with its every part. Thoroughness of method should not signify meagerness of territory, and intense sunlike illumination of a definite theme should never necessitate a narrowing of the horizon. Breadth of purpose and of view should go hand in hand with depth and vigor of execution; and while one kind of books should not be permitted entirely to usurp time and thought to the displacement of others, so, if generous and genuine culture is craved, no books of any kind

should be allowed to hinder the mind's close and intimate communion with itself. Reading may so occupy the restless intellect as to prevent reflection.

This trifling preachment must be excused. The shop will intrude. I cannot altogether forget my vocation. But then, the warning is of moment. Not a few excellent people have overlooked the fact that they needed to know themselves, as well as to know what others had written. Failing at this point, they have become mere bookworms or bibliomaniacs. Their attention to the Babel of authors has rendered them oblivious to the speech of their own souls. The roar and clatter of many eloquent tongues without have drowned the plaintive sweetness of the voice within. They continue in ignorance of themselves, and, in my opinion, owing to this ignorance never more than half understand the volumes they devour so greedily. These friends need to recall Sir Edwin Arnold's suggestive lines : [1]

> It is not to be known by knowledge ! Man
> Wotteth it not by wisdom ! Learning vast
> Halts short of it ! Only by soul itself
> Is soul perceived—when the soul wills it so ;
> There shines no light save its own light to show
> Itself unto itself.

If this shall be remembered, and if books shall impel the mind to explore itself and to adjust itself to the mysterious universe of being, whether visible in humanity or invisible in God, reading will have

[1] See "Secret of Death."

served its highest function, and will have demonstrated the soundness of the method followed, and the sublimity of the motive honored. And then hopeful youth will not waste its powers, nor merely teach itself

> To jabber argument, chop logic, pore
> On sun and moon, and worship whirligig.

But instead, the studious lad will grow in God-grand selfhood, and, with each shimmering of increasing knowledge, give proof of soul unfolding, as "faintest circlet may prophesy the coming orb," while with "wise words launched by music on their voyage," he may help to fill the earth with "light and sweetness."

XII

RECEIVING THE RELIGION OF REVELATION

Lord, thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
Oh that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee.

Because amid the wintry vast
Of worlds, the voiceless gloom of space,
I pine for love, and learn at last
That nowhere beams so calm a face,
With eyes so filled with love as true,
As deep, as tender, Lord, as thine,
I kneel before thy Cross anew
And hold thy manhood all divine.

IT is generally conceded that some kind of religion is a universal necessity. The latest of the centuries corroborates and confirms the unbroken testimony of all the preceding centuries on this point. There is really no serious dissent. Man, as a savage, as a barbarian, and as a civilized being, seeks fellowship with the unseen, feels after God, and is vaguely conscious of a personal life surviving and transcending the present life. Instinctively he worships; frequently he prays; and oftentimes through sacrifice attempts to pacify the

anger of the offended Deity. His methods of service may be faulty, his theological beliefs may be crude, his ceremonial observances may be superstitious, and his supplications may resemble incantations; nevertheless, his confidence in the reality of spiritual things cannot successfully be disputed. Young men, very young men, have been known to talk flightily of the world's dispensing with religion ; of this age having outgrown its authority; and of themselves having attained to such enlightenment of mind and liberty of thought as to be quite delivered from subjection to its influences and teachings. If the eye of any such youth falls on this page, let me assure him that he is thoroughly mistaken. And if he suspects me of professional bias, he must permit me to call his attention to the last edition of Heine's "Religion and Philosophy in Germany," to Prof. Romanes' "Thoughts on Religion," and to Mr. Balfour's book, the "Foundations of Belief." The fact is, the more this subject is investigated, the more unimpeachable becomes the conviction that humanity as a whole cannot be satisfied and cannot thrive without a faith. This much, therefore, may be taken for granted ; and nearly all the atheous talk to the contrary may be set down to the vaporings of juvenility intoxicated by the pride of knowledge, or to the blusterings of egotism drugged by selfishness and self-assurance. Man must have a religion, will have a religion. Of this we need have no doubt. But, what kind of religion ?

This is the real issue that confronts us to-day, and one that the men of to-morrow cannot escape.

It agitates many circles in various lands at present. The fight of the godless portion of the world is not against ethnic creeds or against naturalistic worship, but against the religion of revelation. Propose eclecticism, the selection of some choice bits from Confucius, from Buddha, from Mohammed, and from Christ, and a considerable portion of society will nod its delightful approval; and proclaim that the Christian system is only one of others, entitled perhaps to more but not to exclusive consideration; and not a few scholars and teachers will extol the position as philosophical and commendably advanced. But if it is maintained that the Bible is the only and supreme authority, disclosing to the soul all that is vital to its deepest and greatest needs, a multitude of discordant voices will immediately clamor a denial. This has always been questioned by some; it is now repudiated by many. It is declared here and there, and from quarters least expected, that while religion is indispensable, the religion of revelation, as interpreted by evangelical creeds, is no longer credible and can no longer be received.

But what are the grounds for so startling and so radical an assumption? Why should the impression be fostered that the faith of the fathers is henceforth impossible to their children? There must be reasons for this alleged inability of the rising and more-cultured generation to accept what has sustained and comforted the generations gone. What are they? Are they weighty, sound, conclusive? I do not, I am sure, misstate the case, when I contend that these reasons, such as they

are, spring in no small degree from what is supposed to be the logical effects of certain modern theories regarding the composition and trustworthiness of the revelation itself. Evangelical religion is being discredited, not because of any inherent absurdity in the doctrines it inculcates or the duties it enjoins, but because the authority by which they have in the past been sanctioned is being invalidated by the *fin de siècle* intelligence and criticism. The old Book is not now what it was to untold thousands in a former age. To some persons it has ceased to be a supernatural volume altogether and has become a national literature; to others it is very crude, often very erroneous in its conceptions and ridiculous in its representations; and yet to others it is devoid of exceptional inspiration or moral grandeur.

It is related of Pompey, that on entering Jerusalem as a conqueror, about the year 64 B. C., he determined to explore the recesses of the temple. Thrusting aside the remonstrances of his comrades, who sought to restrain him from the irreverence, he lifted the sacred veil and entered the Holy of Holies. Surprise almost overcame him; for in that place, jealously guarded from human intrusion, where he had expected to find some visible glory of the Unseen, he found nothing. To his heathen eyes it was only an empty chamber; and yet where he saw only vacancy there dwelt the invisible Jehovah. But of all temples none can compare in mysterious majesty with the temple of truth; and we claim that its holiest of all, the Bible, transcends every other department in pre-

ciousness and supereminent splendor. And yet there are some minds so strangely constituted, or perhaps so blindly prejudiced by their pursuits, that they discern, or assert that they discern, no trace of this. They cross the threshold in the book of Genesis, they draw aside the curtains wrought with cherubim and with "the blue and purple and scarlet" threads, symbolic of God's love, sovereignty, and sacrifice; and yet to them everything is a dreary blank. To them there is only solitude. Though "high divinity" gleam on every page, they see it not. They declare the Bible to be an empty book, devoid of exceptional genius and originality, and destitute of extraordinary truth; and nowhere do they admit that the hand or presence of the Almighty can be discerned in its pretentious teachings. Like Pompey, they profess to have searched for God; and they report him absent from the volume that purports to be his peculiar dwelling-place.

Straightway some among these belated inquirers, like the famous American agnostic, begin to mock and ridicule. This is the easiest of all methods to adopt in attempting to discredit fact and truth. Coarse souls can be more potently affected by cruel jokes than by cogent argument, and shouts of laughter are more to them than painful reasoning. Though the Pharisees and Sadducees could not answer Christ, they could array him in a purple robe, and could scoff his Messianic claims into momentary silence. And though persecution failed to exterminate Christianity from Rome, at least its holy confessors could be ridiculed. Recently it has

been shown from a rude painting discovered on the wall of an ancient building that even the great Sufferer on the cross was drawn as a human being wearing the head of an ass. Another figure is introduced in the same composition and at the bottom of the picture we have the mocking words: "Alexis worships his God." But although scorn and derision arrayed themselves against the Saviour and his church, and ran to the wildest extremes in the buffoonery of Celsus and Lucian,—the latter finding a theme for scurrilous mirth in the annals of martyrdom,—they failed to arrest the progress of his kingdom. It was not very difficult to find material for gibe, quip, and taunt in the assumption of Jesus; but scoffing, no more than the Roman sentry, could prevent his rising from the dead. So, likewise, it requires no stupendous intellectualism to satirize the Scriptures. Any blaspheming idiot can do that. But it is well to consider the pitiableness of the undertaking. I can remember when wits made themselves jovial over a comic history of England in which the noblest leaders and grandest achievements of the nation were caricatured. This infamy however in the long run was not favored by the public. The better thought of Englishmen came to perceive that they could not afford to have their annals turned into jests. And in my opinion the sober judgment of the world will reject the men who hope to overthrow the Bible by their despicable satire. It will ultimately realize that the assailants who fall into the ways of Scaramouch and count them arguments, are not merely ridiculing a venerable book,

but are deriding a race and a descent which were chosen of God to be truth-bearers to the world, and are entitled to respect on account of their unequaled service on behalf of spiritual growth and moral beauty.

These profane jesters likewise are indirectly rendering grotesque and farcical the sublimest movements of history, such as the Reformation and the migration of the Puritans; and are pouring contempt on the loftiest ideals and the most elevating hopes and principles that ever cemented and glorified society. This vandalism may be tolerated for a while, but it cannot be approved; and if we may judge from history, it cannot finally succeed in its disreputable purpose.

This indecent treatment of revelation has undoubtedly been encouraged by the effect produced by the higher criticism on some leaders of thought and on some thoughtless followers. They profess inability to harmonize the findings of this criticism, as they understand them, with inspiration, and insist that it is going altogether too far to expect continual reverence for a volume whose professed friends admit that it is full of errors. Why should they, on the strength of a reputation formerly enjoyed, render further homage to a book, when, in their opinion, that reputation has been fatally smirched by unbiased investigation? They are unwilling to prostrate themselves before a corpse in a tomb or to subscribe any longer to a sovereignty that is crownless.[1] It may please such a

[1] Heine, "Religion and Philosophy in Germany."

ruler as Otho III. to enter the vault holding the mortal remains of Charlemagne, and seeing the body, not stretched out like other dead, but seated on a bench like a living person, to bow before the glittering coronet and to invest the form with a white robe, repairing the decayed nose with a bit of gold and cutting the nails which had pierced through the leather of the gloves; but it is not quite so agreeable to the enlightened mind, this sort of self-abasement before a defunct, though regally decorated, revelation. It is claimed that the higher critic has penetrated the Bible sarcophagus and has brought to light a dead faith; and that no amount of golden rhetoric and no paring of the nails and no constrained professions of loyalty can ever rouse it again to life. Professors and certain preachers may deceive themselves; but they cannot long deceive the public by their repeated declarations of a belief in the inspiration of Scriptures which their theories undermine and destroy.

Such sentiments as these are being freely expressed, and where they are not articulated they are silently cherished. They are in some instances cherished with a strength that defies reasonable remonstrance. Young men especially are influenced by them; and while we are encouraged by vast movements like that of the Christian Endeavor toward the Cross, we ought not to overlook the opposite trend. I am interested particularly in our youth; and I am exceedingly anxious that they should not implicitly concur in these very extreme inferences from what is understood to be higher criticism. I admit if we can no longer trust the

revelation, we can no longer accept the religion communicated in the revelation. If the voice of God is not in the book, then there can be very little in it of supreme importance to the soul. The logical connection between premise and conclusion cannot successfully be controverted. But is it true that the new criticism necessarily invalidates the revelation? Is there no middle ground? Have not our infidel friends and some of the more timid spirits among believers jumped too hastily and too far in their wonder at the novel attitude of some avowed Christian students and teachers? I for one believe that they do not discriminate as they should; and that their rejection of the Scriptures as a gift of God is without sufficient warrant.

The present Message is designed to make good this position; to satisfy if possible my young readers, that the foundation of the old faith, notwithstanding the hammerings and poundings it has recently endured, standeth firm, and if we may judge from the present will remain immovable to the end.

It is a serious mistake to assume that the higher criticism necessarily, inevitably, as it were by its very nature, impairs the authority of revelation. I say "necessarily," because I realize that there is a form of such criticism which it seems impossible to reconcile with a theory of direct Divine interposition or superintendence in its preparation. But this does not hold good of another form, and one, in my judgment, more scientific in its spirit. What I am anxious to show the men of to-morrow is that current theories concerning the human origin

and construction of the Bible do not of themselves, and apart from some gratuitous and untenable hypothesis, invalidate its right to speak in the name of God. It must not be forgotten that from a remote period learned and godly students have commented freely on the sacred books, rejecting some and disputing the dates and authorship of others. The method employed to-day in analyzing the Scriptures is not exactly new. It is in fact only new in its scope and precision. Ministers and scholars long before the birth of Vatke, Graf, Kayser, Delitzsch, Kuenen, Cheyne, or Robertson Smith applied it, and in doing so were not necessarily guilty of antagonizing the doctrine of inspiration; and we in thinking of their labors do not feel compelled to call in question their essential orthodoxy. In the sixth century, Agobard, Bishop of Lyons, rejected verbal inspiration and pointed out the absurdities which it involves. Erasmus, nearer our own time, omitted some texts which had been accepted as authentic, and which have been rejected by the Canterbury version; and he plainly said, "some of the Epistles ascribed to St. Paul are certainly not his." Martin Luther went so far as to call in question the soundness of St. Paul's allegorical interpretation of the story of Sarah and Hagar; and his rejection of St. James has never been denied. "I do not esteem this an apostolic epistle; I will not have it in my Bible among the canonical books," he wrote; and then added his ever-famous reference to it as "an epistle of straw." But if the Reformer could thus deprive this letter of its reputed author, and yet be honored as a leader of evan-

gelical thought, why should the teacher or preacher who believes that Genesis was not wholly penned by Moses be ostracised as hopelessly heretical? Melancthon sympathized with his great leader in the sifting process to which he subjected the Scriptures, while Carlstadt insisted that the authorship of the Pentateuch was unknown and undiscoverable; and Andreas Maes, a Romanist, declared that the Pentateuch had been edited by Ezra, who in the course of his labors had added various phrases and sentences.

Opinions such as these were not, of course, allowed to pass without censure. They were condemned in various quarters. But they survived the storm of persecution, and after Spinoza, reappeared in the writings of Richard Simon, Le Clerc, and Jean Astruc. The last was a French physician who lived one hundred and forty years ago, and who claimed that two parallel narratives practically independent of each other existed in the early portions of Genesis, and were distinguished by the names of the deity, Jehovah occurring in one column and Elohim in the other. Then came Eichhorn pursuing the theory, from whose times the term "Higher Criticism" came into vogue. Since his day the school to which he belonged has increased, and now numbers among its adherents some of the most illustrious of contemporary scholars. Eichhorn was a devout man; so is Farrar; so is Driver; and so are multitudes of others in England and America who follow in their footsteps. They do not find it impossible to exalt the book which they very freely criticize, nor to subscribe to the

great docrines which it unfolds. They reverence the one and profess the other. It will not do for any sensible man to ignore the growing importance of the critical movement. The pope of Rome has indeed commended in an Encyclical what is known as the traditional view; but from all that we have learned of the working of his infallibility we are not reassured of his advocacy; for generally what he decrees to be truth turns out to be error. A Catholic scholar in the "Contemporary" admirably answered his holiness, and almost ridiculed his pretensions; while Mr. Gore in the "Guardian" said that the Encyclical was "written by a being inhabiting a planet different from that which is the scene of modern knowledge." The pope's singular espousal of the traditional conception has not strengthened its hold on the age; and its practical abandonment by Professors Sayce and Sanday, of Oxford, has materially diminished its influence. But all who have read the volume of the last-named teacher on "Inspiration," or the work of the first-named on "The Higher Criticism and the Monuments," must acquit them both of any intentional disloyalty to the divine word, or of any disposition to undermine its supreme authority. We may not be able always to harmonize their positions with their conclusions; but we would be churlish not to accept in simple faith their representations of their own mental attitude toward the sacred books. As we cannot suppose that these eminent teachers are destitute of the logical faculty, and as we must credit them with absolute honesty, it seems that every form or type of higher criticism is not

necessarily fatal to continued confidence in the Bible as the authoritative revelation of God. This much we are constrained to concede. This much ought to be allowed by every conscientious student. Though he may differ from many assumptions advanced in the interest of criticism, he ought cheerfully to acknowledge that such assumptions may be held consistently with a sincere belief in the supernatural origin of the Scriptures.

I for one would not be understood as agreeing with everything put forth even by evangelical writers on the subject we are considering. Against not a few of their confident statements may be written the Scotch verdict of "not proven." When a theory is grounded on the alleged semi-barbarous times of Moses, and when it is proclaimed that the act of writing was not sufficiently developed to produce the crudest literature, I decline to subscribe to its teachings. Explorers, like Professor Sayce, strengthen me in this declination. Such representations are untenable, and only crass ignorance will persevere in repeating them. It is well known that of late there have been unwearied researches conducted in the district of Babylonia; Frenchmen and Americans have been following in the footsteps of Layard and Loftus. Most of the recovered treasures have been taken by the Ottoman Government, and some fifty thousand specimens of ancient records are stored in the Museum of Constantinople. These are in the form of clay tablets of various sizes. Multitudes of these have also been placed in the British Museum. Many of them relate to a period antedating the birth of

the Jewish lawgiver. Thus Sayce has within the last twelve months published that he believes he has discovered Nimrod in the cuneiform inscriptions. He writes from Assuan: "His full name was Nazi Muruda the Kassu, and he was the Babylonian contemporary of the father of the Assyrian kings who restored Nineveh and founded Calah, about fifty years before the exodus. So Moses seems to have been right after all." But as showing the conditions of the world at this early period we have memorials of a commercial house that flourished in the days of Abraham—Zini-Istar and sons, evidently bankers and agents. One tablet shows that they dealt in oil and slaves and real estate. We have the memorandum preserved: "The house which Baka has for one year leased, for the year's rent one-third of a shekel of silver he pays." Rather a moderate rent; but probably the house was moderate also. These interesting memorials, revealing the art of computing and the art of writing, prove beyond a doubt that Moses could have composed the book of Genesis or could have easily combined the various materials, traditions, and stories already existing, and thus have perpetuated the knowledge of primitive history. The age was sufficiently cultured for this to have been done.

But it has been childishly held that the lawgiver could not have penned the "Pentateuch" because there is an account in it of his own death; and in the nature of things he could not have been the author of that. I notice this objection, not because of its importance, but because it is reiterated with

the air of a Columbus discovering a new world by every radical critic; even as the charge regarding the semi-barbarous state of the Israelites is wearisomely repeated. No one that I know of ever claimed that Moses wrote the story of his own death. But could not I write a review of my own times, of the bondage of Africa and her deliverance, and of the new additions to constitutional law, even if my son did come in afterward and append a few lines regarding my last hours and my burial? Neither would it damage my right to have my name inscribed on the title-page for these personal details to be introduced by another hand.

There is an impression abroad that it has been established beyond serious question that the books of the Old Testament were not composed until after the Babylonian captivity; and that there is considerable romance mixed up with Hebrew history. Concerning the latter allegations I can only say that the greater our familiarity with Assyrian records becomes, the more precise and accurate do the accounts preserved in the Bible appear. It has been shown lately by St. Chad Boscawen that the invasion of Judea and the siege of Jerusalem by Sennacherib, with the various particulars about Hezekiah, obtain corroboration in what is found in the Assyrian cuneiform cylinders. In a word, the drift of modern inquiry tends rather to confirm in every essential detail the sacred annals than to discredit them.

Then as to the supposition that all the critics are advocating a post-exilian date, I may be allowed to observe that this is not exactly true. I know that

according to Professor Briggs a vast proportion of teachers in universities are opposed to traditional views, but not all. Principal Cave and Professors Green, Osgood, and Bucher are examples of a different order. Moreover there are other scholars who have gone to the extreme against the old school, and who have been compelled by wider learning to retrace their steps. Of these Professor Klostermann, of Kiel University, Germany, is a notable example. He has just published a volume in which he separates from Graf, Kuenen, Welhausen, Stade, Cheyne, and Driver. Before 1870 he had traversed the entire field of higher criticism and had espoused many of its most radical conclusions. Since then he has thoroughly reviewed the whole subject, and now retracts much that he had previously maintained, and strenuously protests against the method of dismemberment. Nor is he alone ; for such men as Wright and Kirkpatrick of England, Westphal of France, and Strack of Germany sympathize with him, and warn us against undue confidence in the advanced positions of so-called experts in biblical criticism. But though the evidence which has convinced even conservative critics may fail to convince us, and though we are constrained on several points to wait for further light, we are not disposed to challenge the allegiance of all these writers to the Bible as the word of God.

It is however impossible to concede this much to those teachers who in their criticisms proceed on the assumption that the Scriptures are purely a naturalistic development, like the literature of Eng-

land or America. For reasons doubtless satisfactory to themselves, but wholly inexplicable to common-sense people, they insist on calling this product "divine," when, if they are correct, it is essentially human; and on attributing its origin to an "inspiration," whereas, if they are to be received according to their speech, it is the effect merely of an "expiration." Evolution, in its scientific form, precludes the idea of incoming and of interposition, and shuts us up to the theory that everything has proceeded from within. A primordial atom containing the "potency and promise of every kind of life"—and all sacred writings as well—is all that is allowed by the advocates of this hypothesis for the rise and onward march of the cosmos. How anything like a revelation can be held by those who believe that everything moves from the lower to the higher, and never from the higher to the lower, it is impossible to explain, and must be left with other unanswerable questions in the limbo of mystery. I for one hold that it is a misuse of terms to describe a book as the gift of God when the *a priori* conception of the universe precludes the supposition that he could have interfered for the enlightenment of mankind. It is to be admitted, while some of the rationalistic higher critics are oblivious to their manifest solecism in speaking of the Bible as inspired when the possibility of inspiration has previously been denied, they have the courage of their convictions, and repudiate from the beginning of their investigations the miraculous. Thus Prof. Marcus Dods, of the Free Church of Scotland, refers to Pfleiderer's latest book: "The

reader will hasten to acknowledge that he has struck to the heart of present theological difficulties, and has handled them with unfailing reverence and knowledge. . . History which speaks of miracles, ceases to be history. The miraculousness of Christ's person, his sinlessness, his resurrection, his divinity are discarded." This is reverence with a vengeance, and comprehends nothing less than the rejection of the unique content of the Scriptures. This is the school of criticism which I condemn; for it renders forever incredible the religion of revelation. It begins, as I have already intimated, with the denial of the supernatural; it declares that the law came after the prophets; that the patriarchal stories are charming fictions or idealized history; that Abraham probably had no real existence, and that Moses had hardly any, if any, connection with the literature ascribed to him; that monotheism was a natural, though sudden, development from polytheism during the eighth century before Christ; and that the portions of Scriptures counted oldest are the newest, and that David was not the author of any of the Psalms. When it comes to deal with the New Testament, it either adopts the naturalistic theory of Paulus, or the mythical hypothesis of Strauss, or the romantic ideas of Renan, and insists on dating the Gospels at a period long after their reputed authors lived. Throughout these various assumptions it is apparent that the end contemplated is the destruction of confidence in the supernatural; and the advocacy of a religion freed from the supernaturalism involved in the incarnation and resurrection of

Christ and the inspiration and regeneration of man.

But how far have these extreme notions succeeded in making converts, how far have they won the favor of the educated classes, and do the signs of the times point to their ultimate adoption? In answering this complex question, or series of questions, I feel safe in saying that a reaction has set in against this particular school of higher criticism; and if this is the case, however it may have prevailed among scholarly people in the immediate past, its influence is likely to decline in the future. It has been definitely established by the Tel el-Amarna tablets that writing was common in Egypt and Canaan before the exodus; it has been proven that the Hebrews already had a literature before 800 B. C.; it has been shown conclusively that Moses had more to do with the construction of the law-codes than rationalistic critics are willing to allow; it also has been made clear that the idea of Welhausen in ascribing more than one-half of the Old Testament to the times of Ezra is far-fetched and untenable; and it has been demonstrated that the Psalms could have been composed prior to the Babylonian captivity, and that there is nothing unreasonable in the contention that as King David organized a system of temple services requiring singers, he very likely supplied them with the songs. And as far as the New Testament is concerned the trend of thought is against the rationalists; for all efforts have failed to change the world's estimate of the historical Christ; and the tendency is to recognize John as the author of the fourth Gospel.

As their several fortified positions have been captured, the impression has steadily grown that the anti-supernatural critics have gone altogether too far, that they have assumed much more than they could make good, and that their repeated contradictions and complacent disregard of evidence, have fatally discredited their cherished hypotheses. It is now likewise coming clearly to be perceived that their fundamental assumption, to which all of their reasoning is made to bend, necessarily deprives the Bible of everything like real authority; for how can a book be endued with Divine authority when it has simply been evolved from the human consciousness, and is not only misleading in its historical representations, but is unphilosophical in its cardinal doctrines? If the supernatural is merely a fiction of superstition, then it follows that the Scriptures are the product exclusively of naturalistic forces; and if they are the product of such forces, then they cannot speak to man with the voice of a king empowered to command and to exact submission.

Against the evangelical school of criticism this grave objection does not rest. Its supporters do not begin by denying the miraculous. They do not insist that evolution, with its "survival of the fittest," and its law of "natural selection," is sufficient to account for the origin of the Bible. They hold that revelation is a reality; that it proceeded from God; that it was imparted by the Holy Spirit; and they differ from the traditionalists only on questions of inferior moment. Verbal inspiration they discard, and they lay much stress on the national

development of Israel, and note how the spiritual development of the people was more or less determined by various stages of the former, and they contend that some of the sacred writers drew on pre-existing documents for part of their materials. They lay down the principle that the Divine help was always measured by human need and was never extended in such a way as to supersede human intelligence and activity. Therefore they maintain that in preparing the Bible its authors had to seek information, accumulate facts, and were never freed from the necessity for personal inquiry. Just as in our times we receive aid from on high in interpreting the divine word, but must bring to the task every available means within our reach, so in the past prophets and apostles were anointed and enlightened of God, but were not relieved from the obligation[1] to trace "the course of all things accurately from the first." The Creator honors the creature, and in making known new laws he does not set aside those he has inwrought into the nature he has made. While I do not wish to be understood as affirming that the assistance vouchsafed to us in ascertaining the mind of the Spirit is identical with that extended to the men chosen to disclose the mind of the Spirit, the analogy still holds good that in both instances human endeavor is not disregarded in any of God's gracious interpositions. From these representations it is apparent that the evangelical higher critics differ from the so-called traditionalists on the method of revelation rather

[1] Luke 1 : 3. Revised version.

than on its ultimate source. They are at one with the most rigid of the older school in affirming that the Scriptures were given by inspiration; and they must therefore be exonerated from the suspicion that they have diminished their authority. Method does not impair or annul authority. A monarch may make known his will by letter or by proclamation or by the mouth of a herald; but its binding force is not destroyed by the agency employed or by the means adopted. So the Almighty might have communicated his will through a volume prepared in heaven and let down on earth complete in every particular; or he may have used holy men at different times, under varying conditions, to speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; and in the last instance the messages would have been as truly his as in the first. On either hypothesis the authority of the Bible remains intact. This I am sure will be admitted without misgiving when we recall the meaning of the term "authority." Dr. Martineau says it signifies "that we are spoken to by another and a higher in such a way as to strike home and wake echoes in ourselves, and so the speech is instantly transferred from external attestation to self-evidence." Perhaps in some such way we are to understand Professor Max Müller's pregnant word, "Truth makes revelation, not revelation truth." So speaks the Bible to the human intellect and to the conscience. As Coleridge phrased it, there is something in the book "that finds us." That something strikes home, convinces, compels attention and concurrence. We do not need to go outside in search of evidences, and we bow before

alleged revelations because they carry with them the indwelling witness to their veraciousness. No criticism which does not at the outset repudiate the possibility of supernatural disclosures, can obscure or invalidate this kind of authority. It asserts itself, proclaims and manifests itself in the divine word, whether it is believed that that word was progressively unfolded under manifold human limitations, or was instantaneously completed by a single creative fiat.

As criticism legitimately conducted does not impair the authority of revelation, neither does it diminish its grandeur nor detract from its influence. This should be carefully noted. We are told that the book has suffered irreparably at the hands of its new expounders, that it has lost immeasurably, and that having been deprived of so many excellencies it is gradually sinking in rank and dignity. The friends who speak or write in these doleful strains are careful to avoid specifications and confine themselves to generalities. Consequently it is not easy to reply to their depressing representations. But if we try to imagine just what they mean, and if we look at the whole subject in every conceivable light, I do not think we shall find any grounds for their dismal belief. Let us then pursue this inquiry, and see whether they are not yielding to misconceptions and baseless fears.

The extraordinary unity of the Bible has heretofore been counted one of its most distinctive glories. That a volume should have been prepared by so many writers, so widely separated by time and varying conditions, and yet its coherence have

been preserved, has frequently been described as an unparalleled literary phenomenon. The sporadic authorship of the book, whose several parts are as distinct as the earth, the ocean, and the stellar heavens, has suggested to many minds an origin in common with that of the universe, which in various ways it resembles. But does not the method of evangelical criticism render all this plainer than it was before, and rather intensify than weaken the force of the argument grounded therein? It makes very conspicuous the human element, relates it to varying and distinct seasons, leaves each author to his own freedom of action, and makes perfectly clear the independence of the contributors from reciprocal personal influences. And yet the product of this literary co-partnership, carried on without pre-arrangement or possible interchange of opinions, is so unique and so strikingly homogeneous as to suggest the oversight of a unifying mind—the mind of the Divine Spirit. It has been more than once asserted that the indestructibility of the Bible is as wonderful as its harmonious development.

Diocletian on the "Feast of the Terminalia," February 23, A. D. 303, determined to put an end to Christianity, and decreed as a step toward the consummation of his scheme, that the sacred writings should be destroyed. Multiplied copies were given to the flames, and yet, like the sacred bush that glowed and blazed and was unconsumed, the volume survived the fire. It was perpetuated; but paganism succumbed and finally perished. Since then numerous have been the attempts to quench

the heavenly light flashing from the earthly lamp. None of these mad enterprises has succeeded. Neither inquisitor nor infidel has prevailed against the precious treasury of truth. No weapon formed against it has prospered. And now comes the evangelical higher critic, reverent and thorough, not aiming primarily to pull down but to build up, subjecting the volume to the most searching inquiry, fearlessly examining its claims, resolutely pushing his investigations, and hesitating not to look all difficulties in the face, and deliberately announcing as the result of his unrestrained examination that the Bible is the very word of God. For it to have escaped destruction from the fires of persecution is remarkable; but that it should have maintained its rank and dignity in the presence of modern scrutiny and independent study of its every claim and assumption is astounding and reassuring. Instead of undermining confidence, the outcome of the ordeal through which it has passed has only confirmed conviction as to its permanence and the divinity of its origin. The higher critics themselves being witness, the Apostle Peter was warranted in his magnificent faith: "The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth; but the word of the Lord abideth for ever. And this is the word of good tidings which was preached unto you."

It ought to be clearly discerned in this connection that the method of procedure of these students and their findings do not alter in the least the stupendous content of revelation, nor challenge its ability to mold the literature, exalt the life, and conserve the liberties of races and nationalities. Their

inquiries have not darkened the sun ; and if they have disclosed here and there a spot, they have still left the luminary as resplendent as before. Every essential glory of doctrine or of precept remains in undiminished brightness and beauty. Whatever objections may lie against inspiration, they are no stronger according to the critics than according to the traditionalists. Their answer demands the same terms whether undertaken by one school or the other. The commanding and faith-compelling power of revelation is clearly manifest whatever may be the theory regarding the mode of its disclosure.

It is answered, that there are many things in the book that detract from its worth. For instance, it is charged that throughout it teaches the greater importance of the world to come than of the world that now is. As a result, it is urged, men neglect this life for the other. But as a matter of fact, this representation is thoroughly untenable. No nations look more after this earth than those that hold to the Scriptures and are supposed to be thinking only of heaven. Were Englishmen and Americans to bestow more time and energy on worldly goods than they do, they really would be fit for a lunatic asylum. More than this, the Bible does not teach as alleged. If the "Divine Legation" by Warburton is studied, it will be found that while heathen religions taught people to live for the future, Moses taught them to live for the present. The good bishop even goes so far as to leave it doubtful if the Jews believed in immortality at all. But though this position is hardly defensible,

certainly his work shows the supreme position of temporalities in the economy of Israel. The same is in some degree true of the Christian faith. Its precepts, commands, and labors relate measurably to this world, and some of its hopes are bounded by time. In redeeming the soul it is also sanctifying earthly existence and planning for a new organization of society. But could it be shown that this interpretation of what it contemplates is erroneous, and that its only business in the world is to save men and women for another world, the animadversion would not be affected one way or the other by higher criticism or by lower. The objection to the alleged aim of religion is not removed by belief in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures; neither is some other theory regarding the method of revelation responsible for what the revelation inculcates or commands.

It is especially important to realize this when confronting the accounts of wickedness perpetrated by all kinds of men and preserved in the sacred annals. Indeed, I sometimes think that what are called the moral difficulties of the Scriptures are less, and more readily disposed of, by the new school than the old, as its discriminations between what is of God and what is of man are clear and helpful. Then it reminds inquirers, that the Bible should be viewed both as a history and as a revelation. As the former it must either misrepresent humanity or record some of its sad deflections from purity and rectitude. Only a malicious mind will insinuate that the witness approves or countenances what he describes. Nor should it be over-

looked that as a revelation it had to pass through human minds as ideas flow with the ink through the stylographic pen; and surely it ought not to excite wonder if in some instances the pen sputtered and the ink stained the page, as when Balaam and Solomon became the medium of divine communication with the race.

A book is to be judged not by the vices and crimes detailed, but by the way in which they are presented. If they are so described as to fascinate the reader and lead him to their cultivation and perpetration, then the volume is corrupt and ought not to be tolerated. This, however, cannot be fairly charged against the Scriptures. He who meditates upon their disclosures of frailty, cruelty, and bloodshed, is rather filled with horror of these things than incited to their imitation. Virtue has ever been fostered by this body of religious literature, and as long as this is the case, no one can seriously believe that it countenances anything morally unsound or unlovely. That men should be inspired to record the imprecations and the misdoings of important personages is one thing; but that the guilty parties should be inspired to breathe out such curses or work such deeds is another; and this difference is made transparently plain by the critics, whatever may in this respect be true of the traditionalists.

The perplexed and the skeptical who have been tempted to abandon the Bible altogether because of the disquieting methods of the critics, should consider that its decisive influence on life, literature, and liberty has created an argument in favor

of its divine origin which no account of its historical development not thoroughly anti-supernatural can invalidate. It is important that this should be fully realized by the men of to-morrow; for fresh and startling statements may be made in the future and no adequate answer be at hand; but if a just estimate is entertained of the immense value of the book, faith will suffer no serious shock. Not a few persons, especially young people, have lost confidence because they have had no comprehensive knowledge of what the Bible has been to society. Could they only have perceived its intimate relation to the dearest interests of humanity, they would simply have set its incontestable services over and against the suspected flaws in its credentials, and would have rested satisfied in the conviction that the first more than neutralized and outweighed the second. It is well then that my youthful readers should be put in the way of supplying themselves with this effective antidote. And this may be done without attempting any very exhaustive treatment of the subjects involved.

It should be remembered that revelation has elevated the whole life of man by representing him as made in the image of the Creator and as endowed with immortality. At a time when he was counted as only a little higher than the cattle on the hills, and when upward of a hundred thousand human beings were being slowly done to death each year in rearing the monumental edifices of ancient Egypt, and when both the individual and his deity were regarded as belonging to the State, doctrines were disclosed, resulting in a government which reversed

all this, which recognized the slave as a brother, denounced oppression, and demanded that the one God should be worshiped as the owner of the citizen and of the entire nation, with its rulers, as well. Compare the estimate placed on man by the sovereigns and civilization of the Nile valley, or by Babylon and Persia, with that inculcated by Hebrew lawgivers and prophets, and his degradation under the former and his elevation under the latter will stand out in bold relief. He was even more highly esteemed in the days of Moses than he was centuries later in pagan communities governed by such wretches as Caligula, to whom divine homage was rendered by the people. Even in lands unblessed by Bible light at the close of the present century, his position is one of painful humiliation and suffering.

The book that reproduces the exalted and unapproachable excellence of Jesus Christ is unique, and in moral power necessarily ranks high above all others. Your Goethes, your Carlyles, your Rousseaus, and your Welhausens, concede all this. That one character has never been equaled even in the realm of fiction, and in the domain of fact it is counted a miracle. Nor has any other volume given to the world such ethics for man's government, such assurances for man's hope, and such atonement for man's guilt. The moral magnitudes of the gospel are stupendous, its spiritual principles are dazzling. There we have a love as broad as the needs of sinful man, and an expiation as efficacious as the love by which it is inspired. The entire Bible is a book of immensities. An infinite

God, an immeasurable grace, an immortality of existence, and man the creation of the one, the happy subject of the other, and the heir of the third, is invested with a dignity and glory undreamed of in the creeds and philosophy of ancient times and equally strange to the heathen cults of our own age.

The divine word is the very soul of every high thing that characterizes modern society. Even Huxley was perplexed to know where our inspirations to heroic conduct were to come from if its study should be abandoned. And what a dry, hard, cruel civilization ours would be without the softening influence of the sweet ideals embodied in Christ, in angels, in martyrs, in prayer, and in the hope of heaven. It is bad enough even with these like stars shining in the night; but without them it would be intolerable. As it is, selfishness is not wholly master; and though sufferings may be great, their victims have many reasons why they should not drink a little opium, or by some other means end a dull existence that has gradually fallen into despair. It ought to be remembered that the Scriptures have fostered the conscientious life in the race. Of the significance and beauty of such a life the ancient world indeed knew very little. It was practically born through the pangs and travail of the "times of terror" known as the days of persecution. When the nephew of Domitian surrendered his dignities and abandoned the Roman standards rather than sacrifice to Cæsar, "the Roman eagles looked down on a new sight"—a man sacrificing everything most dear for conscience'

sake. This has often been repeated since. Reminders of what this homage to the supremacy of right means we have in the history of the Scotch Covenanters, in the disruption of 1743, and in the protests of Nonconformists against State interference in religion. From this has sprung whatever there is of honor, magnanimity, and integrity in our civilization. The struggles for right against wrong, the unwillingness to share in the sin of governments, the solicitude for the moral future of the world, the generous judgment of our fellows, and the spirit of chivalrous devotion to the weak and friendless, are the direct outcome and manifestation of the higher view of human life disclosed and fostered by the divine word.

Dean Farrar, in one of his Westminster sermons, declared that "inspiration awakens inspiration"; and he illustrated his thought by showing how the great poets had been moved by the Bible to write. Unquestionably sacred literature has been the creator of other literatures. It is the seed whence has grown a manifold and luxuriant vegetation. The East has produced many volumes on religion; but they would have been unknown to the West had not Christian scholars, moved by the enlightened desire to inquire which is born of sympathy with our Scriptures, translated them into various European tongues. In this way the touch of heavenly truth has even quickened the corpse of Eastern lore and made it a living power in the earth. Surely the gentlemen who have determined to discredit the oracles of God ignore the place they occupy in the history of English and German letters. The

"*Nibelungen*" and "*Gudrun*," with their heroines, Chriemhild and Gudrun; the "Parzival," of Eschenbach, regarded as the real harbinger of the Reformation; the "*Commedia*," termed by thousands "*Divina*," of Dante; and the strains of English poetry, from the rustic pipe of the plowman to Chaucer and Spenser, and then onward to the swelling notes of Milton and Shakespeare, are indebted to the spirit of the Gospels.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in "Harpers' Magazine," while pleading for the Bible to be read in the schools simply as a classic, emphasizes his argument by declaring that it is the book that has influenced our literature more than all others. He contends that history, essay, poetry, and fiction, cannot be so readily understood by a mind untaught in the word of God as by one versed in its stories and laws. Almost every high work in our language assumes some acquaintance with this precious book.

An effort has been made of late to connect it with the cause of tyranny. Men have arisen who have stigmatized it as the enemy of freedom; and popular writers have tried to prove that liberty of thought has only followed unbelief. Such representations are contradicted by history. Plato's "Republic" does not sustain them; neither are they countenanced by Cicero or Seneca. These celebrities are often extolled as though they anticipated and almost ushered in the dawning of the better time; and yet with them the State and its divinities were above the citizen, and could coerce him if he objected to the official worship. Even near to our own day Thomas Hobbes was not an ardent supporter of

soul liberty. According to his philosophy, the king is the freeman, and others are bound to yield obedience. Gibbon despised democracy and strenuously opposed the movement in favor of emancipation. No; the friends of human enlargement are to be found in the opposite camp; with Savonarola, with the Lollard preacher, John Ball, who raised the banner of revolt on behalf of the serfs; with the Germans, Münzer and Rothmann, who led in the Peasants' War; and with the ministers and the churches who made possible the English revolution of 1688 and the American revolt of 1776.

To this it may be answered that there are clergymen now who would invoke the law to prevent the most brilliant of infidels from assailing the Scriptures. Admitted. They are, however, exceptions, and not the rule. Such Protestant inquisitors are under the delusion that has grown of late that ministers are detectives and policemen set apart to enforce the law of the Commonwealth. This is a misconception. The true doctrine is that men must meet their own responsibilities and that ecclesiastical coercion is futile and iniquitous. Hence the Bible is the real *Magna Charta* of humanity. The more it is understood the less tyranny will prevail. It has evermore enlarged the mind, and in so doing has enlarged the sphere of actions and promoted the personal independence of the individual. And judged therefore in this manner its influence is unparalleled in beneficence and grandeur.

None of the extravagancies of some higher critics, nor their revolutionary theories, should be permitted

for one moment to shake the confidence of intelligent youth in a volume of such surpassing power and energy. Well may its achievements in the domain of practical life be regarded as its sufficient vindication from the objections to its mighty claims, suggested in the skeptical world of speculative thought. And if it is still worthy of reverence and trust, then the religion it reveals must likewise be "worthy of all acceptation." The two go together. If the first is credited, the second ought not to be rejected. We must not divide what God has joined together. I find myself, therefore, on closing this last Message to the men of to-morrow, entreating them to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as their Prophet, Priest, and King. Much may be accomplished in this world by human energy, much by intelligence and morality; but the highest and the best can only be wrought through the grace of him whose coming into the earth overthrew empires, suppressed diabolical civilizations, and founded the everlasting kingdom of truth and righteousness. The coming century will be barren in everything that has beautified recent times if the Saviour is not crowned its Sovereign; and individual careers, however they may excel in other things, will be poor, base, and sordid, if he is not their inspiration and high ideal. To-morrow will not be what it ought to be unless the Holy One is honored by the youth of to-day.

And how, without his presence, can the world to come be calmly contemplated? There is a morrow beyond to-morrow and toward it we are drifting, yea, are being rapidly borne as by the surging

irresistible floods that make up the overwhelming rush of Niagara. From the brink will your soul leap up in iridescent, immortal beauty, or will it plunge in the abyss beneath? For this life and the other the Lord Jesus Christ is the truest and surest protector and pioneer. Let him go before you, ever, ever leading. The story of Sir Lancelot seeking the holy grail has still its lesson in these days of self-reliance and of self-glory. Easier to fight than to trust is in reality the burden of the legend. And yet earth is only fully conquered and heaven truly won and the glorious vision of the sacred vessel only fulfilled when we abandon our own weapons and confide in the redeeming grace of another. Read old Sir Thomas Mallory's account of what befell the Christian knight: "So it befell upon a night, at midnight, that he arrived at a castle, which was rich and fair, and there was a postern that opened toward the sea, and was open without any keeping, save two lions kept the entry; and the moon shined clear. Anon Sir Lancelot heard a voice that said, 'Lancelot, go out of this ship and enter into the castle, where thou shalt see a great part of thy desire.' Then he ran to his arms and armed him, and so he went unto the gate, and saw the two lions; then he set hands to his sword and drew it. Then there came suddenly a dwarf, and smote him on the arm so sore that the sword fell out of his hand. Then he heard a voice that said, 'O man, of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore believest thou more in thy harness than in thy Maker? For he might more avail thee than thine armor, in whose service thou art set.'"

Trusting the harness more than the Lord is the common mistake of humanity. Armor and weapons of war are well enough ; but these are not equal to the lions in our pathway. These "Messages" would not have been written had it not been needful to stimulate our youth to employ all necessary means ; and they ought not to have been penned if they had failed to utter afresh the warning against undue reliance on them. A dwarf may impede a giant panoplied in steel, if the giant is not fortressed in the Almighty. But weakness itself becomes strength if it leans on the everlasting arm. I then can only entreat you, my young friends, in the words of Tennyson, "Doubt not, go forward ; if thou doubt, the beasts will tear thee piecemeal."

Seven days I drove along the dreary deep,
And with me drove the moon and all the stars ;
And the wind fell and on the seventh night
I heard the shingle grinding on the surge,
And felt the boat shock earth, and, looking up,
Behold, the enchanted towers of Carbouck,
A castle like a rock upon a rock,
With chasm-like portals open to the sea,
And steps that met the breaker ; there was none
Stood near it but a lion on each side
That kept the entry, and the moon was full.
Then from the boat I leapt, and up the stairs,
There drew my sword. With sudden-flaring manes
Those two great beasts rose upright like a man,
Each griped a shoulder, and I stood between ;
And, when I would have smitten them, heard a voice,
"Doubt not, go forward ; if thou doubt, the beasts
Will tear thee piecemeal" ; then with violence
The sword was dashed from out my hand and fell.

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